



No. 39



The BATMAN

Detective COMICS

MAY

10¢





THE Sensational
ADVENTURES
OF The

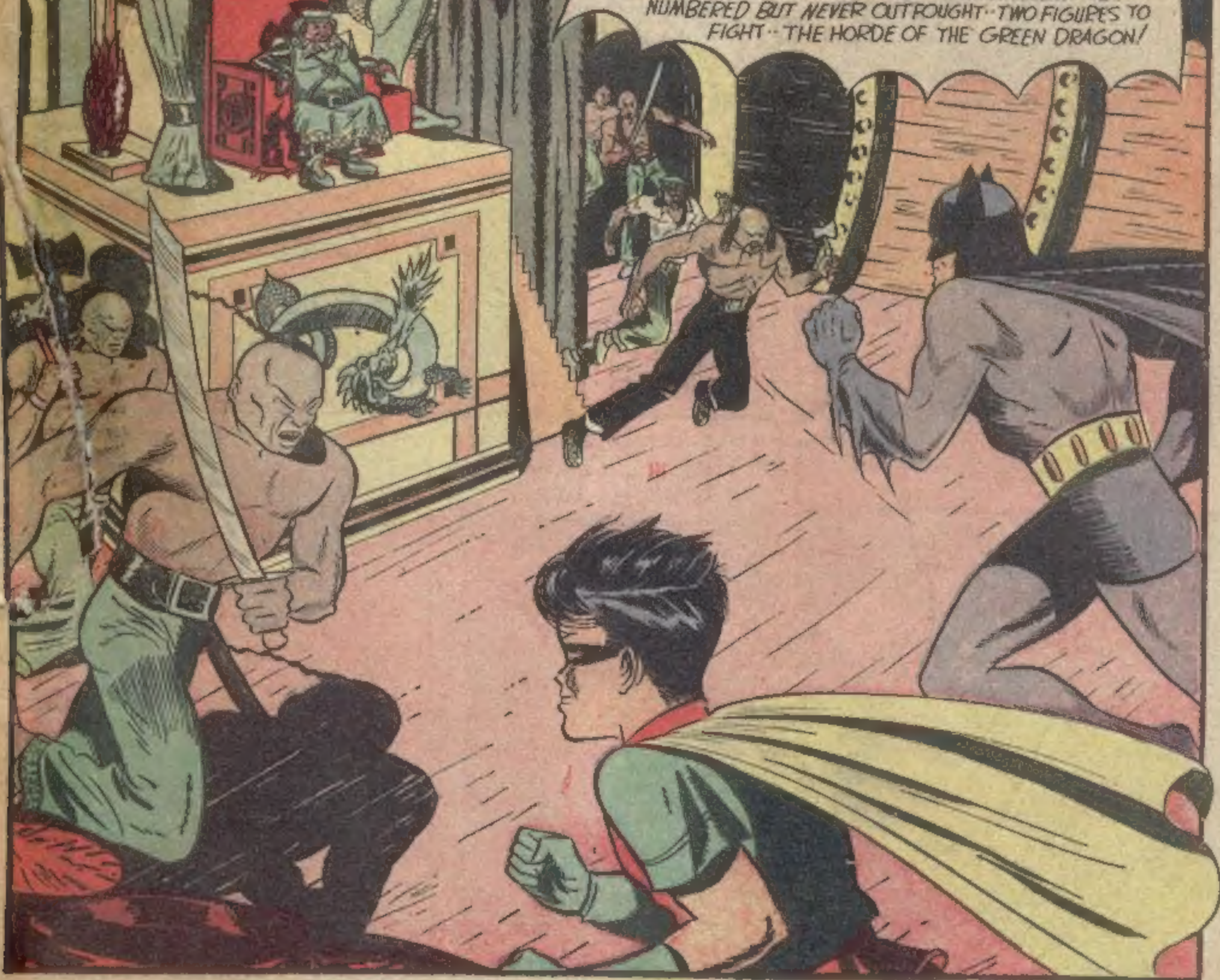
BATMAN

WITH

Robin
THE BOY WONDER

BOB
KANE

AGAIN THE INTREPID BLACK-CLAD FIGURE OF THE **BATMAN** AND HIS AIDE, **ROBIN**, THE LAUGHING YOUNG DARE-DEVIL, COMBINE FORCES TO BATTLE AGAINST THOSE WHO WOULD MENACE A PEOPLE—TWO FIGURES, A MAN AND A BOY—TWO FIGURES ALWAYS OUT-NUMBERED BUT NEVER OUTFOUGHT—TWO FIGURES TO FIGHT—THE HORDE OF THE GREEN DRAGON!



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IT IS NIGHT AND THE MILLIONAIRE, HENRY CRANDALL STEPS TO HIS CAR.



SUDDENLY



NOT FAR AWAY, ANOTHER MILLIONAIRE, JOHN COBB, WALKS TO A WAITING CAR.



SUDDENLY THREE SILHOUETTED FIGURES SPRING FROM THE SHADOWS.



HEY! WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?



SUDDENLY THERE IS A MISS AND A SICKENING THUD!



PLUTTING THE HEAD OF THE CHAUFFEUR A HATCHET!!



NEXT DAY-NEWSPAPERS SHRIEK THEIR HEADLINES.



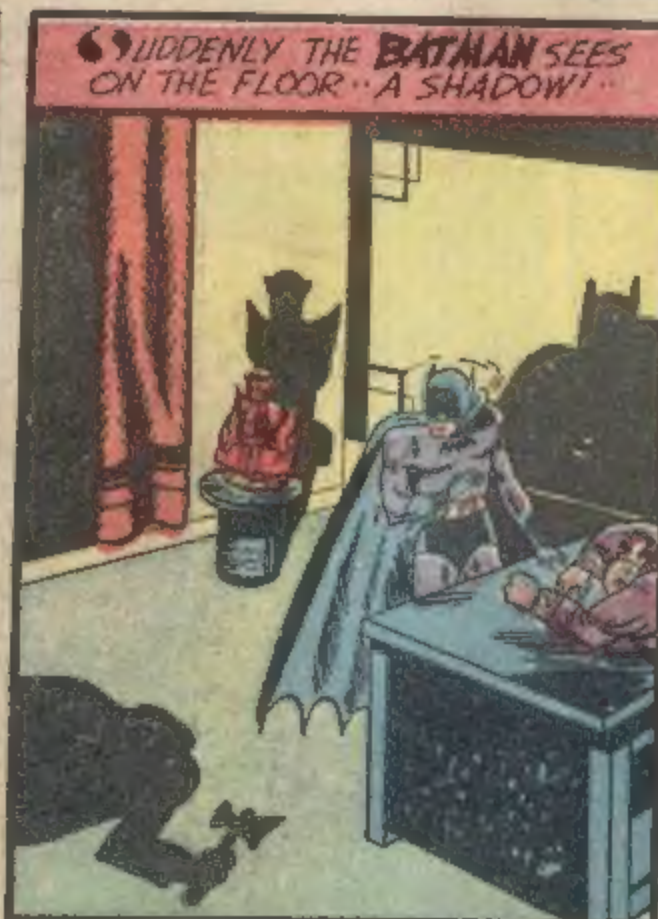
THE HOME OF BRUCE WAYNE - THE BATMAN!

AND THEY DEMAND \$100,000 RANSOM! WHEN! WHAT A STORY!

THE CHAUFFEUR WAS KILLED WITH A HATCHET. HMMM

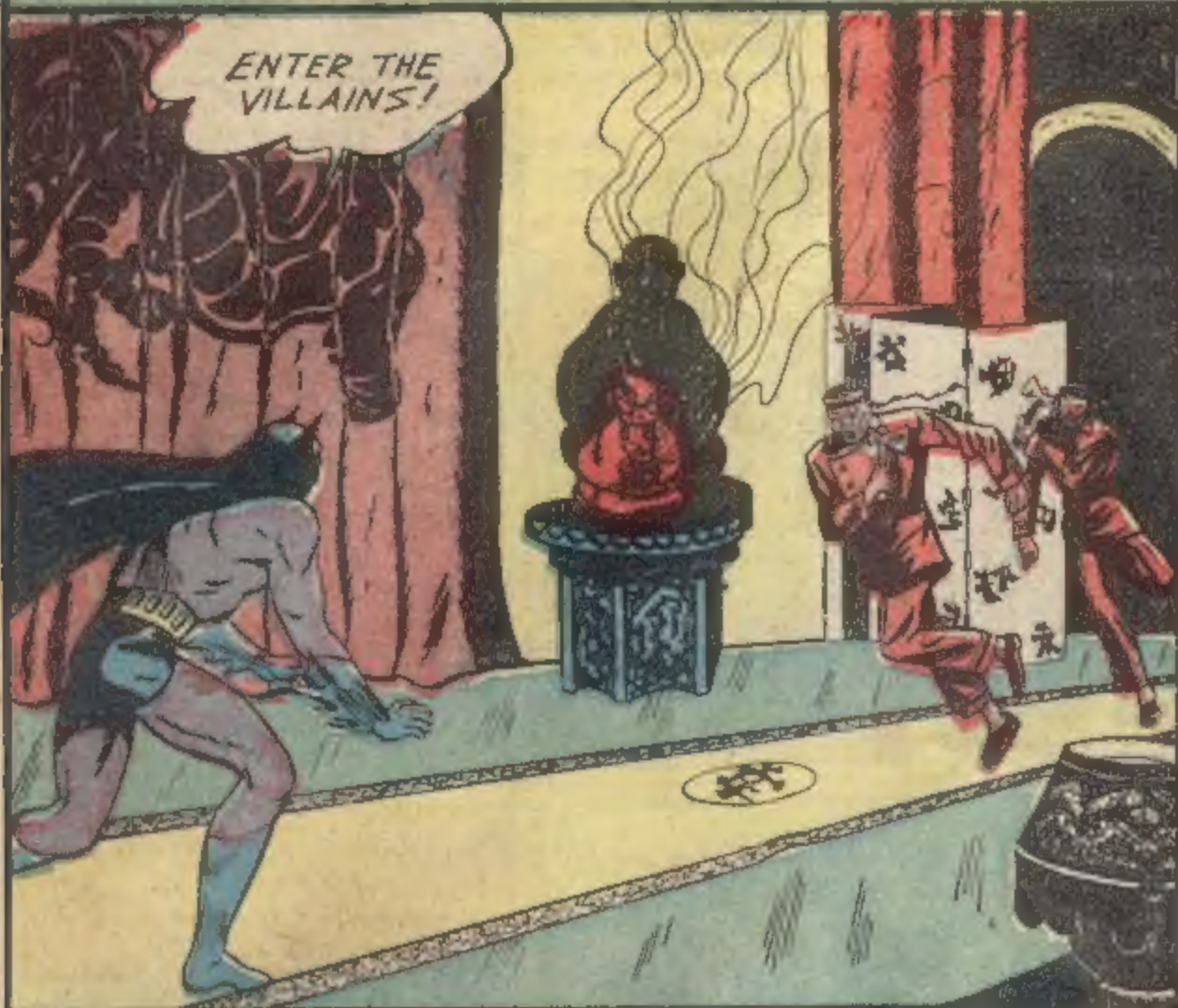






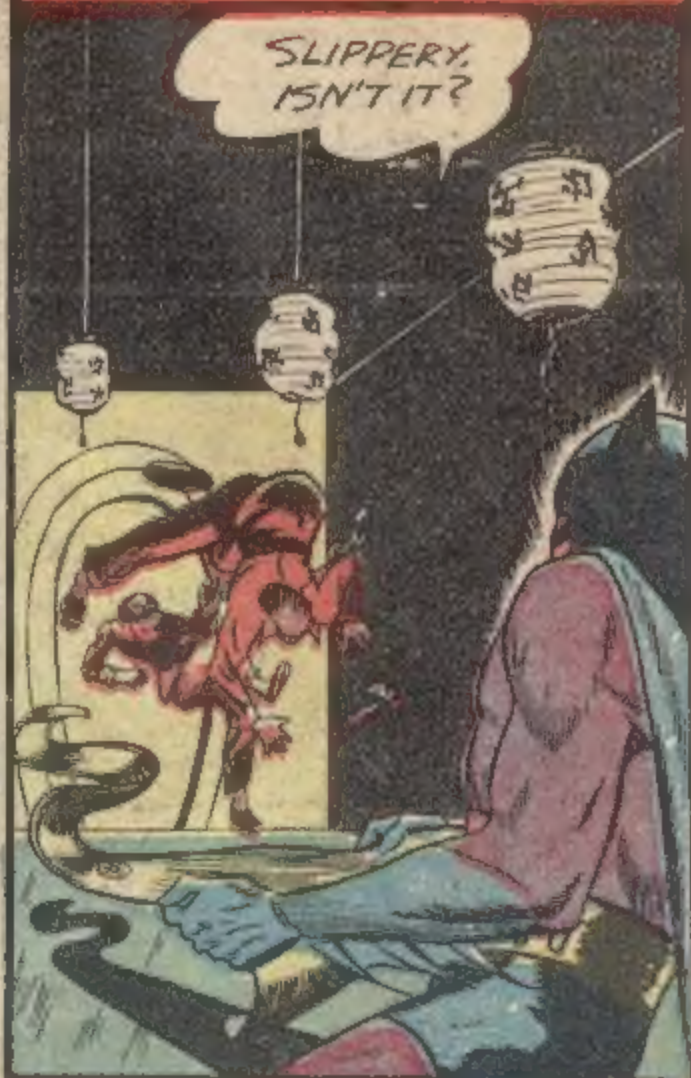
FROM BEHIND THE SCREEN...THE DREADED CHINESE HATCHET MEN!

ENTER THE VILLAINS!



QUICK JERK ON THE CARPET AND...

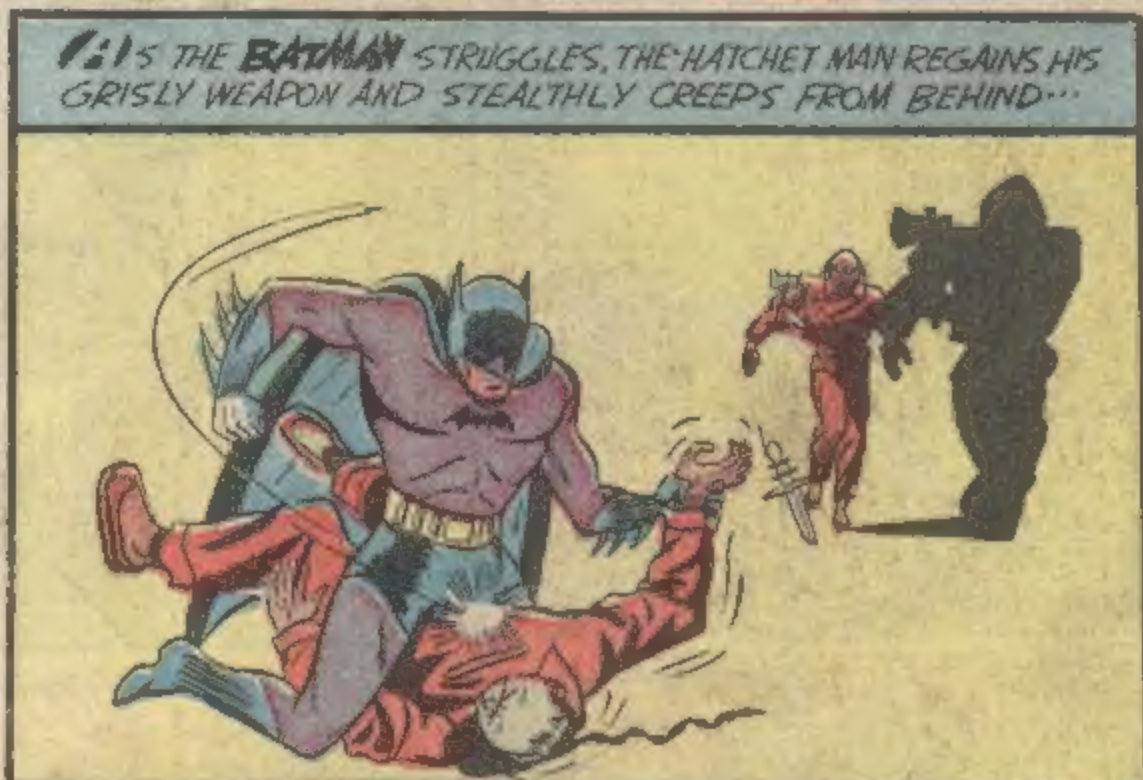
SLIPPERY, ISN'T IT?



THE BATMAN LEAPS TO THE ATTACK!



AS THE BATMAN STRUGGLES, THE HATCHET MAN REGAINS HIS GRISLY WEAPON AND STEALTHILY CREEPS FROM BEHIND...



YOU SHOULD WEAR GLASSES, FELLA!



THE TRICKY CHINAMAN MAKES ANOTHER TRY FOR HIS INTENDED VICTIM....



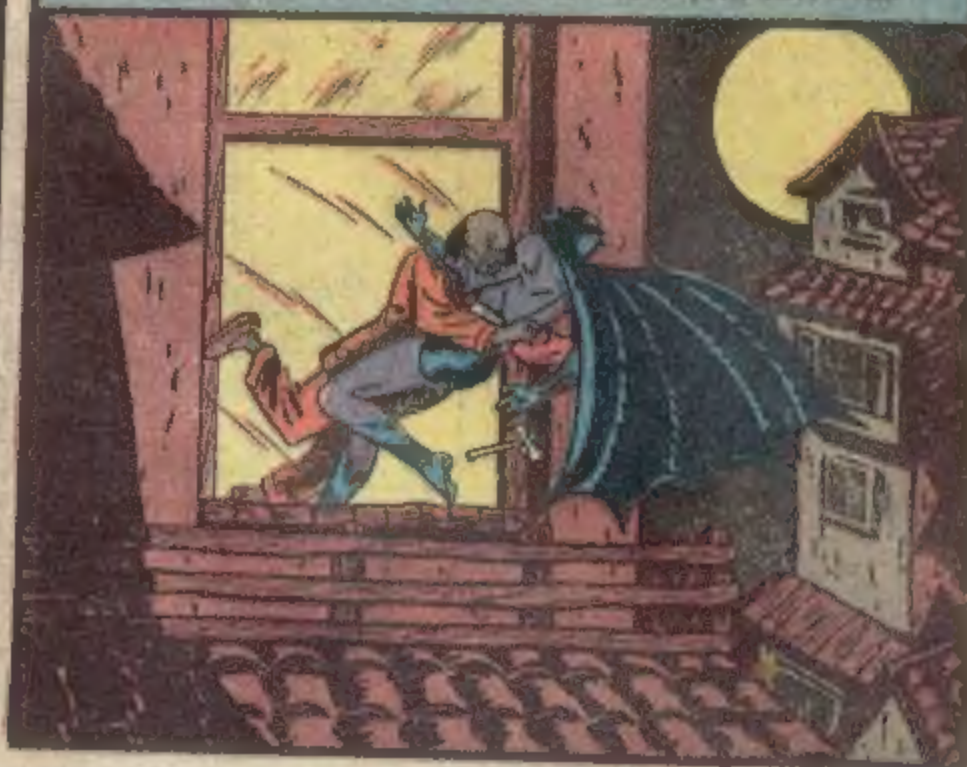
THE BATMAN SENSES HIS DANGER AND SHIFTILY MOVES...



SUDDENLY THE CHINESE JERKS HIS HAND LOOSE AND CHOPS DOWN AT THE **BATMAN** ...



AS THE **BATMAN** PULLS BACK TO AVOID THE DEADLY CHOP, THE FORCE OF THE CHINAMAN'S LUNGE CARRIES THEM BOTH OVER THE LOW SILL ...



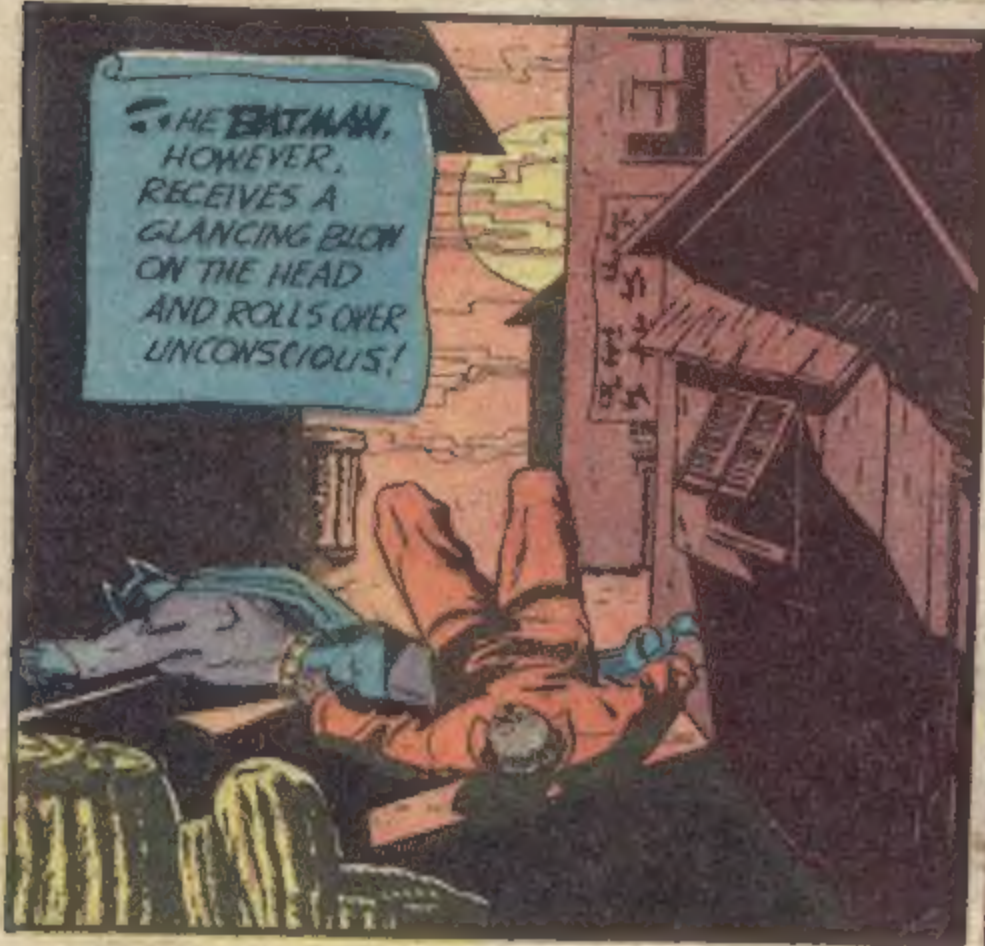
FOR A MOMENT THEY HOVER ON THE ROOF EDGE, AND THEN PLUNGE TO THE GROUND!



BUT THE CHINAMAN IS UNDERNEATH, AND AS THEY HIT THE GROUND, HIS BODY ACTS AS A SHOCK-ABSORBER!



THE **BATMAN**, HOWEVER, RECEIVES A GLANCING BLOW ON THE HEAD AND ROLLS OVER UNCONSCIOUS!



A LITTLE LATER ...

INSIDE WONG'S HOUSE, ANOTHER ENTERS THE MURDER ROOM -

ROBIN THE BOY WONDER!!

IT'S A GOOD THING THE **BATMAN** LEFT WONG'S ADDRESS. HE WILL PROBABLY BE SORE AT ME FOR DISOBEYING ORDERS BUT I'VE GOT TO SEE WHAT'S GOING ON! HE'S PROBABLY STILL HERE WITH WONG ...



KILLED.. WITH A HATCHET
LIKE THE MURDERED CHAUFFEUR!
THEN THE BATMAN WAS
RIGHT.. THIS CASE DOES
TIE IN WITH THE
KIDNAPPED MEN!



AN ADDRESS SCRATCHED
BY WONG WHEN HE WAS
KILLED!- PIER THREE..



SOMETHING MYSTERIOUS
IS GOING ON AND I'M PRETTY
SURE THE ANSWER IS
OVER AT PIER THREE..
AND THAT'S WHERE I'M
GOING, RIGHT NOW!

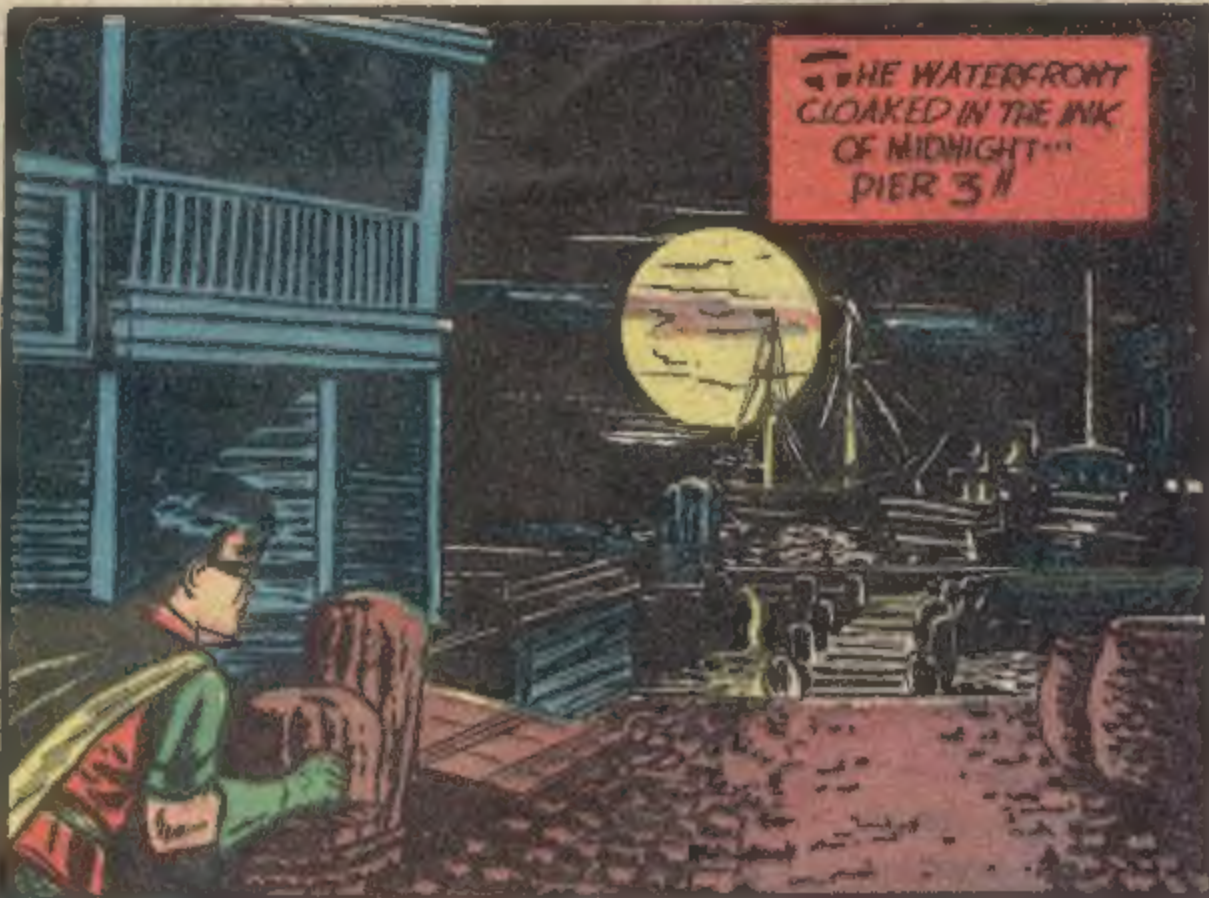


THE ROBIN LEAVES.. THE FIRST HATCHET
MAN UNSTEADILY RISES TO HIS FEET..

DARK BATMAN FIGHTS
LIKE PANTHER! HUH! NO ONE
HERE? PERHAPS BATMAN CAPTURED
AND IS NOW AT GREEN DRAGON..
MUST GO THERE AT ONCE!



THE WATERFRONT
CLOAKED IN THE INK
OF MIDNIGHT...
PIER 3!!



THE ONLY THING THAT LOOKS
LIKE IT MIGHT BE A HIDE-
OUT IS THAT SCHOONER OVER
THERE. I'M GOING TO TAKE
A LOOK AT IT!



BUT ROBIN IS SEEN! A SKULKING
FIGURE FOLLOWS.. THE HATCHET MAN!

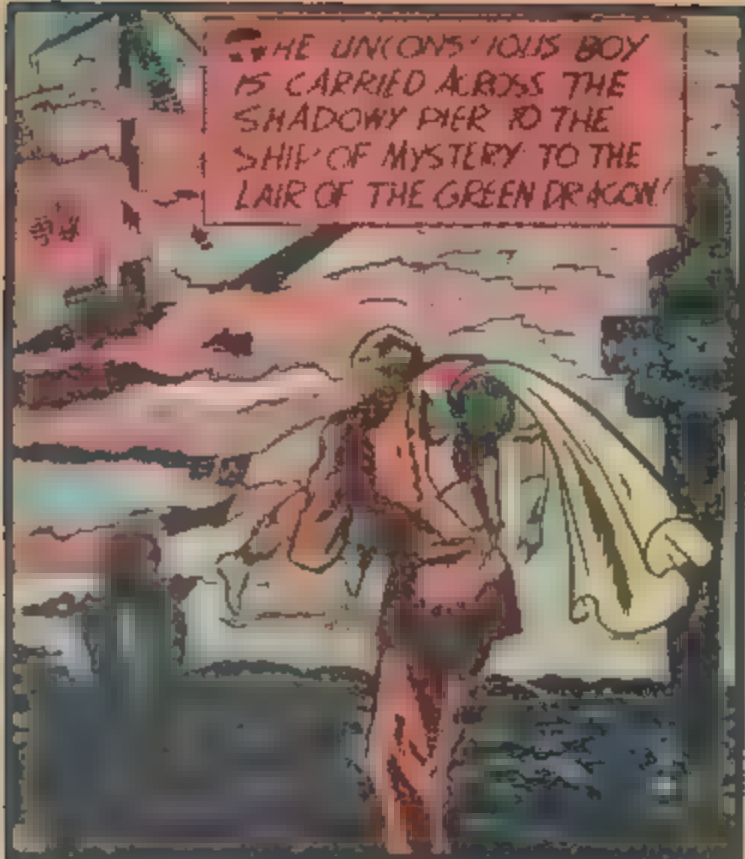
SOMEONE IS VERY INQUISITIVE
ABOUT OUR SHIP. HE ALSO
WEARS A CLOAKED COSTUME
LIKE THE DARK BATMAN.. IT
WOULD BE BETTER IF HE IS
CAPTURED...



MOMENT LATER.. THE
FLAT OF A HATCHET
CRASHES DOWN ON THE BOY!

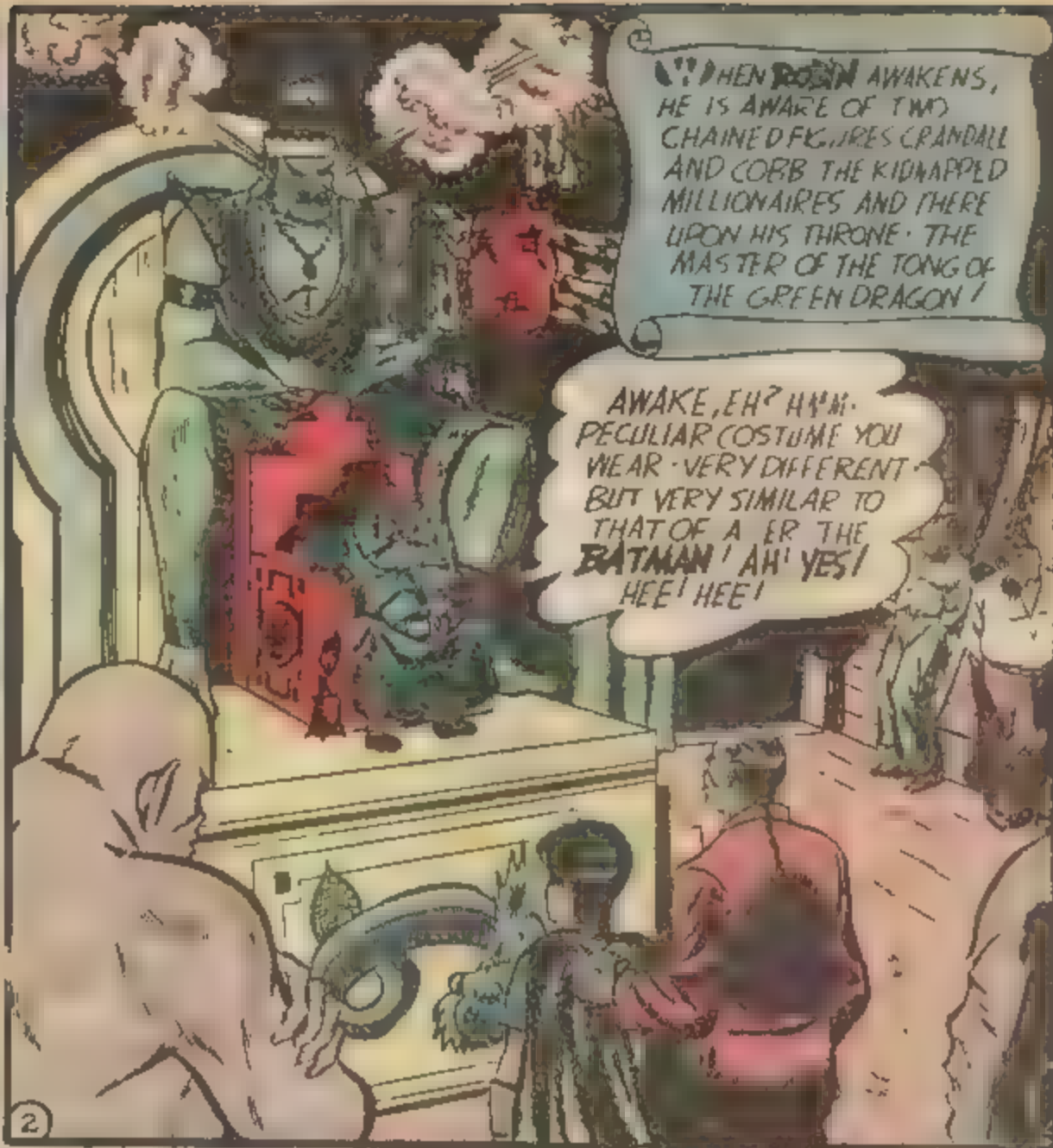


THE UNKONS' YOUNG BOY
IS CARRIED ACROSS THE
SHADOWY PIER TO THE
SHIP OF MYSTERY TO THE
LAIR OF THE GREEN DRAGON!



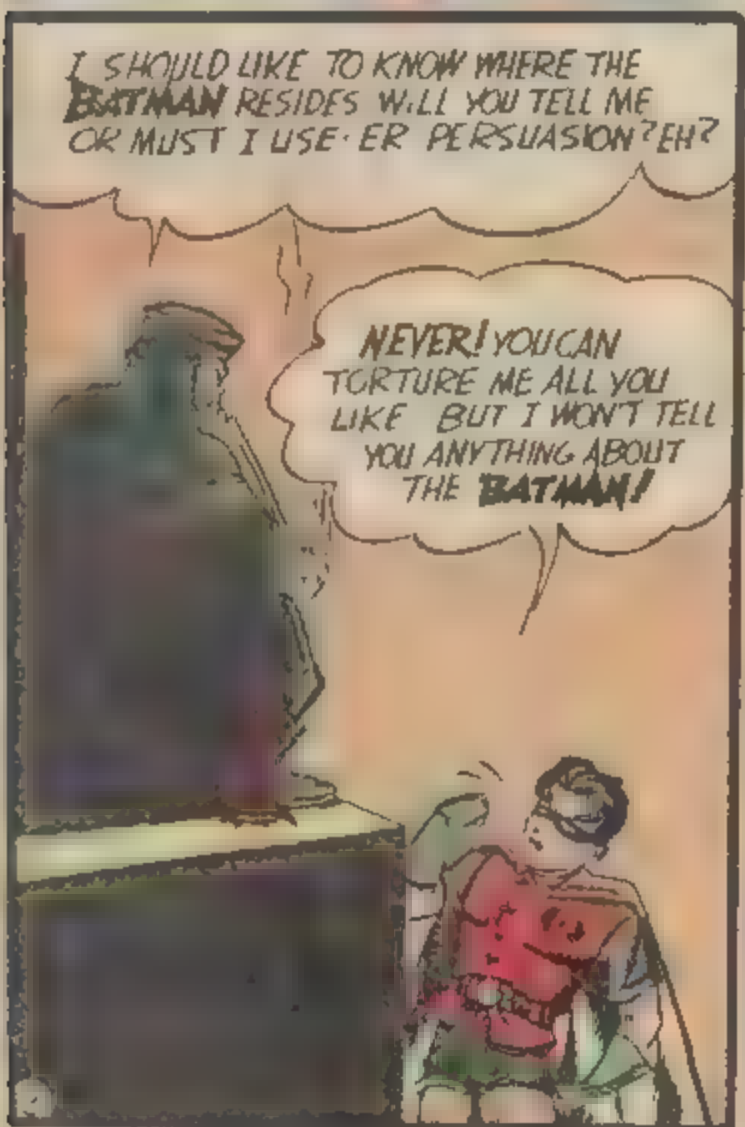
WHEN ROBIN AWAKENS,
HE IS AWARE OF TWO
CHAINED FIGURES CRANDALL
AND CORB THE KIDNAPPED
MILLIONAIRES AND THERE
UPON HIS THRONE THE
MASTER OF THE TONG OF
THE GREEN DRAGON!

AWAKE, EH? HMM.
PECULIAR COSTUME YOU
WEAR - VERY DIFFERENT -
BUT VERY SIMILAR TO
THAT OF A ER THE
BATMAN! AH! YES!
HEE! HEE!



I SHOULD LIKE TO KNOW WHERE THE
BATMAN RESIDES WILL YOU TELL ME
OR MUST I USE ER PERSUASION? EH?

NEVER! YOU CAN
TORTURE ME ALL YOU
LIKE BUT I WON'T TELL
YOU ANYTHING ABOUT
THE **BATMAN**!



YOU ARE STUBBORN, EH? YOU KNOW, I
LIKE TO SEE THINGS WRIGGLE YOU
SHALL WRIGGLE BEFORE ME WITH
PAIN! HEE! HEE! HEE!

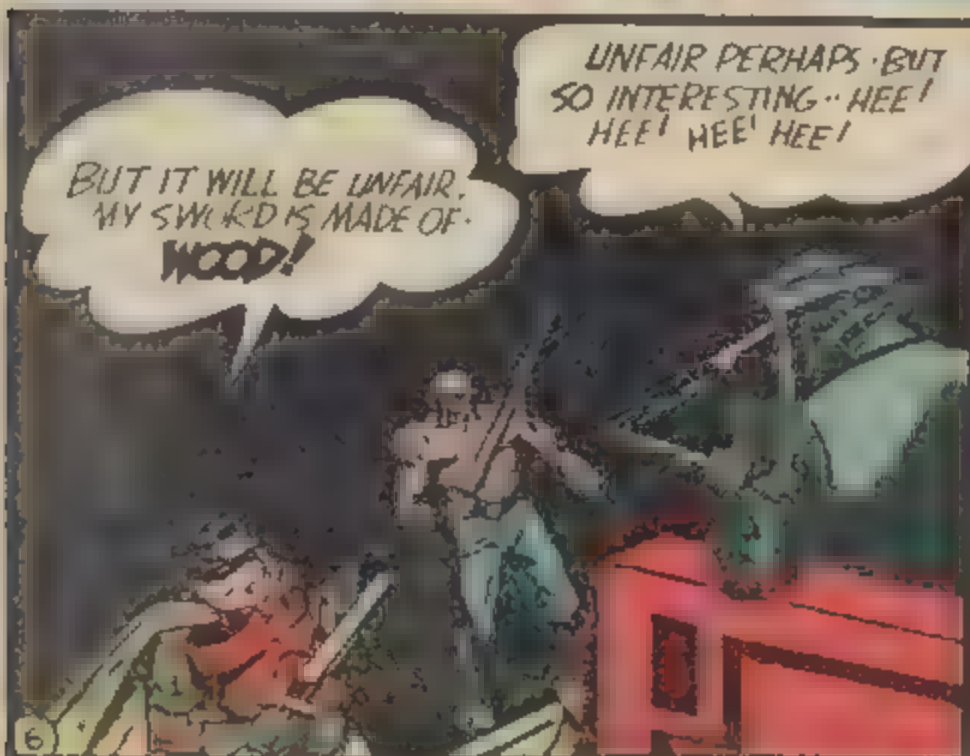


FIRST WE SHALL SEE HOW
ADEPT YOU ARE AT DUELING!
I WARN YOU MY MAN IS QUITE
EXPERT HE SLICED MANY
AN OPPONENT!

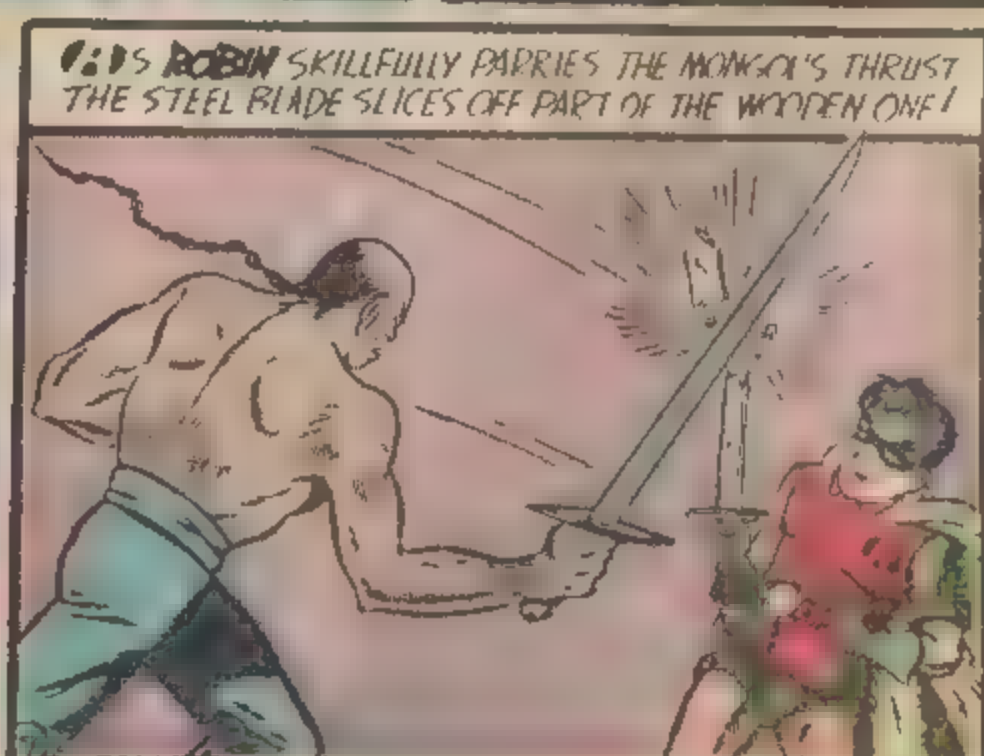


BUT IT WILL BE UNFAIR,
MY SWORD IS MADE OF
WOOD!

UNFAIR PERHAPS - BUT
SO INTERESTING - HEE!
HEE! HEE! HEE!

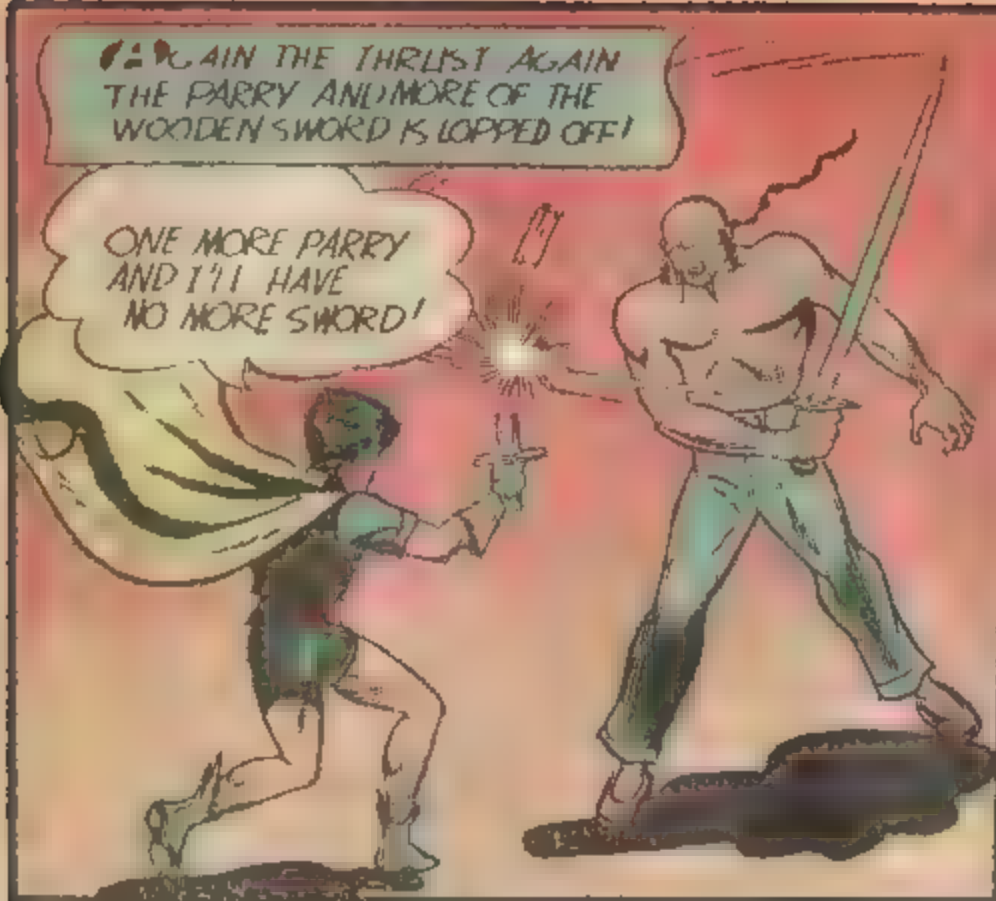


AS ROBIN SKILLFULLY PARRIES THE MONK'S THRUST
THE STEEL BLADE SLICES OFF PART OF THE WOODEN ONE!



AGAIN THE THRUST AGAIN
THE PARRY AND MORE OF THE
WOODEN SWORD IS LOPPED OFF!

ONE MORE PARRY
AND I'LL HAVE
NO MORE SWORD!



ANOTHER THRUST
AND THE STEEL BLADE
SLASHES THROUGH AT
THE HILT!

THAT'S
IT!

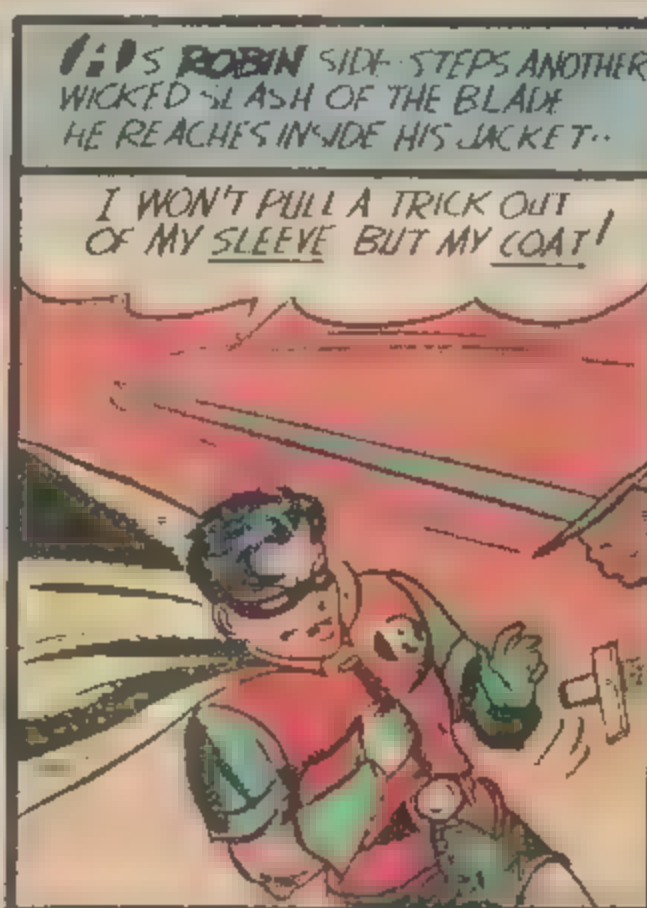


HEE! HEE! WELL, BOY,
WHAT WILL YOU DO NOW?
CAN YOU PULL A TRICK
OUT OF YOUR SLEEVE?
HEE! HEE!



AS ROBIN SIDE-STEPS ANOTHER
WICKED SLASH OF THE BLADE
HE REACHES INSIDE HIS JACKET..

I WON'T PULL A TRICK OUT
OF MY SLEEVE BUT MY COAT!

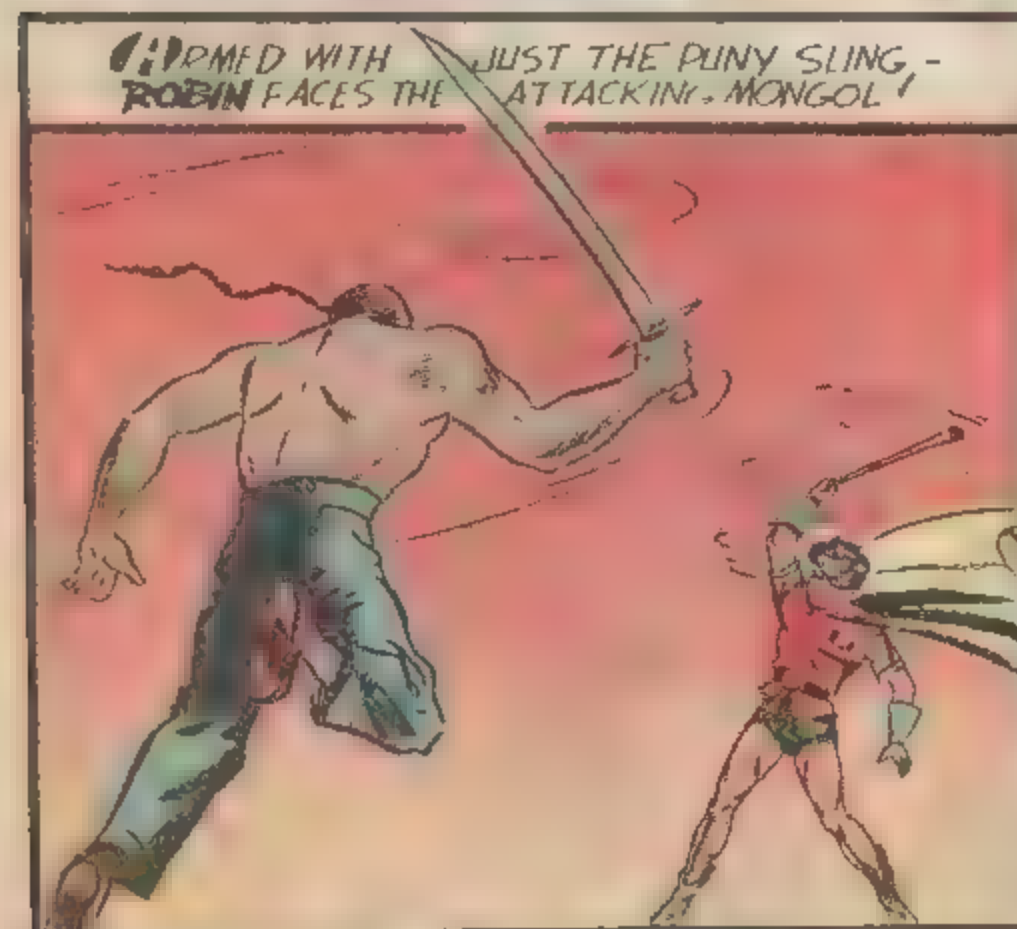


the
SLING!

AND A
STEEL
PELLET.



ARMED WITH JUST THE PUNY SLING -
ROBIN FACES THE ATTACKING MONGOL!



THAT'S ONE TRICK
YOU DIDN'T COUNT ON!



DON'T BE SO
HASTY! HAVE YOU
FORGOTTEN ALL
ABOUT ME?

FOOLS! WHY DID
YOU NOT SEARCH
HIM? CAPTURE
HIM OR... WHA?

BATMAN!

GOOD EVENING,
FRIEND BUT THEN
AGAIN, IS IT?

A MIGHTY
LEAP...

A GIANT
SWING

AND **BATMAN** LIVES
ON THE PLATFORM

CAPTURE HIM!
YOU ARE MANY
HE IS ONLY ONE!
DO NOT BE
AFRAID!

THE CITY HAS
A NEW HERO
EXCEPT
THAT **BATMAN**
IS THE
ONLY ONE
WHO CAN
STOP HIM
WITH A
SINGLE KICK

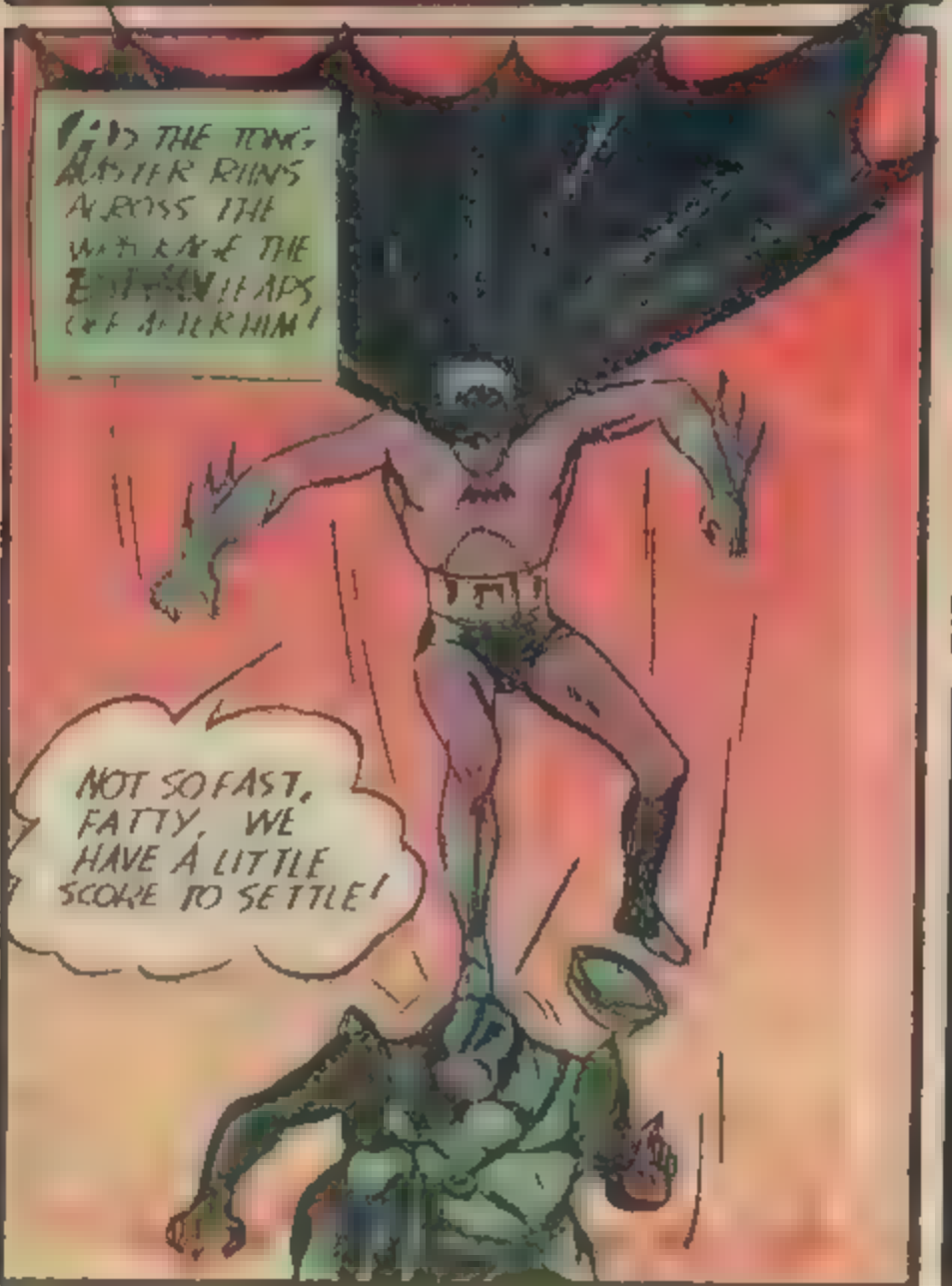
MANAGES TO
TOPPLE THE
ENORMOUS IDOL
OFF BALANCE!



THE IDOL OF THE
GREEN DRAGON KILLS
IT'S OWN!!!



THE TONG
MASTER RUNS
ACROSS THE
WATER AND THE
EARTH HEAPS
UP AFTER HIM!



NOT SO FAST,
FATTY, WE
HAVE A LITTLE
SCORE TO SETTLE!

MORE FUN THAN A
PUNCHING BAG!



WONDER HOW THE
KID IS MAKING
OUT? MAYBE HE'S
IN TROUBLE!



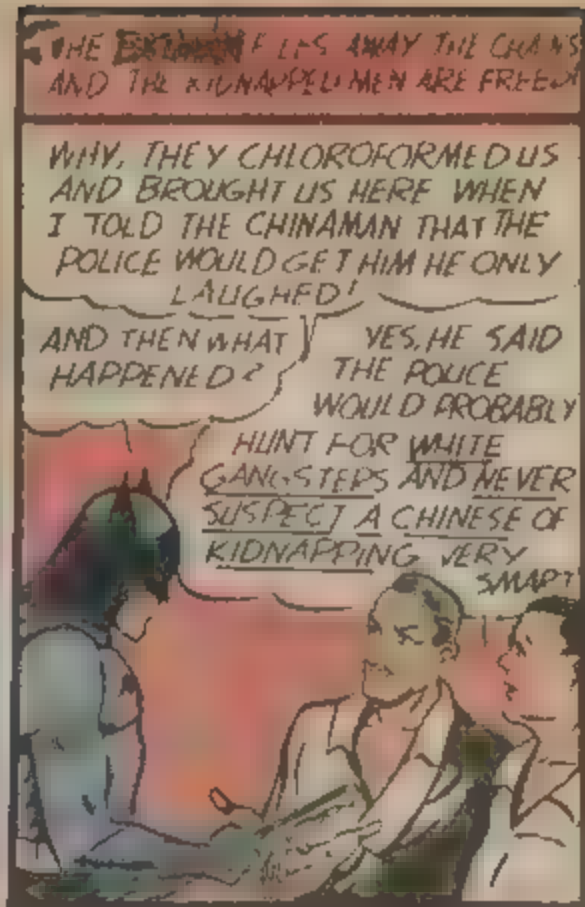


BUT ROBIN...

BOY! WHAT A PARTY THIS TURNED OUT TO BE!



WELL, DOGGONE! ALL I CAN SAY IS, HE CERTAINLY IS AN APT PUPIL!



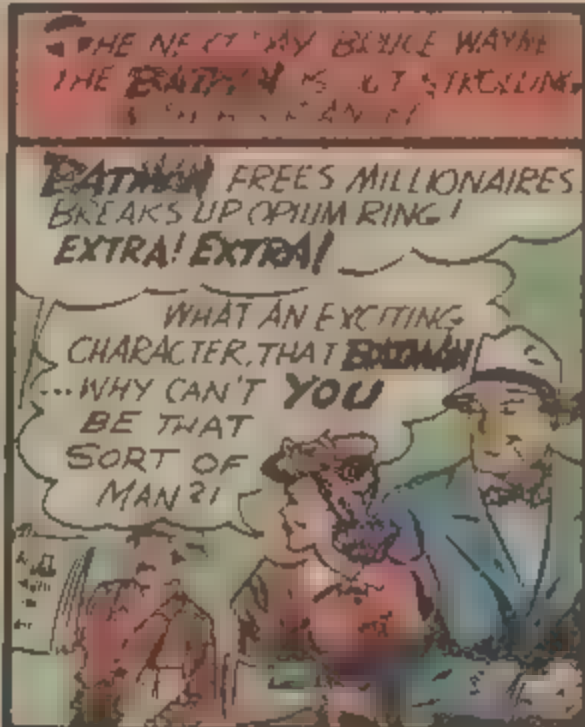
THE EXTENSION OF ITS AWAY THE CHANS AND THE KIDNAPPED MEN ARE FREE!

WHY, THEY CHLOROFORMED US AND BROUGHT US HERE WHEN I TOLD THE CHINAMAN THAT THE POLICE WOULD GET HIM HE ONLY LAUGHED!

AND THEN WHAT HAPPENED? YES, HE SAID THE POLICE WOULD PROBABLY HUNT FOR WHITE GANGSTERS AND NEVER SUSPECT A CHINESE OF KIDNAPPING VERY SMART



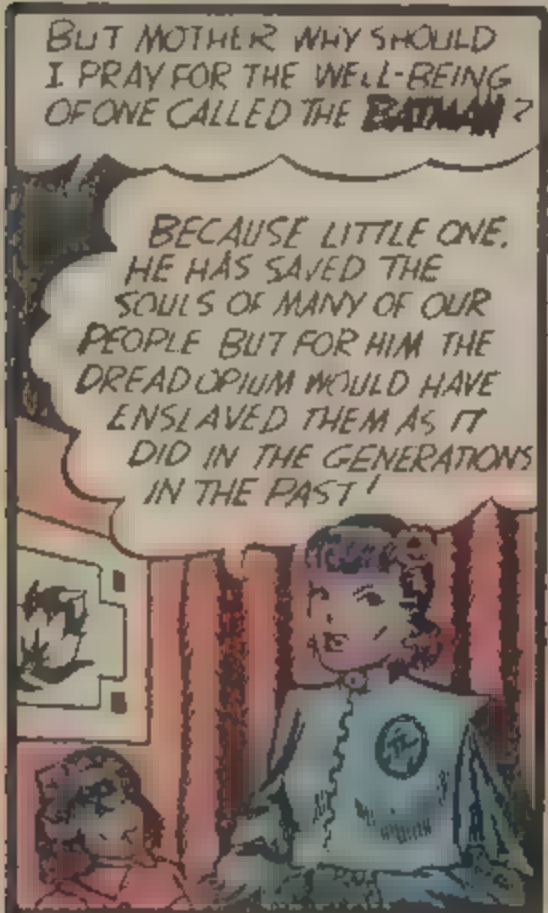
YES, HE WAS. ONLY ONE OF HIS MEN SPOILED THE PLAN BY KILLING THE CHAUFFEUR WITH A HATCHET! ONLY THE CHINESE HATCHET MAN WOULD USE THAT TYPE OF WEAPON! ONCE I KNEW THAT, IT WAS A MATTER OF FINDING THE HIDEOUT HERE IT WAS THAT HE INDULGED IN THE SMUGGLING OF OPIUM AND CHINESE!



THE NEXT DAY BRUCE WAYNE THE BATMAN IS OUT STRIKING!

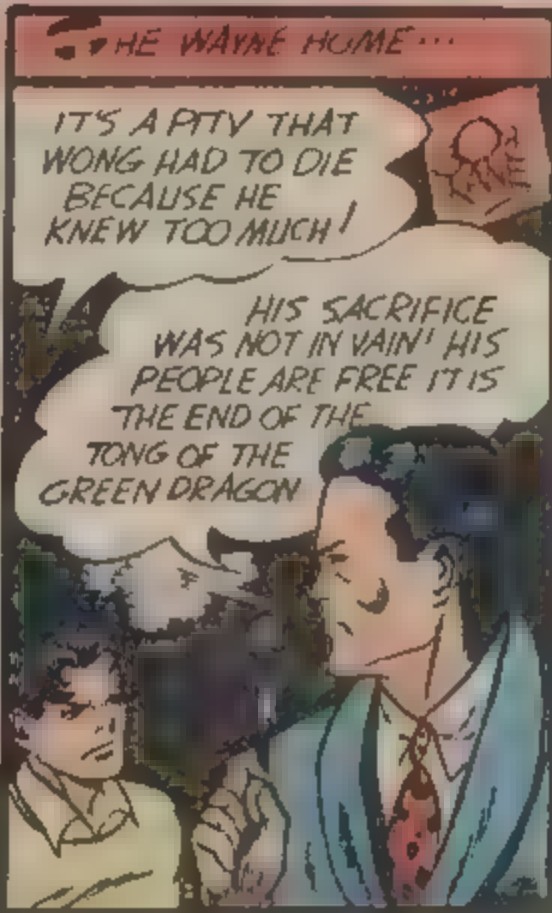
BATMAN FREES MILLIONAIRES BREAKS UP OPIUM RING! EXTRA! EXTRA!

WHAT AN EXCITING CHARACTER, THAT BATMAN! ...WHY CAN'T YOU BE THAT SORT OF MAN?



BUT MOTHER WHY SHOULD I PRAY FOR THE WELL-BEING OF ONE CALLED THE BATMAN?

BECAUSE LITTLE ONE, HE HAS SAVED THE SOULS OF MANY OF OUR PEOPLE BUT FOR HIM THE DREAD OPIUM WOULD HAVE ENSLAVED THEM AS IT DID IN THE GENERATIONS IN THE PAST!



HE WAYNE HOME...

IT'S A PITY THAT WONG HAD TO DIE BECAUSE HE KNEW TOO MUCH!

HIS SACRIFICE WAS NOT IN VAIN! HIS PEOPLE ARE FREE IT IS THE END OF THE TONG OF THE GREEN DRAGON



BEWARE OF CLAYFACE

A BLACK CLOAKED, HIDEOUS FIGURE THAT MENACES THE LIVES OF THE PEOPLE AND HIS AUNT!

THE VERY WONDER... AS HE LEAVES BEHIND A TRAIL OF DEATH

COMING NEXT MONTH

HERE
IT IS!

the COMPLETE
DYNAMIC
ACTION
THE BATMAN!

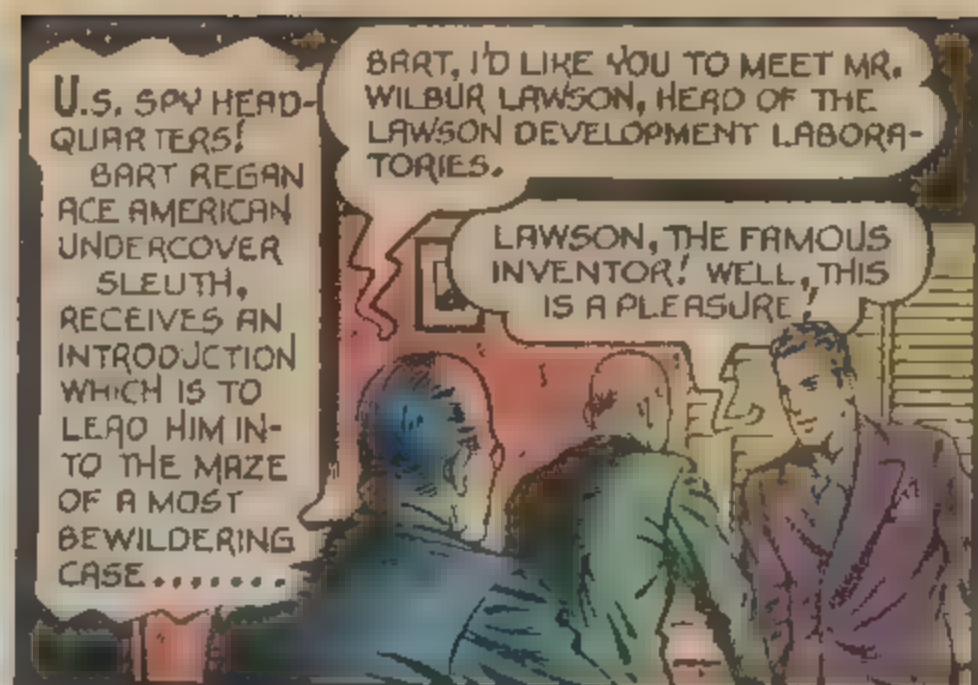


All Characters
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On Sale April 25th

AT ALL NEWSSTANDS

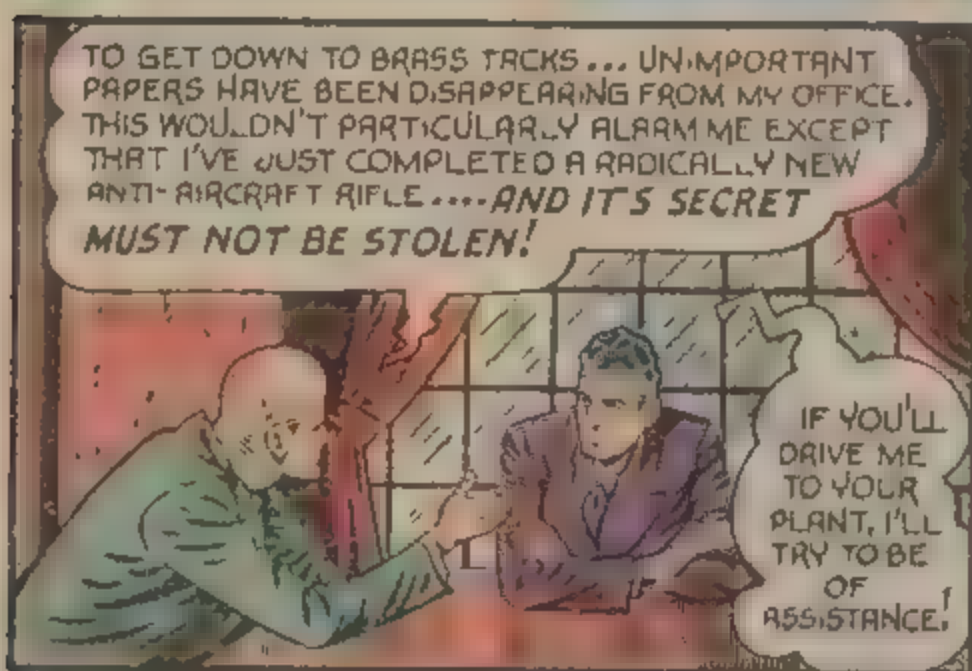




U.S. SPY HEAD-
QUARTERS!
BART REGAN
ACE AMERICAN
UNDERCOVER
SLEUTH,
RECEIVES AN
INTRODUCTION
WHICH IS TO
LEAD HIM IN-
TO THE MAZE
OF A MOST
BEWILDERING
CASE.....

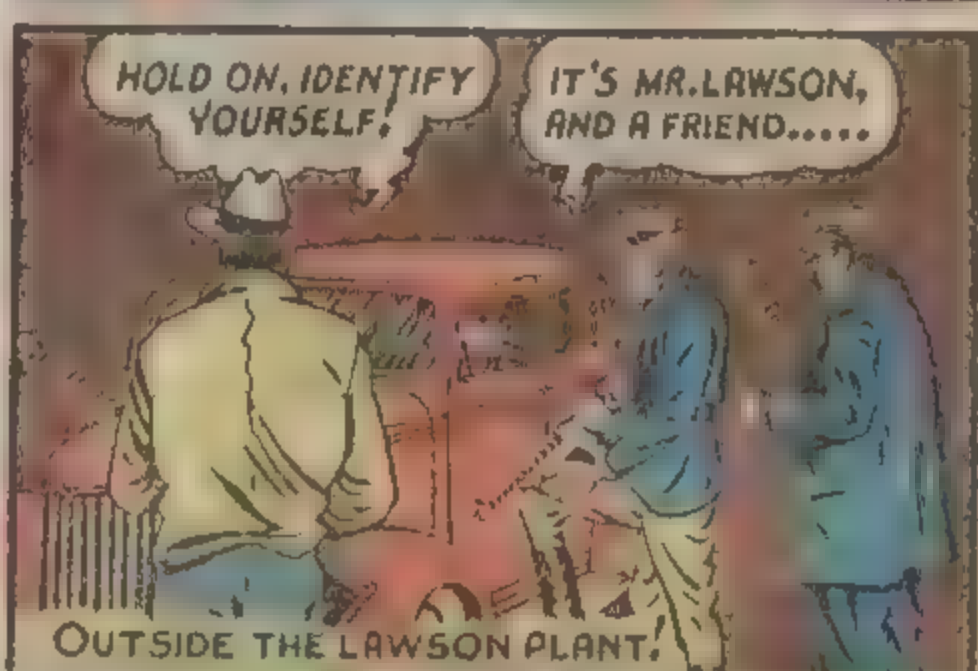
BART, I'D LIKE YOU TO MEET MR.
WILBUR LAWSON, HEAD OF THE
LAWSON DEVELOPMENT LABORA-
TORIES.

LAWSON, THE FAMOUS
INVENTOR! WELL, THIS
IS A PLEASURE!



TO GET DOWN TO BRASS TACKS... UNIMPORTANT
PAPERS HAVE BEEN DISAPPEARING FROM MY OFFICE.
THIS WOULDN'T PARTICULARLY ALARM ME EXCEPT
THAT I'VE JUST COMPLETED A RADICALLY NEW
ANTI-AIRCRAFT RIFLE.... **AND IT'S SECRET
MUST NOT BE STOLEN!**

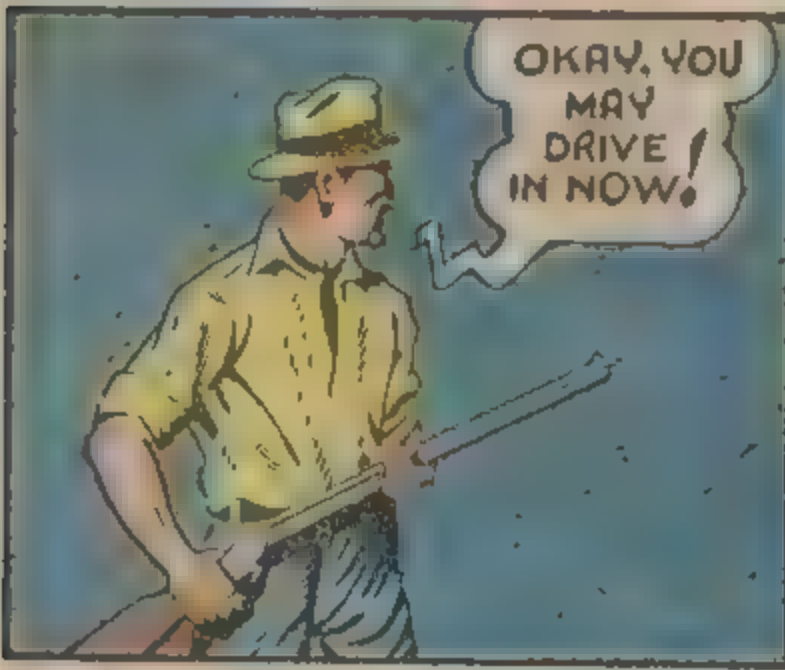
IF YOU'LL
DRIVE ME
TO YOUR
PLANT, I'LL
TRY TO BE
OF
ASSISTANCE!



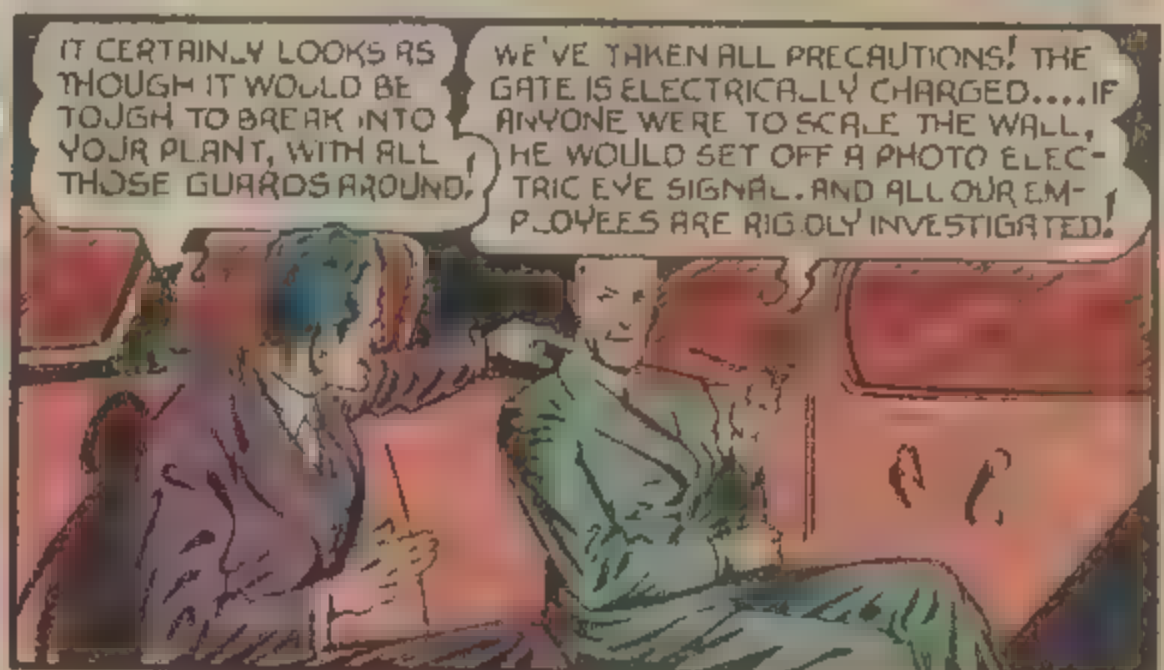
HOLD ON, IDENTIFY
YOURSELF!

IT'S MR. LAWSON,
AND A FRIEND.....

OUTSIDE THE LAWSON PLANT!

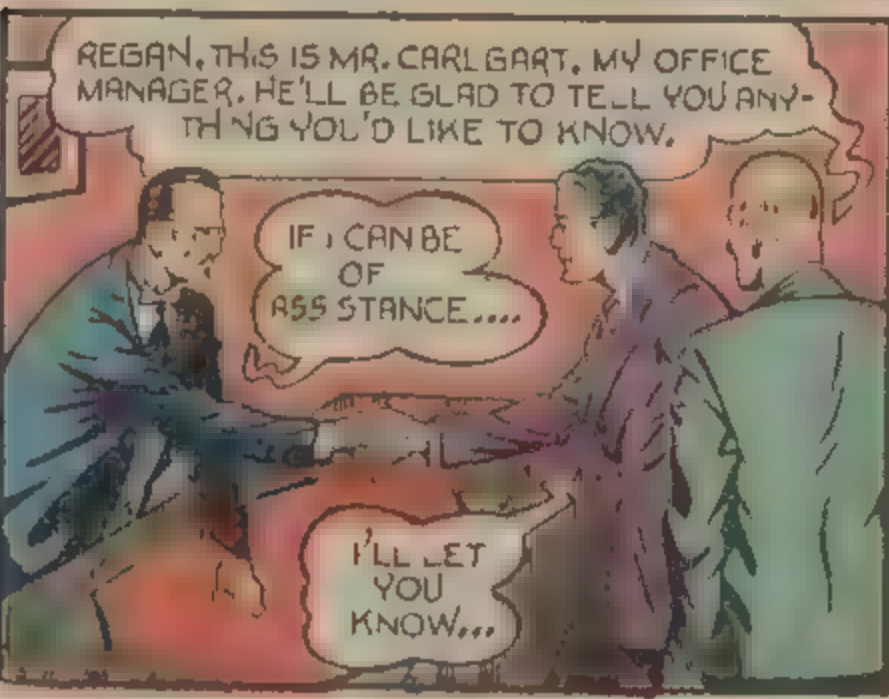


OKAY, YOU
MAY
DRIVE
IN NOW!



IT CERTAINLY LOOKS AS
THOUGH IT WOULD BE
TOUGH TO BREAK INTO
YOUR PLANT, WITH ALL
THOSE GUARDS AROUND!

WE'VE TAKEN ALL PRECAUTIONS! THE
GATE IS ELECTRICALLY CHARGED....IF
ANYONE WERE TO SCALE THE WALL,
HE WOULD SET OFF A PHOTO ELEC-
TRIC EYE SIGNAL. AND ALL OUR EM-
PLOYEES ARE RIGIDLY INVESTIGATED!

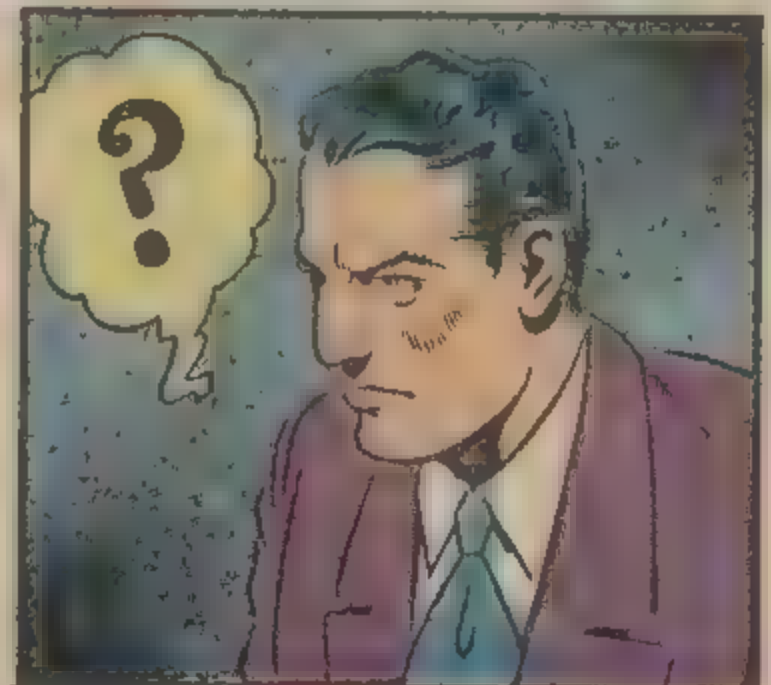


REGAN, THIS IS MR. CARL GART, MY OFFICE
MANAGER. HE'LL BE GLAD TO TELL YOU ANY-
THING YOU'D LIKE TO KNOW.

IF I CAN BE
OF
ASS STANCE....

I'LL LET
YOU
KNOW...

SHORRY
BUT...
PARTIAL IS
THE
LANT...HE
RIGHT
SOME THING
WHICH
LAWSON HAS
EVERY
WIT
SUBJ. NO.



?

WHAT BART SAW....

....A DRAFTSMAN WHOSE EYES PERSIST IN SHIFTING TOWARD THE WORK OF THOSE NEAR HIM....

THAT FELLOW THORPE IS A SUSPICIOUS LOOKING BIRD IF I EVER SAW ONE. I'LL STEP WITHIN CARLGART'S OFFICE AND LOOK UP HIS RECORD!

SORRY TO DISTURB YOU, CARLGART, BUT CAN YOU TELL ME WHERE I CAN FIND THORPE'S RECORD????

UH...WHY... WHY YES!

R-RIGHT IN THAT FILING CABINET!

HIS RECORD APPEARS HONEST ENOUGH, BUT I CAN'T FORGET THAT FURTIVE EXPRESSION!

CARLGART AND THORPE, TOGETHER IN A HUDDLE AT THAT WATER FOUNTAIN!

CARLGART COULD HAVE GOTTEN HIS DRINK FROM THIS REFRIGERATOR COOLER.... BUT HE CHOSE TO DASH OUT. I WONDER IF HIS GOING TO THAT FOUNTAIN WAS A RUSE TO WARN THORPE!

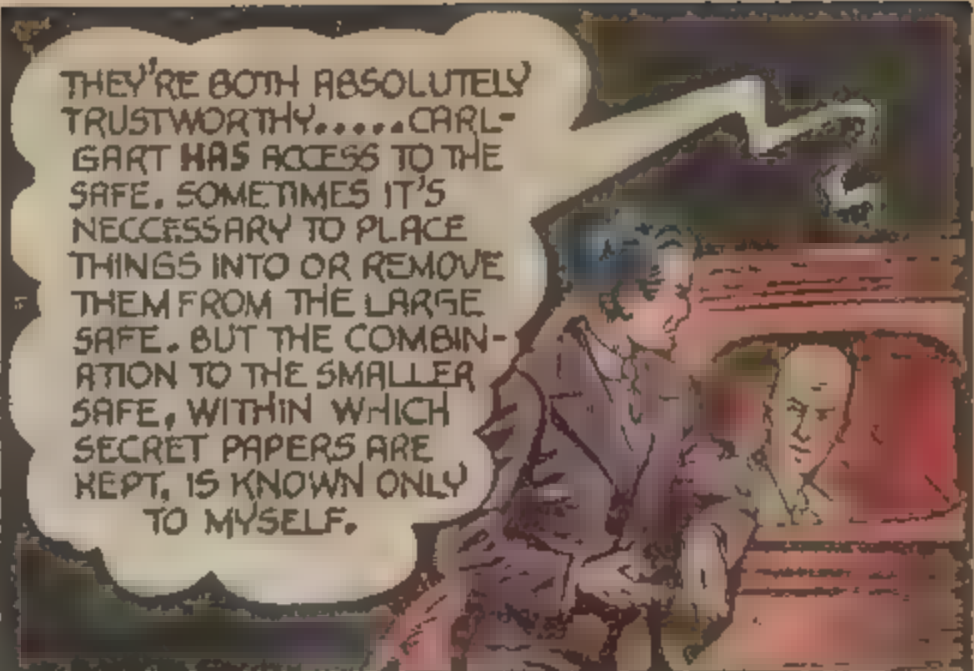
AFTER MR. LITSON AND BART LEAVE THE PLANT.....

ANY LUCK?

PERHAPS!... WOULD YOU MIND ANSWERING A FEW QUESTIONS?



CARLGART AND THORPE...CAN YOU VOUCH FOR THEM? HAS CARLGART ACCESS TO THE OFFICE SAFE?

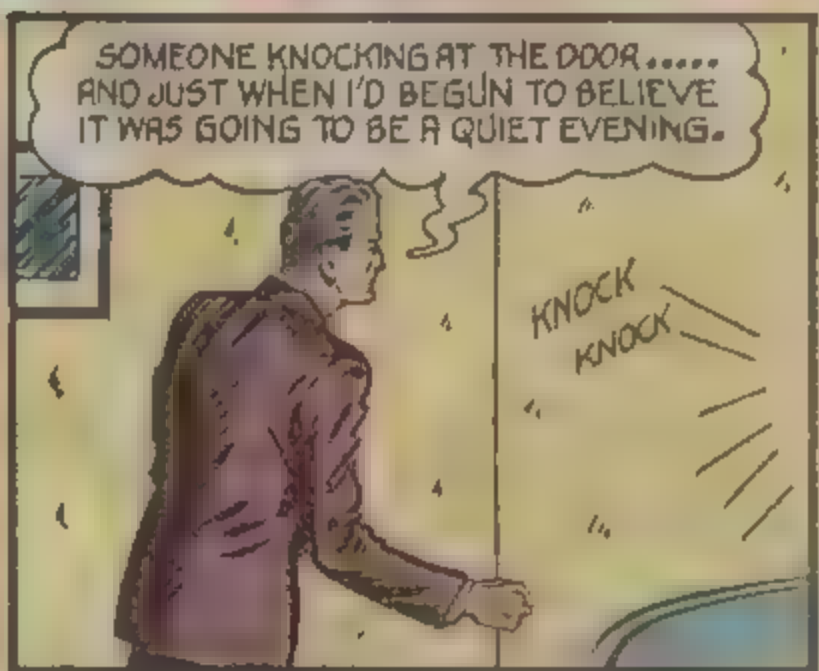


THEY'RE BOTH ABSOLUTELY TRUSTWORTHY.....CARLGART HAS ACCESS TO THE SAFE. SOMETIMES IT'S NECESSARY TO PLACE THINGS INTO OR REMOVE THEM FROM THE LARGE SAFE. BUT THE COMBINATION TO THE SMALLER SAFE, WITHIN WHICH SECRET PAPERS ARE KEPT, IS KNOWN ONLY TO MYSELF.



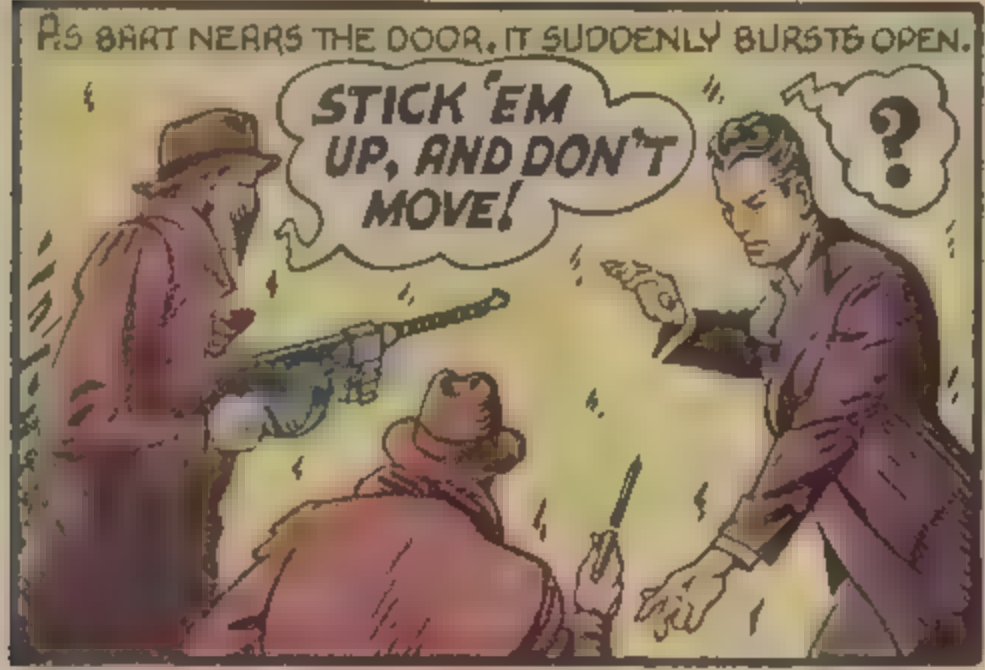
THANKS FOR DROPPING ME OFF AT MY APARTMENT!SEE YOU TOMORROW!

SOMEWHAT LATER.... AFTER BART HAS MADE HIMSELF COMFORTABLE WITHIN HIS SUITE.....



SOMEONE KNOCKING AT THE DOOR..... AND JUST WHEN I'D BEGUN TO BELIEVE IT WAS GOING TO BE A QUIET EVENING.

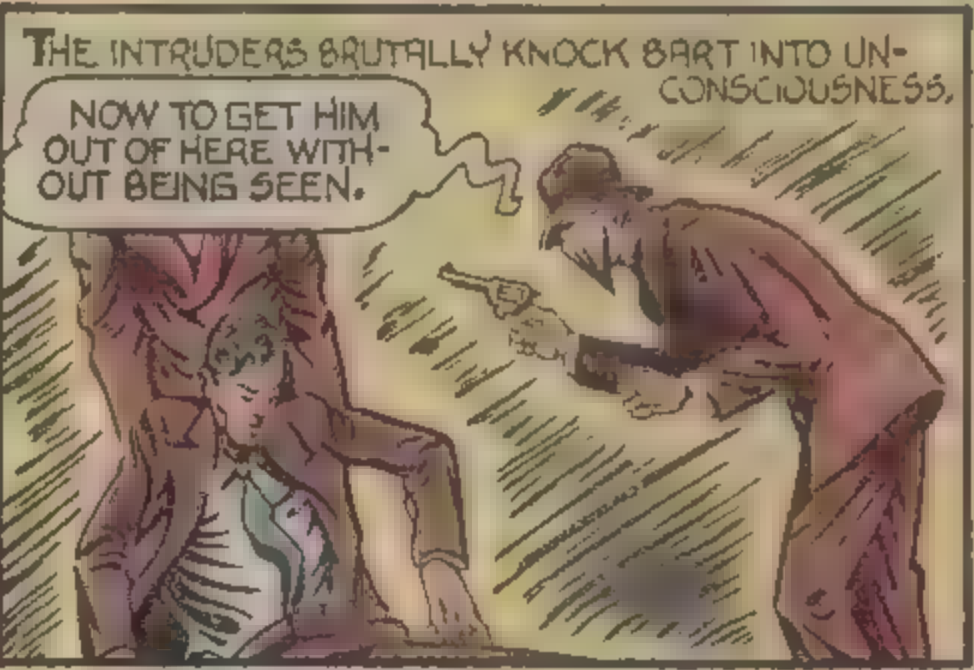
KNOCK KNOCK



AS BART NEARS THE DOOR, IT SUDDENLY BURSTS OPEN.

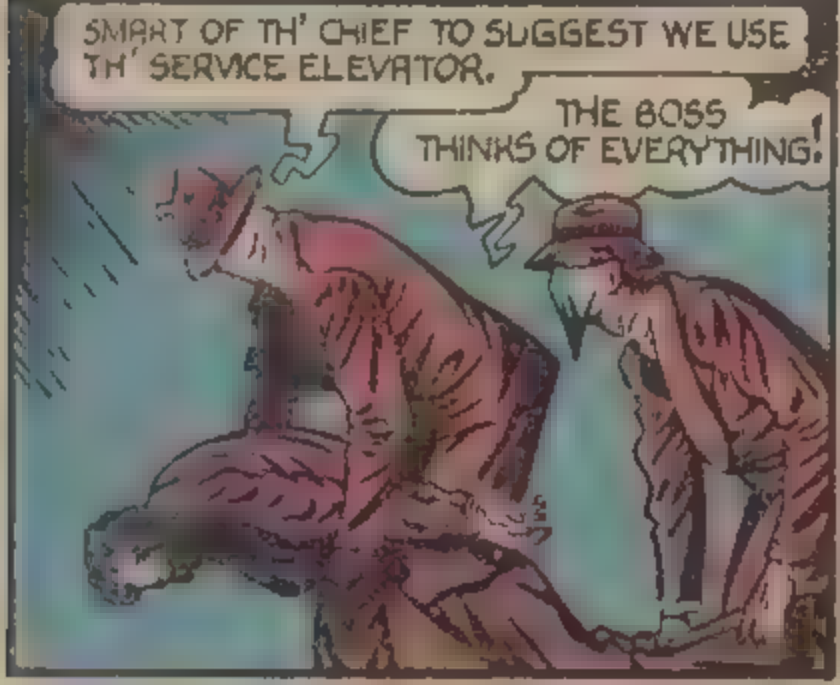
STICK 'EM UP, AND DON'T MOVE!

?



THE INTRUDERS BRUTALLY KNOCK BART INTO UNCONSCIOUSNESS.

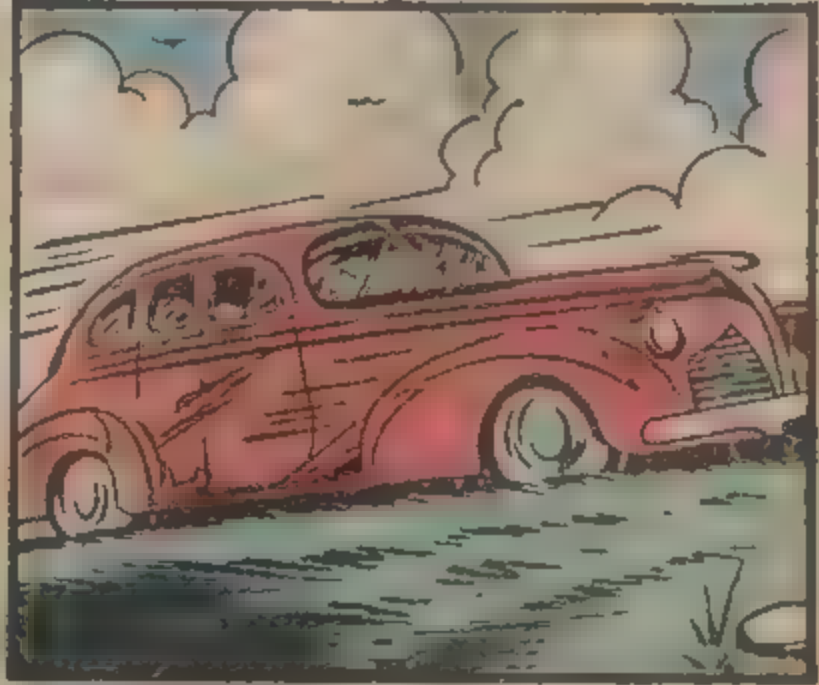
NOW TO GET HIM OUT OF HERE WITHOUT BEING SEEN.

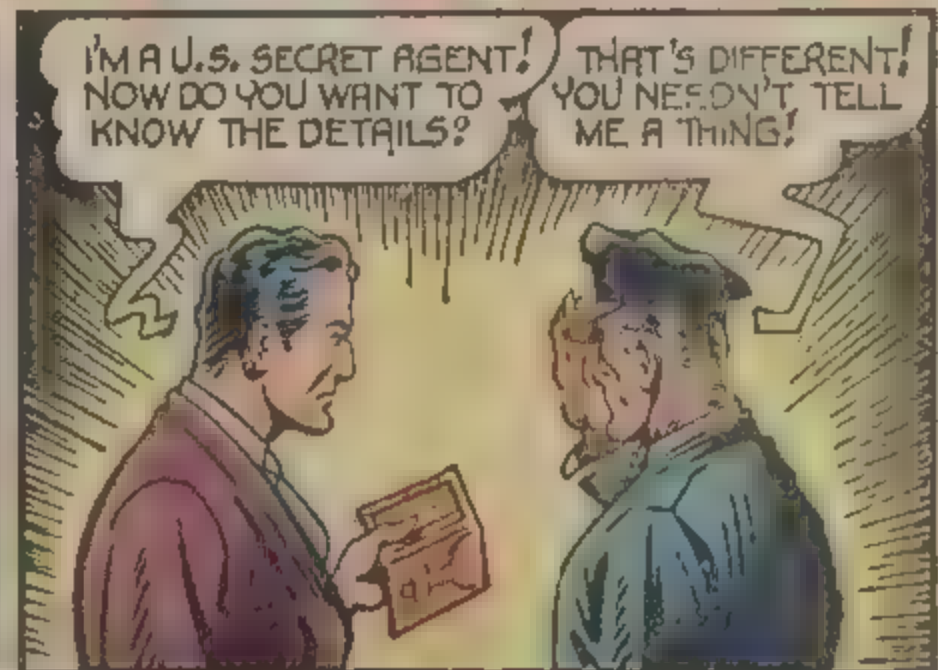
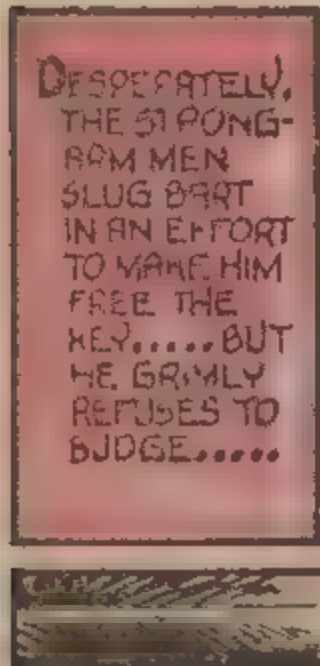
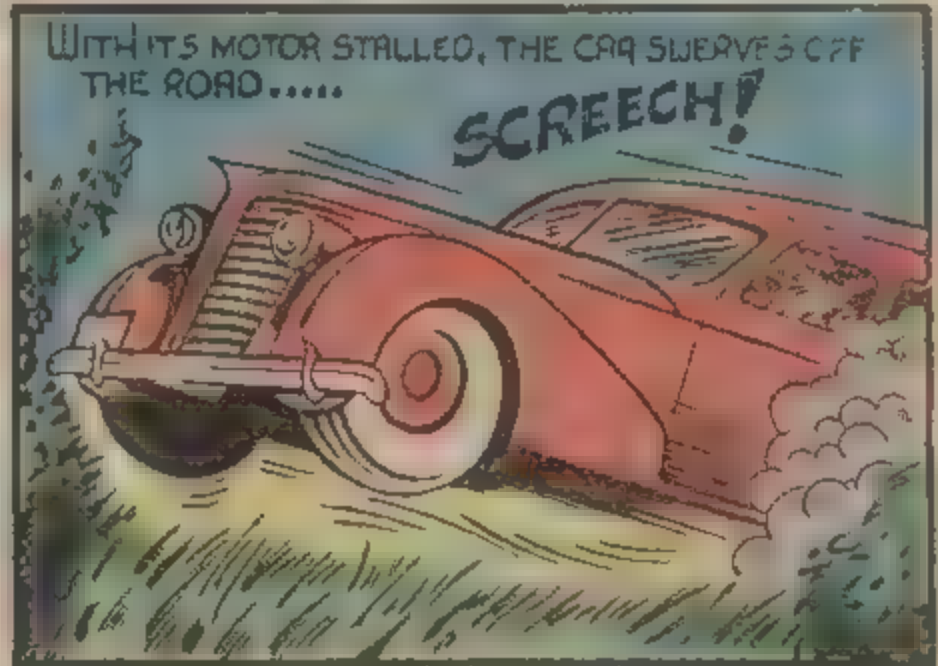
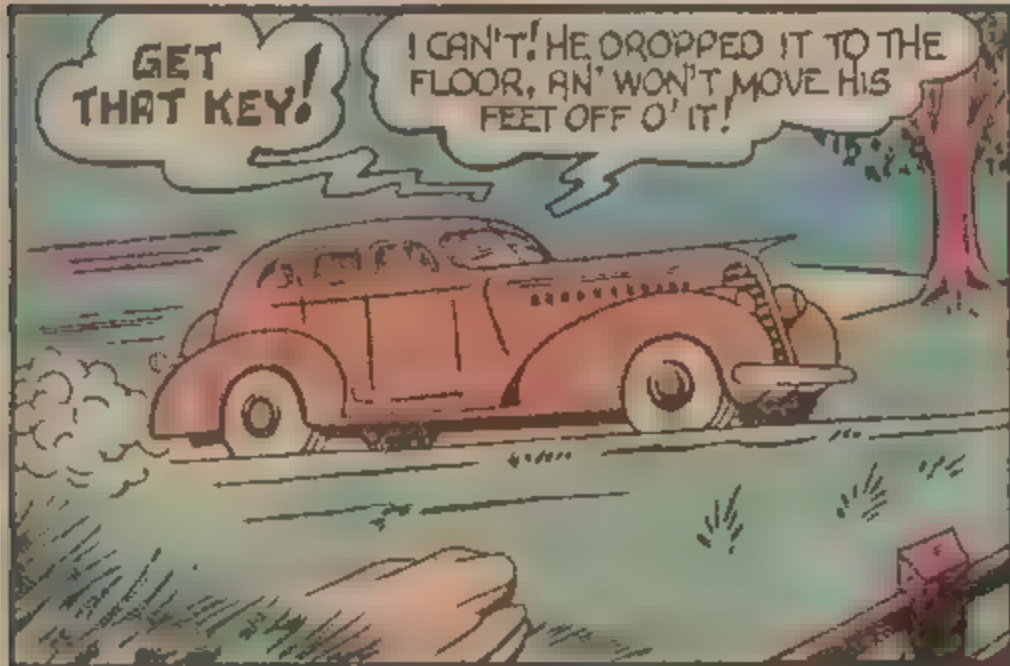
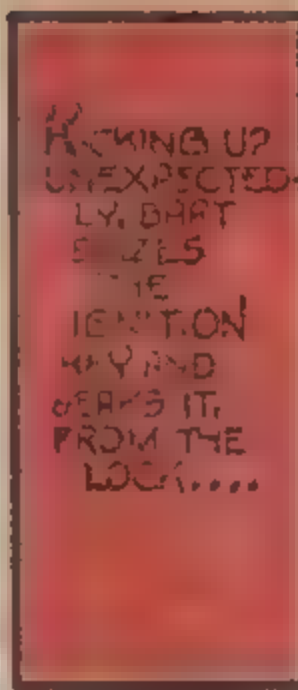


SMART OF TH' CHIEF TO SUGGEST WE USE TH' SERVICE ELEVATOR.

THE BOSS THINKS OF EVERYTHING!

INTO THE CAR CROWD ALL THREETHEN OFF SPEEDS THE AUTO, WITH BART A HELPLESS CAPTIVE WITHIN!





NEXT MORNING..... AT LAWSON'S HOME.....

MY IDEA IS FOR YOU TO PLACE A MODEL OF YOUR INVENTION IN THE OFFICE SAFE, WE'LL CONCEAL OURSELVES AND SEE WHOEVER TRIES TO STEAL IT!



I'M A BIT DOUBIOUS... BUT I SAID I'D CO-OPERATE WITH YOU, AND I WILL!



LATER..... AS THEY ENTER LAWSON'S OFFICE.....

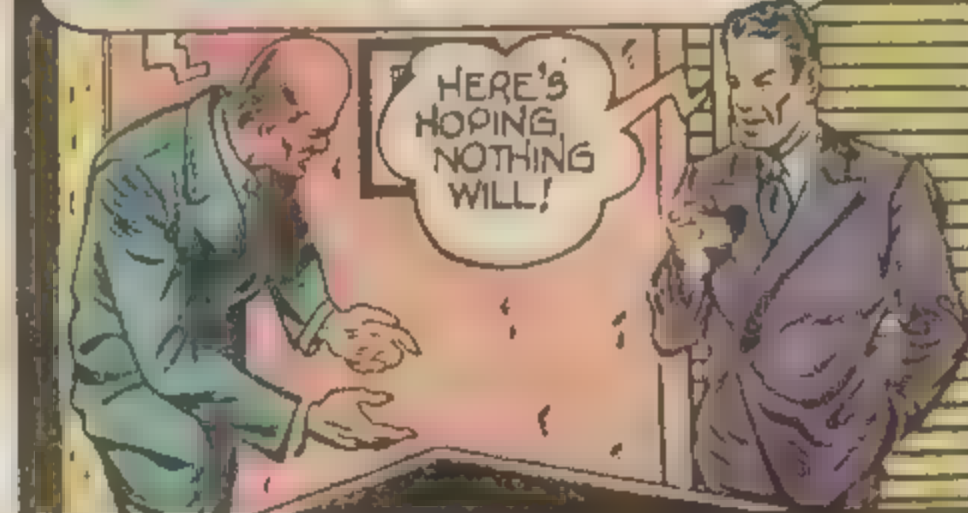
CARLBART AND THORPE! WHAT ARE YOU DOING IN MY PRIVATE OFFICE?

IN A HUDDLE AGAIN. I SIMPLY DON'T TRUST THOSE FELLOWS!

WE...ER...JUST STEPPED IN FOR A MOMENT TO DISCUSS SOME...ER... OFFICE DETAILS



THERE..... I JUST PLACED THE SATCHEL CONTAINING THE MODEL IN THE SAFE! JUST LET SOMETHING TRY AND HAPPEN TO IT NOW!



HERE'S HOPING NOTHING WILL!

JUST A MOMENT, I'VE BEEN STRUCK BY A SUDDEN THOUGHT. WOULD YOU MIND OPENING THE SAFE, TO SEE IF THE MODEL IS STILL THERE?



CERTAINLY. BUT NOTHING COULD HAVE HAPPENED TO IT. I JUST PLACED IT IN THERE A MOMENT AGO.

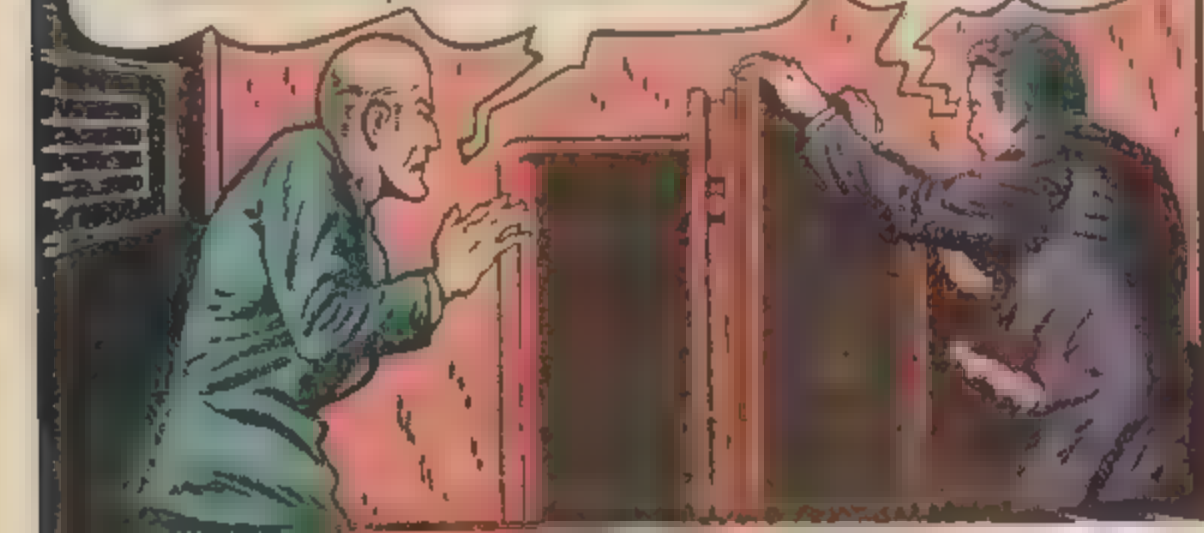


FRANKLY, I'M STILL A BIT DOUBTFUL.... BUT I'LL OPEN THE SAFE IN SPITE OF THAT!



THE MODEL! IT'S GONE! AND IN ITS PLACE.... A TIRE-JACK!

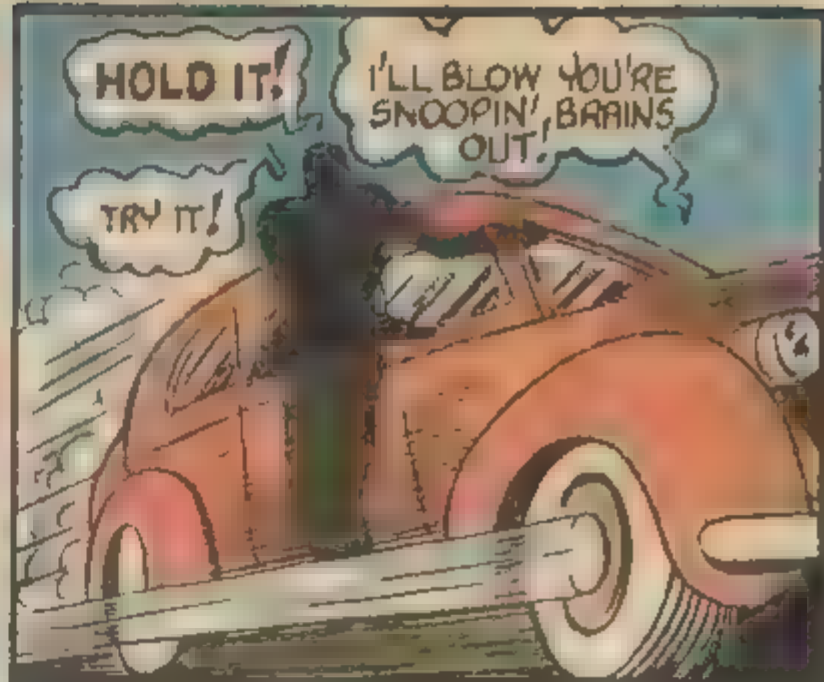
JUST AS I SUSPECTED!



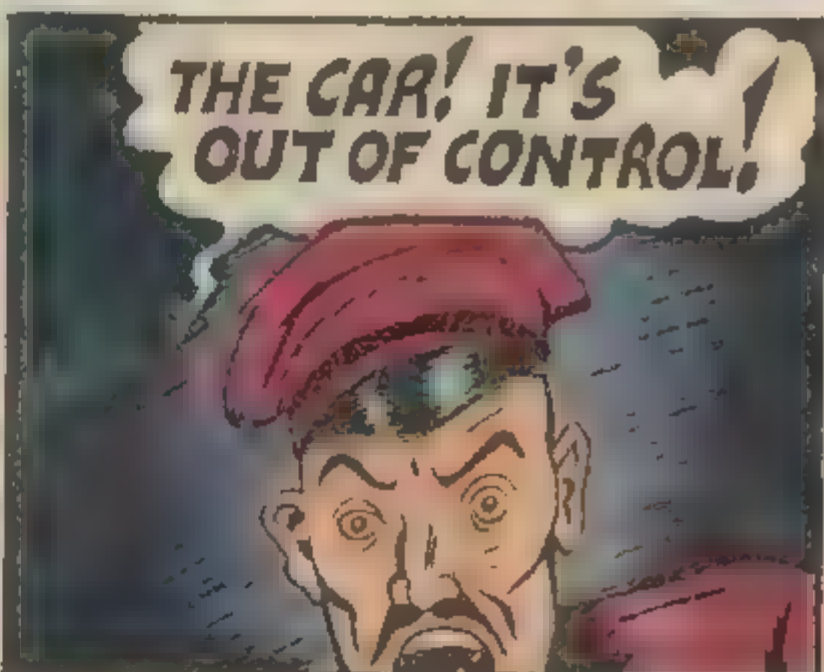
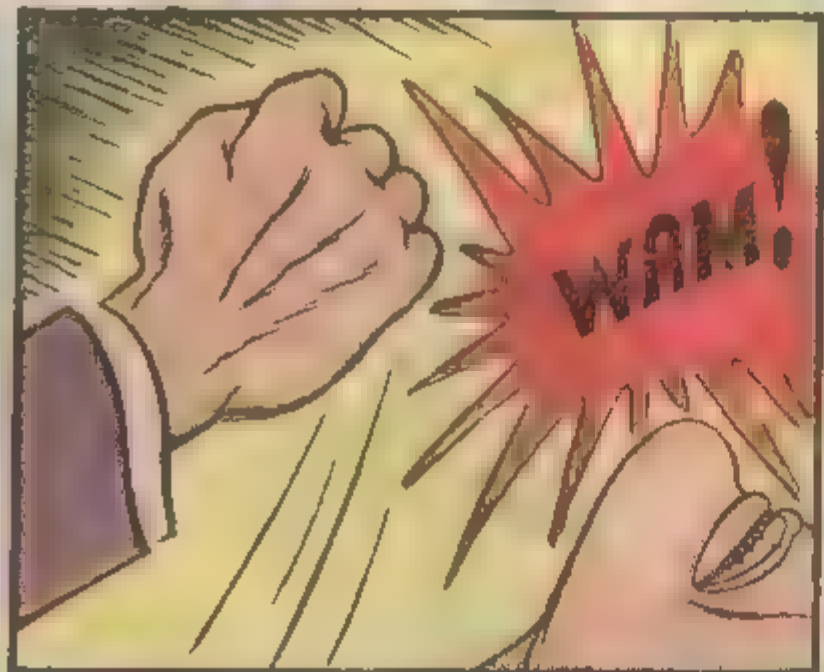
PERHAPS IT'S NOT TOO LATE TO CATCH THE THIEF!



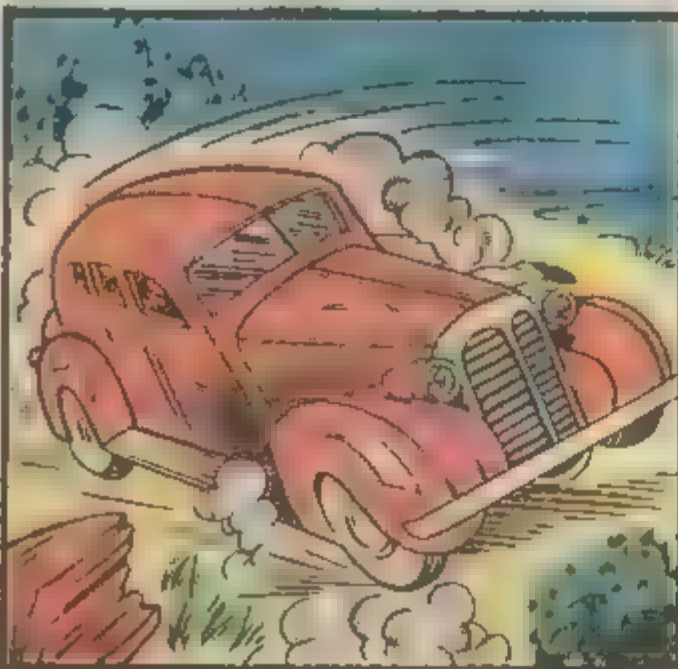
AS BART DASHES OUT OF THE PLANT, LAWSON'S CHAUFFEUR COMMENCES TO DRIVE THRU THE OPEN GATE!



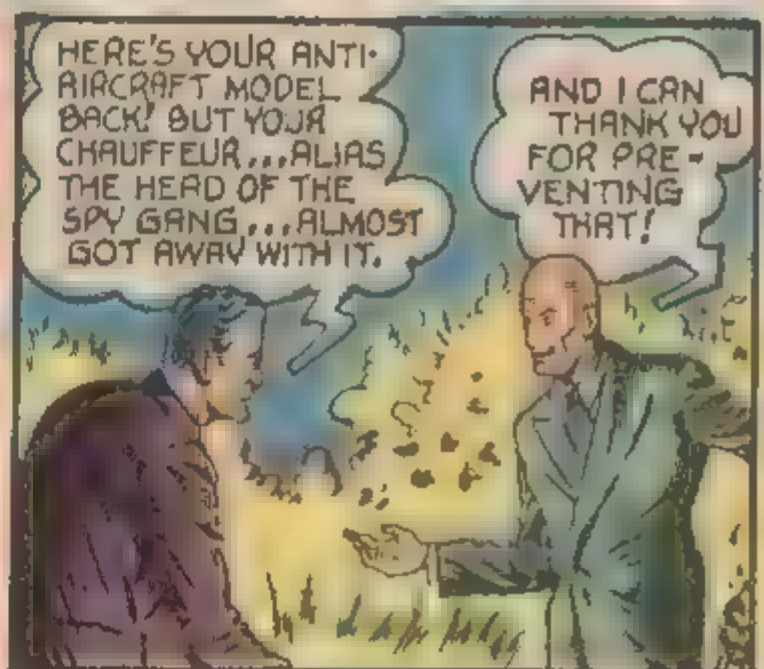
THE FIRST BULLET M-88S BART, AND BEFORE THE MURDEROUS CHAUFFEUR CAN FIRE AGAIN BART LETS HIM HAVE IT ON THE JAW



REACHING IN, BART JERKS BACK THE EMERGENCY BRAKE, AND THE AUTO SCREECHES TO A STOP....



LATER
THE
CHAUFFEUR
WAS
IN
THE
YARD...



YOUR CHAUFFEUR WAS ABLE TO OVERHEAR EVERYTHING YOU SAID IN YOUR CAR, AND HE WAS FREE TO BRING OBJECTS IN OR OUT OF THE PLANT WITHOUT BEING INSPECTED

HIRING THE CHAUFFEUR WAS UP TO THE HOUSE-KEEPER AND I SCARCELY NOTICED IT WHEN SHE HIRED THIS NEW MAN,

MR. LAWSON HAS CONFIDED YOUR SUSPICIONS TO ME, I WANT YOU TO KNOW THAT THE REASON I SECURED A DRINK FROM THE FOUNTAIN WAS BECAUSE THE WATER WAS COOLER,

AND THE REASON MY EYES APPEAR SHIFTY IS BECAUSE I'M CURSED WITH A NERVOUS EYE-AFFLICTION I CAN'T OVER-COME,

WELL, THIS HAS AT LEAST TAUGHT ME NOT TO BE CONFUSED WITH OUTER APPEARANCES,



RED LOGAN

WHAT'S THAT!?
A SCREAM!



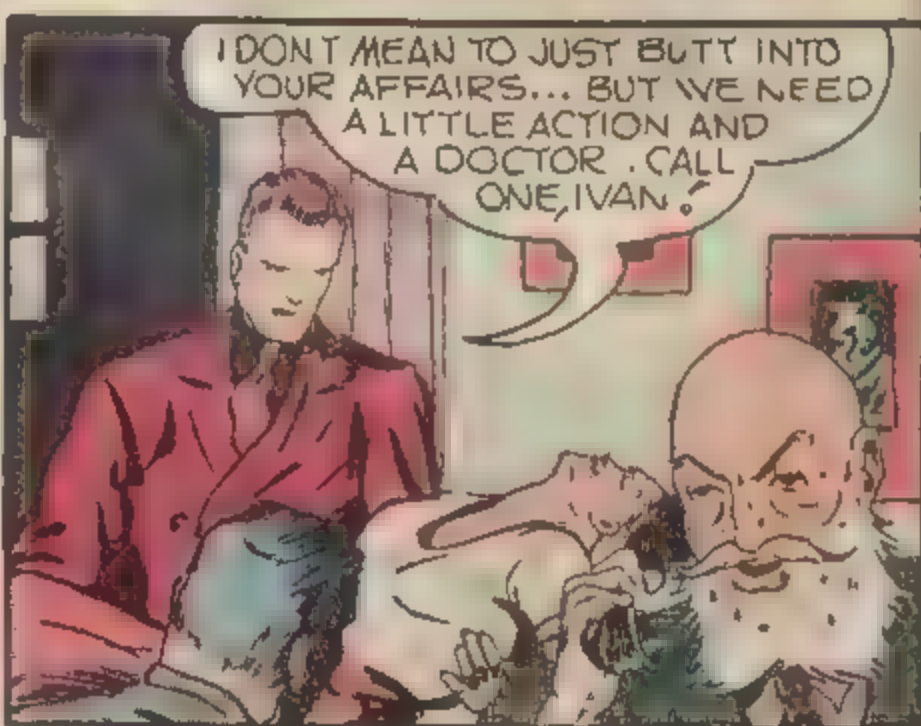
QUICK, IVAN... SOMEBODY'S
IN TROUBLE - THE SCREAM
CAME FROM
IN THERE!



NO CAUSE FOR ANY ALARM —
THE SUDDEN DEATH OF
MY NIECE HAS CAUSED HER
SISTER TO BECOME QUITE
HYSTERICAL... DRINK
THIS, MY DEAR!

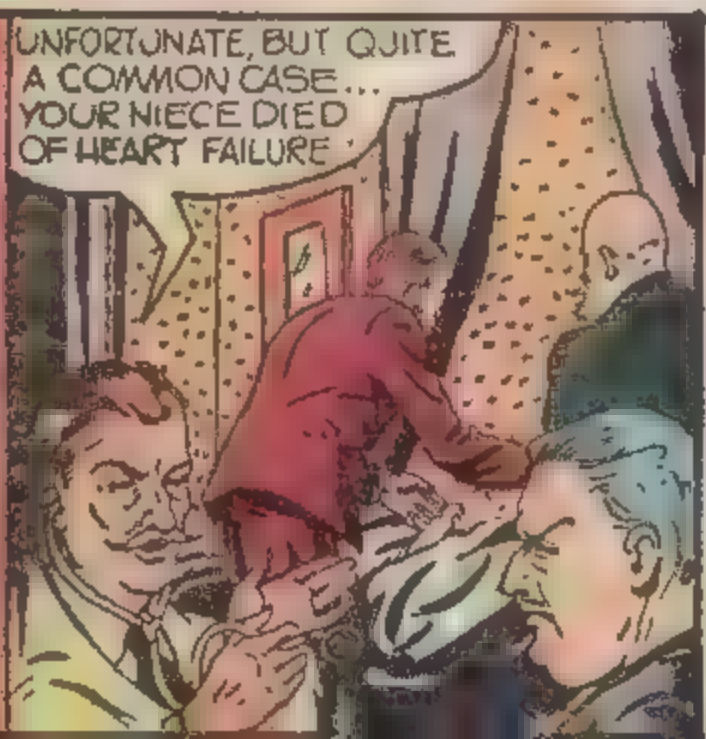


I DON'T MEAN TO JUST BUTT INTO
YOUR AFFAIRS... BUT WE NEED
A LITTLE ACTION AND
A DOCTOR. CALL
ONE, IVAN!

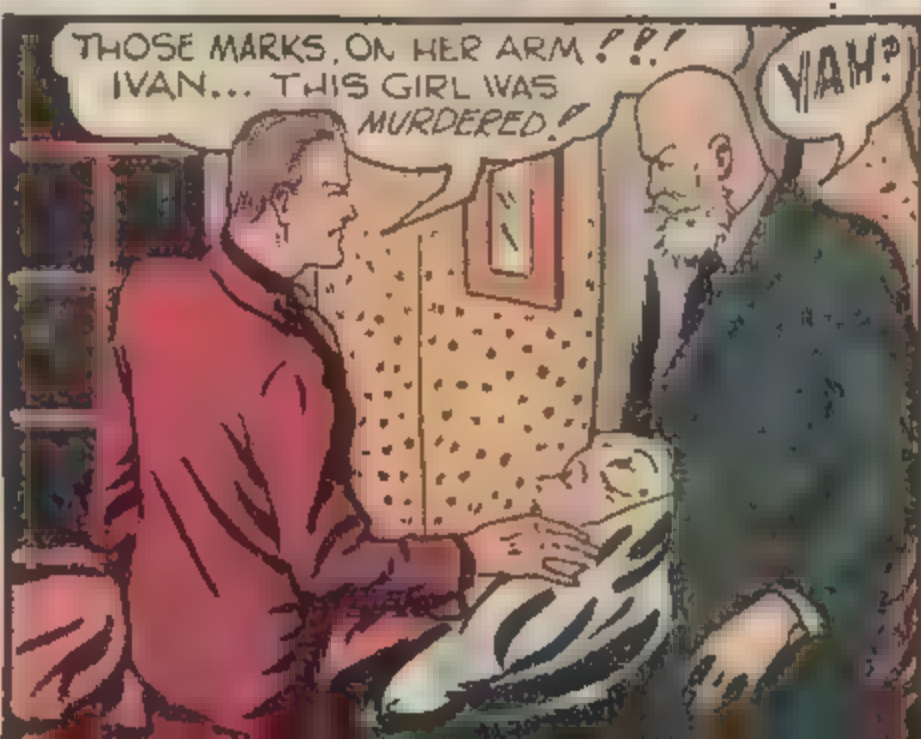


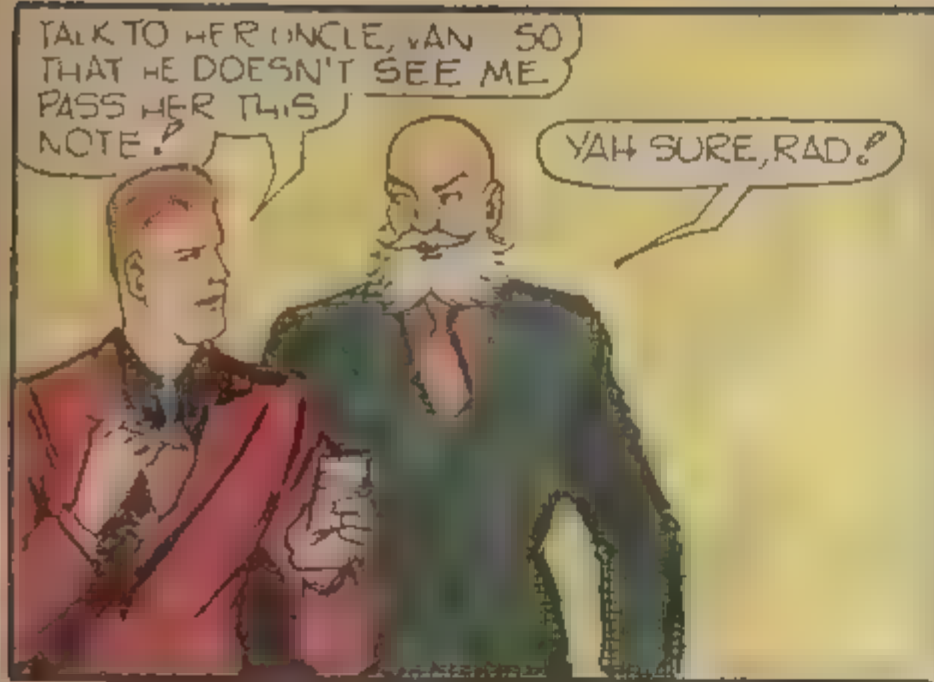
IN CECILE'S
SISTER'S
ROOM,
THE
DOCTOR
HAS MADE
HIS
EXAMINATION
AND TELLS
THE
UNCLE OF
HIS
FINDINGS.

UNFORTUNATE, BUT QUITE
A COMMON CASE...
YOUR NIECE DIED
OF HEART FAILURE



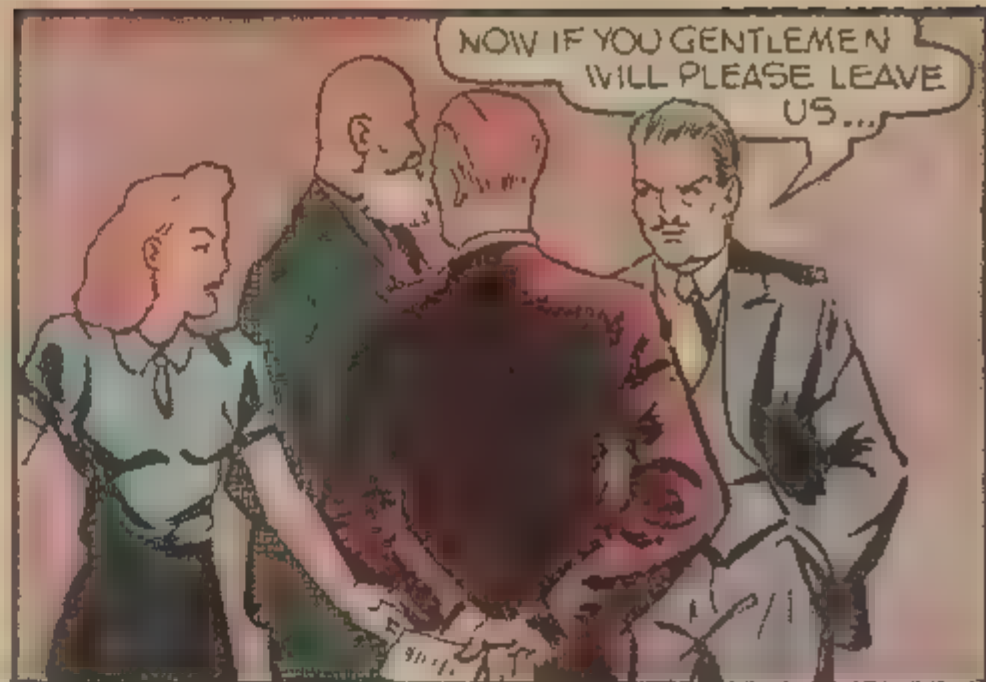
THOSE MARKS, ON HER ARM!!!
IVAN... THIS GIRL WAS
MURDERED!



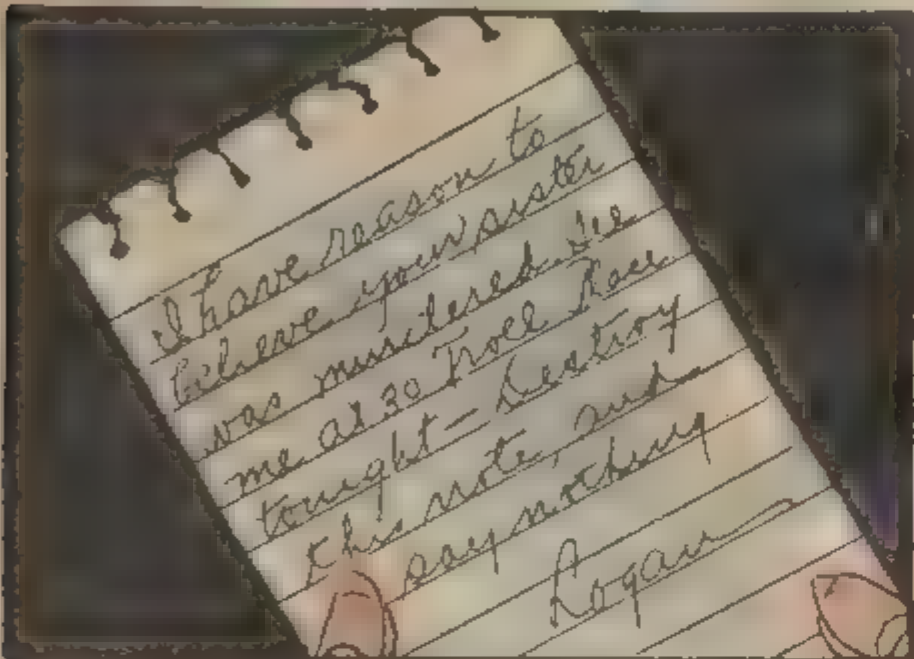


TALK TO HER UNCLE, IVAN SO THAT HE DOESN'T SEE ME. PASS HER THIS NOTE.

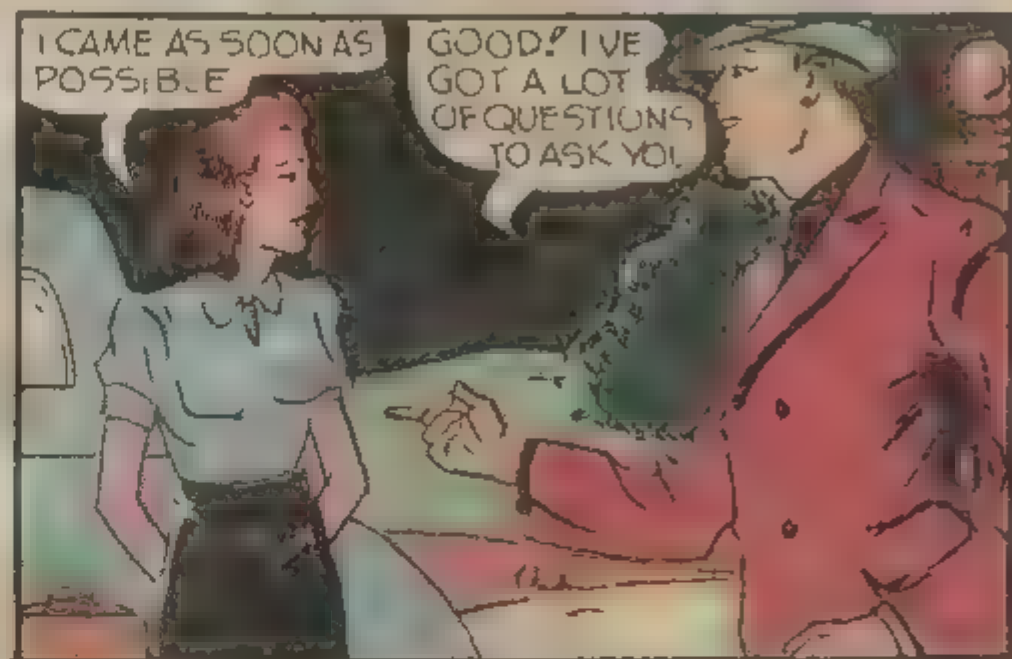
YAH SURE, RAD?



NOW IF YOU GENTLEMEN WILL PLEASE LEAVE US...

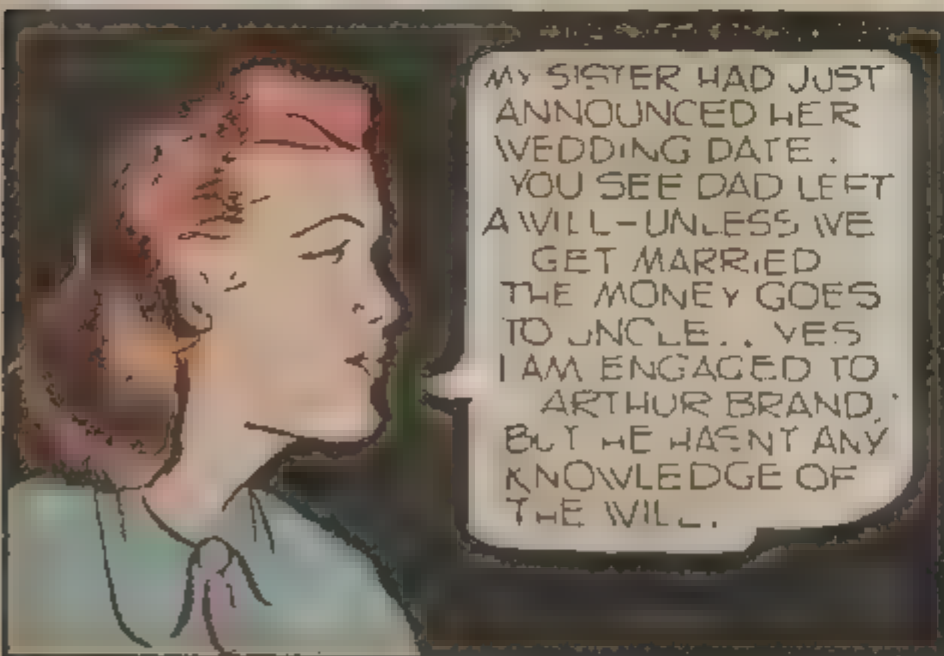


I have reason to believe your sister was murdered. He told me at 30. I'll destroy this note, and say nothing again.

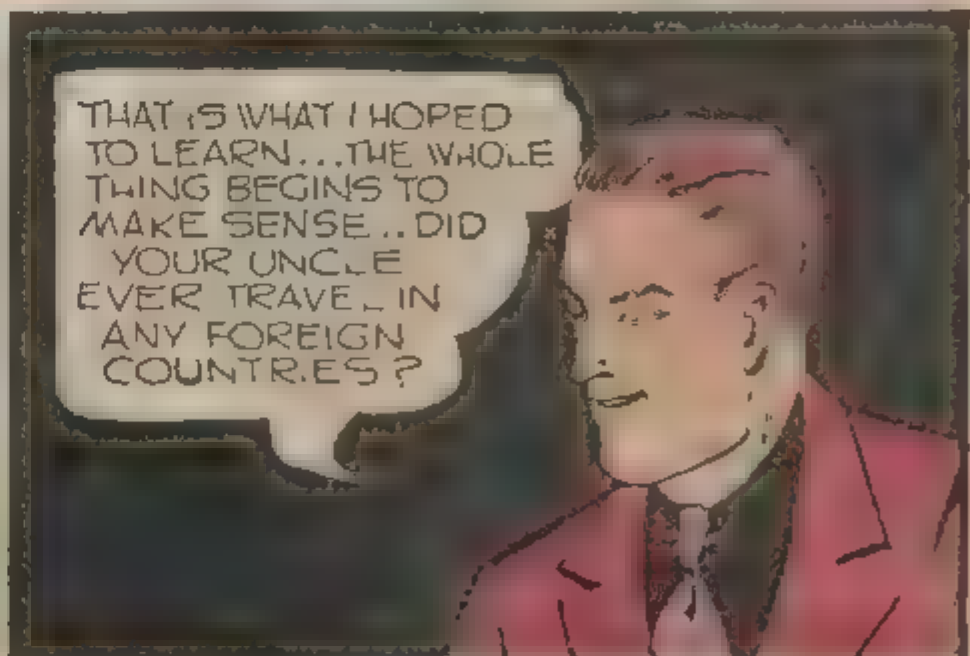


I CAME AS SOON AS POSSIBLE

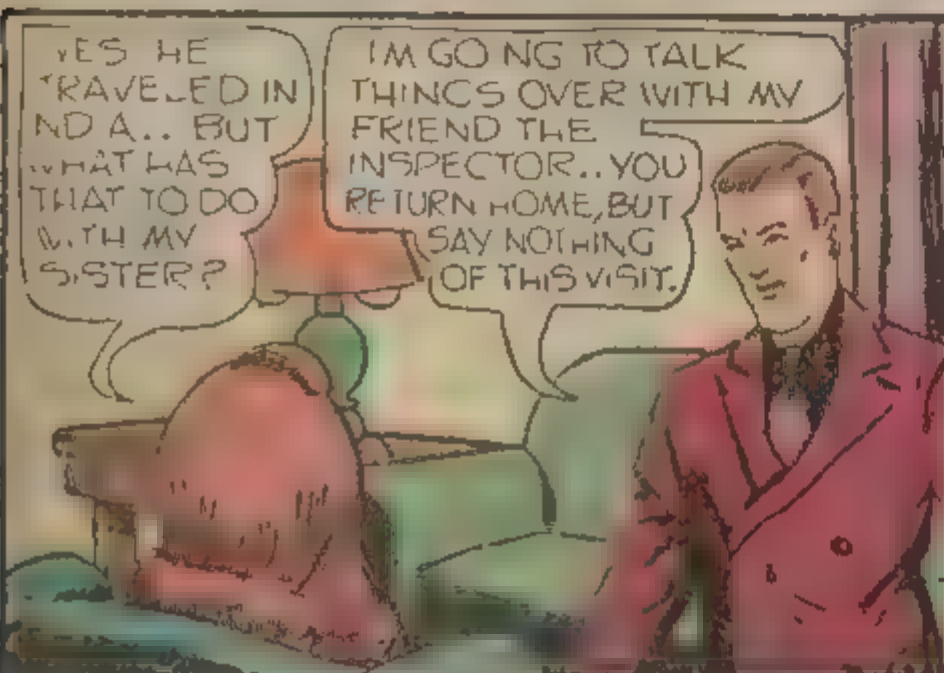
GOOD! I'VE GOT A LOT OF QUESTIONS TO ASK YOU



MY SISTER HAD JUST ANNOUNCED HER WEDDING DATE. YOU SEE DAD LEFT A WILL - UNLESS WE GET MARRIED THE MONEY GOES TO UNCLE... YES I AM ENGAGED TO ARTHUR BRAND, BUT HE HASN'T ANY KNOWLEDGE OF THE WILL.

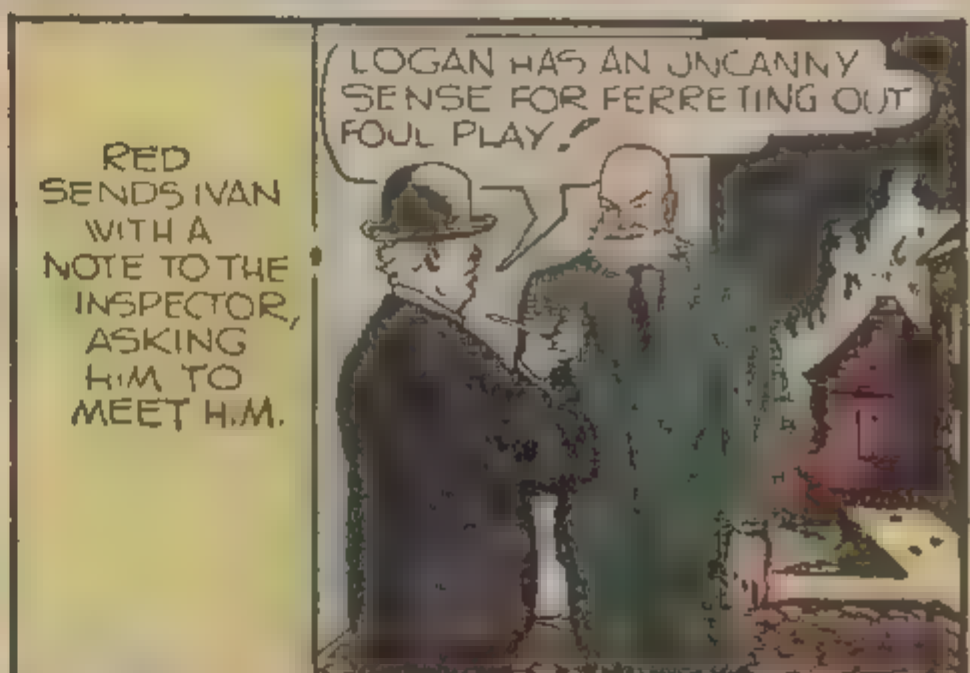


THAT IS WHAT I HOPED TO LEARN... THE WHOLE THING BEGINS TO MAKE SENSE... DID YOUR UNCLE EVER TRAVEL IN ANY FOREIGN COUNTRIES?



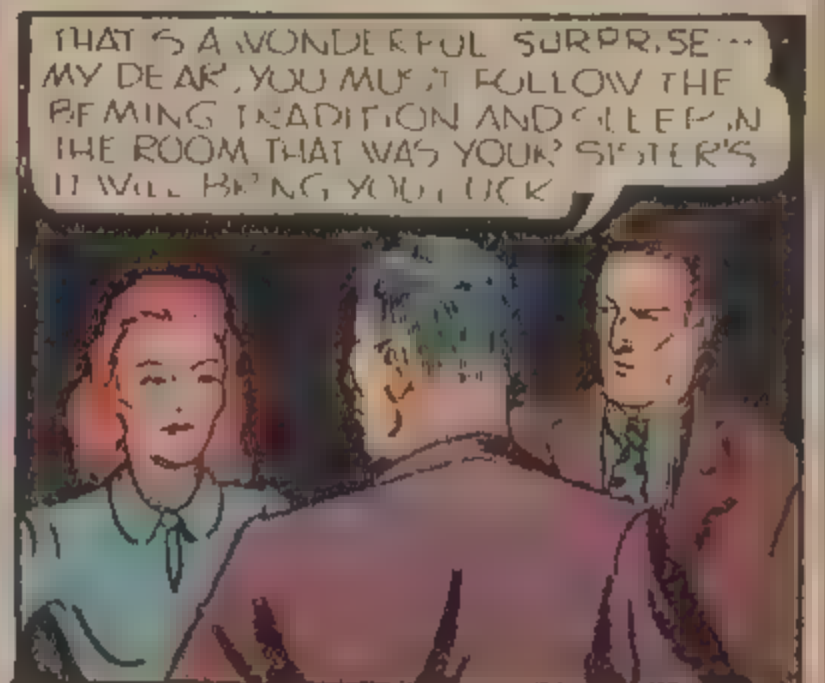
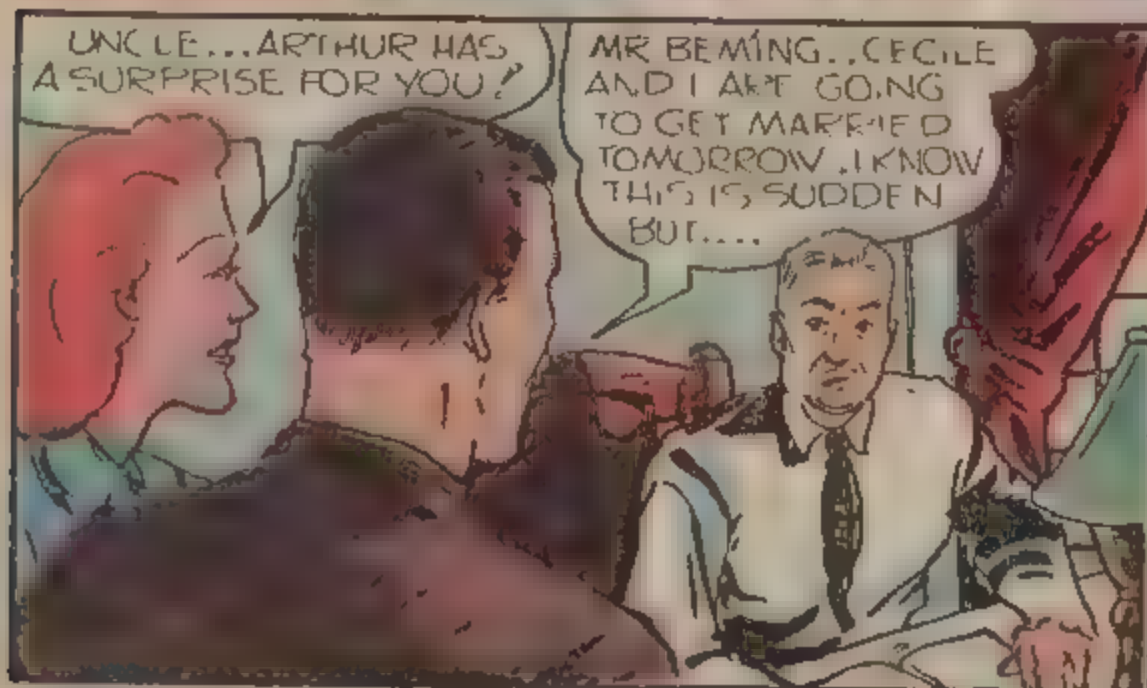
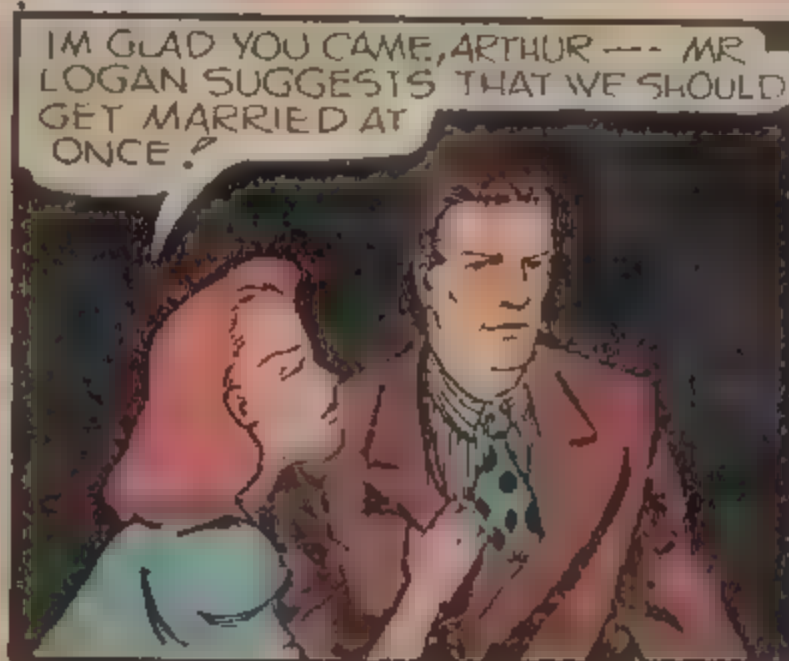
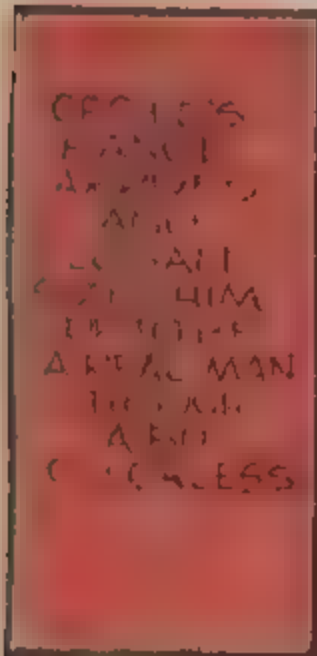
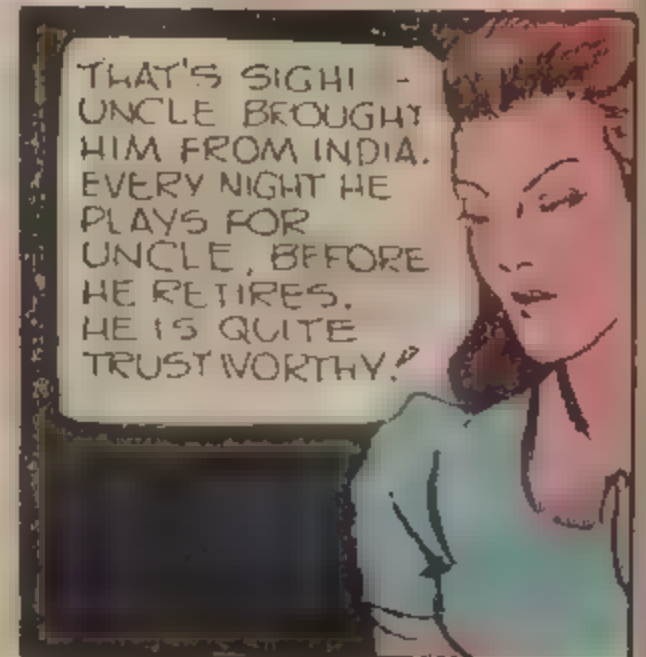
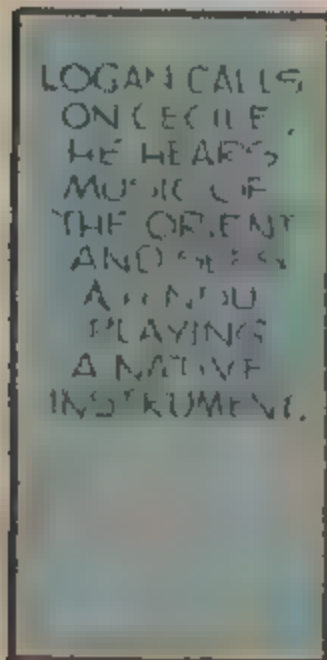
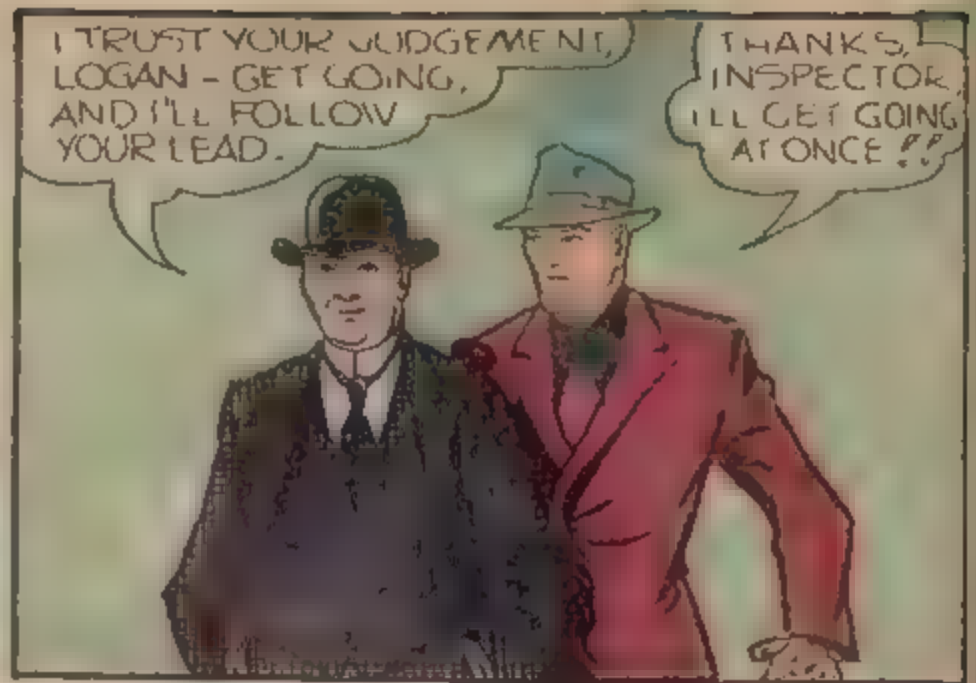
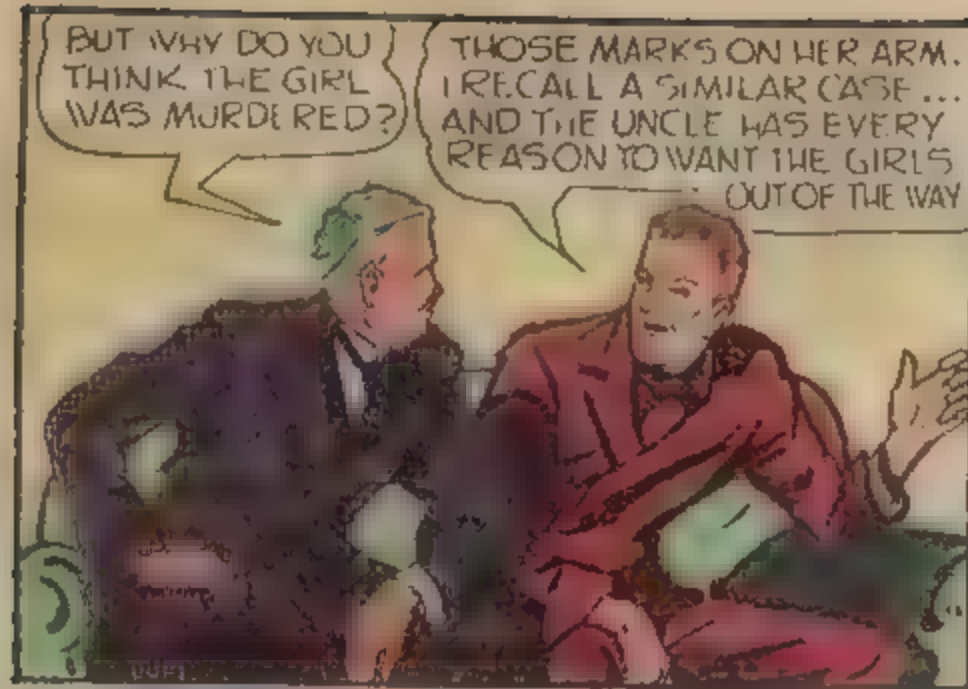
YES HE TRAVELED IN INDIA... BUT WHAT HAS THAT TO DO WITH MY SISTER?

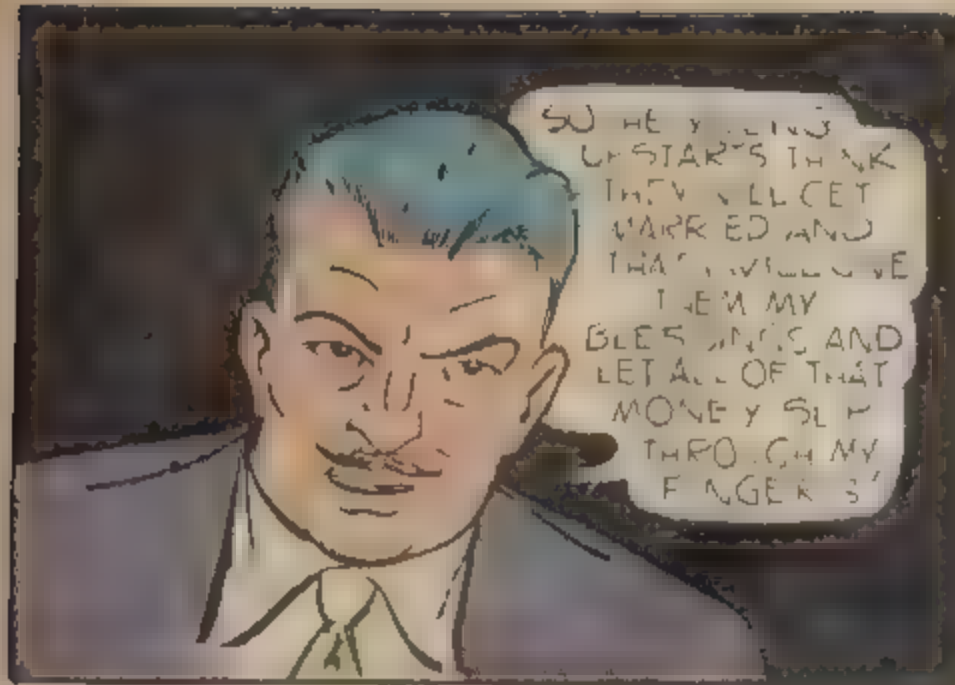
I'M GOING TO TALK THINGS OVER WITH MY FRIEND THE INSPECTOR.. YOU RETURN HOME, BUT SAY NOTHING OF THIS VISIT.



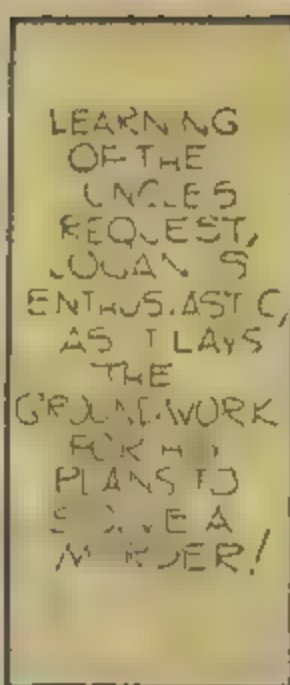
RED SENDS IVAN WITH A NOTE TO THE INSPECTOR, ASKING HIM TO MEET H.M.

LOGAN HAS AN UNCANNY SENSE FOR FERRETING OUT FOUL PLAY!





SO HE YOUNG
LUSTARS THINK
THEY WILL GET
MARRIED AND
THAT I WILL GIVE
THEM MY
BLESSINGS AND
LET ALL OF THAT
MONEY SLIP
THROUGH MY
FINGERS!



LEARNING
OF THE
UNCLES
REQUEST,
LOGAN'S
ENTHUSIASTIC,
AS LAYS
THE
GROUNDWORK
FOR HIS
PLANS TO
SOLVE A
MURDER!

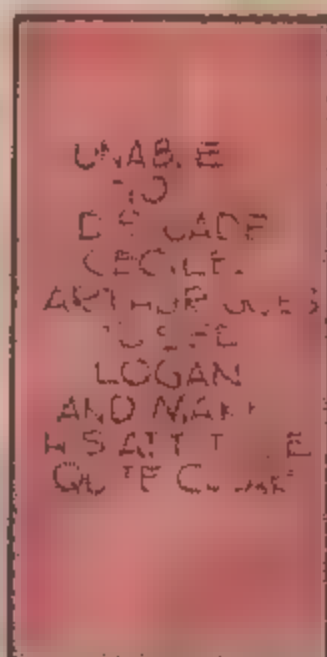


YOU'VE GOT TO TRUST ME
TO SEE THAT NOTHING
HAPPENS TO YOU —
YOU'VE GOT
TO DO AS
YOUR
UNCLE
REQUESTS



YOU'RE NOT GOING TO SLEEP
IN THAT ROOM —
CECILE I WON'T
ALLOW IT!

BUT
ARTHUR —



UNABLE
TO
DECEASE
CECILE.
ARTHUR WOULD
LOSE
LOGAN
AND MARY
HIS ATTENTION
QUITE COMPLETELY



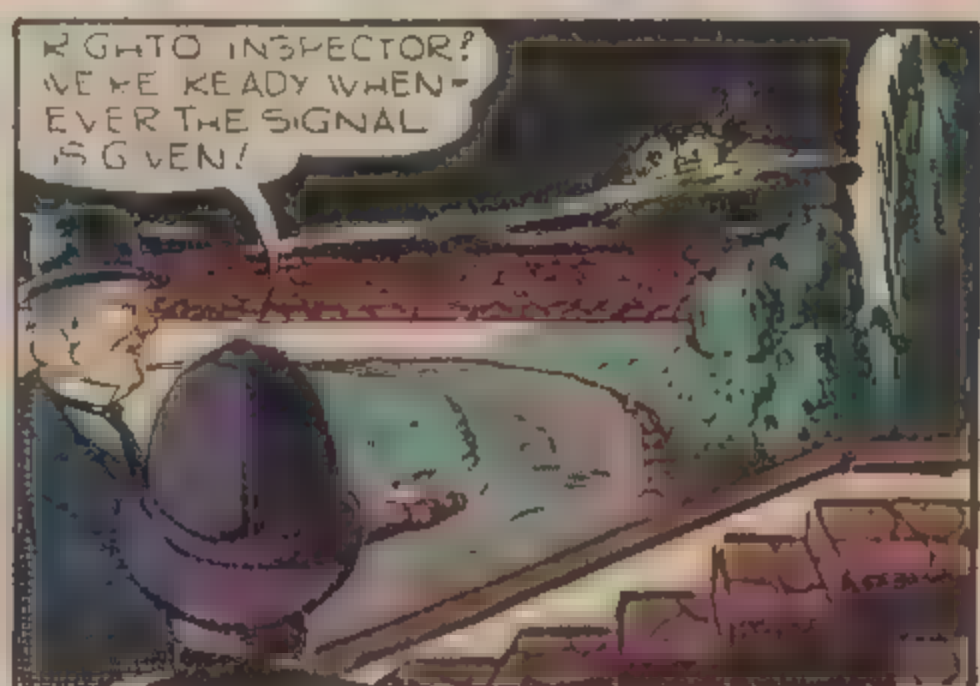
NOW SEE HERE LOGAN,
IF ANYTHING HAPPENS
TO HER IN THAT
ROOM — YOU
WILL HAVE
ME TO
SETTLE
WITH!

NOTHING
IS GOING
TO HAPPEN,
ARTHUR.



DON'T WORRY ANY
ABOUT
ME!

SEE THAT THE
INSPECTOR IS
PREPARED!



RIGHT TO INSPECTOR?
WE'RE READY WHEN-
EVER THE SIGNAL
IS GIVEN!



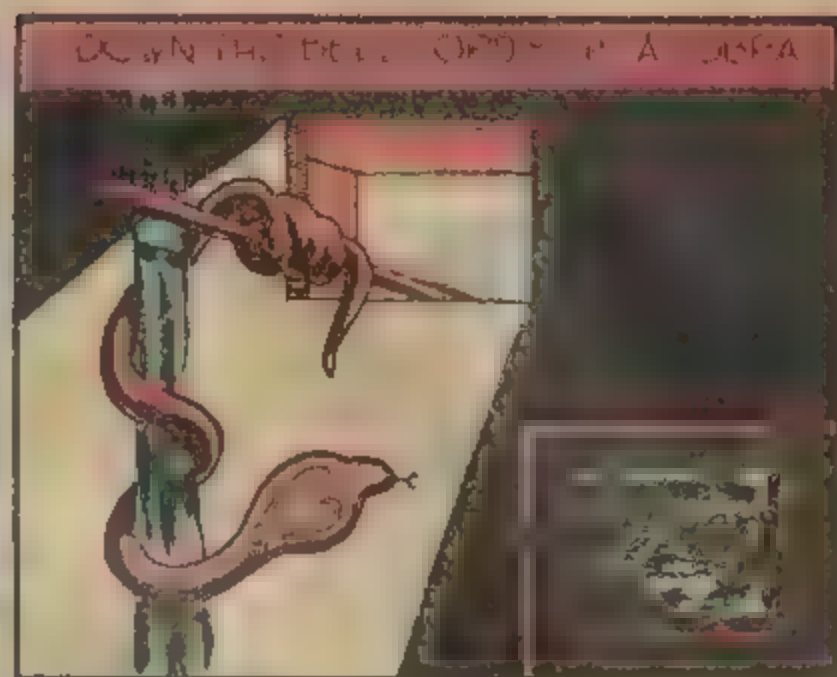
TONIGHT — PLAY THE SONG
OF THE COBRA FOR ME — IT
WILL SOOTH ME
GREATLY



CECILE RETIRES BUT IS VERY RESTLESS —

I KNOW IT'S SILLY OF ME, BUT
I CAN'T HELP FEELING
SOMETHING IS
WRONG!

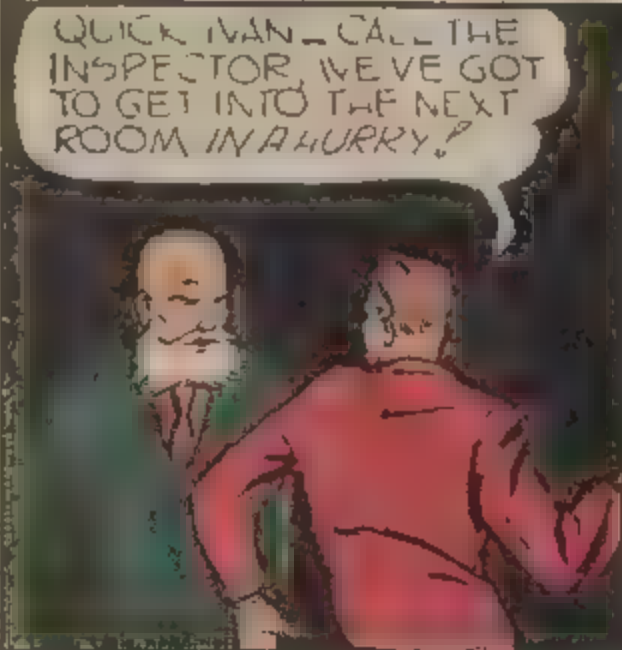
THAT NIGHT, RED AND IVAN HIDE IN A NEARBY ROOM. THE GIRL FALLS INTO A FITFUL SLEEP.



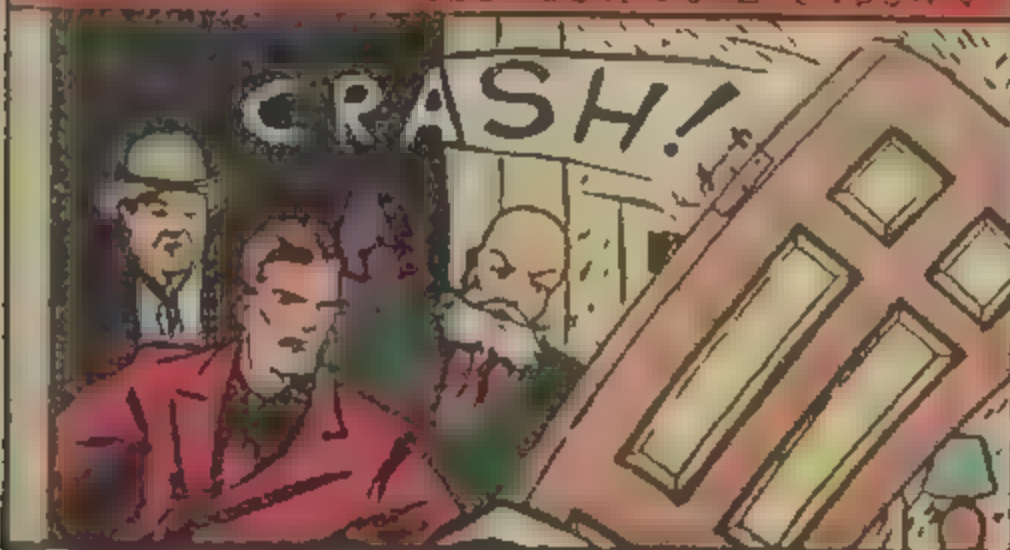
IN THE MEANTIME, THE MALE FLAME BUTLER'S PUFF OF SMOKE DOES NOT GET THE LADY COBRA ENTER CECIL'S ROOM



THE NOISE SERVES TO STOP THE DESCENT OF THE COBRA AND CAUSES IT TO RETURN THROUGH THE OPEN PANEL TO THE JUNGLE'S ROOM



THE MEN RUSHING TO IVAN'S CALL THE DOOR IN THE JUNGLE'S ROOM IS BROKEN DOWN -



LOGAN SENDS A BULLET INTO THE COBRA.



AN INVESTIGATION REVEALS THAT THE CORPUS HAS BEEN TAKEN TO THE MAN WHO HAD BEEN PLANNED TO DESTROY HIS NICE.



I DON'T SEE ANY REASON TO HOLD THE SERVANT DO YOU?



NO, HE WASN'T IN ON THE PLAN.



THE WHOLE THING IS INCREDIBLE! WHY WOULD HE WISH TO HARM YOU, MY DEAR?



I CAN'T BELIEVE IT! HE WOULD HAVE KILLED ME TO KEEP ME FROM GETTING MARRIED...SO HE COULD HAVE THE MONEY THAT WE ARE TO GET ON OUR WEDDING DAY!

IVAN LIKE WEDDINGS!



THEY OUGHT TO MAKE A VERY HAPPY COUPLE IVAN!



The End

SUPERMAN

IS ON THE RADIO!



SPONSORED BY THE
MAKERS OF **FORCE**
OVER THE FOLLOWING STATIONS:

Monday, Wednesday,
and Friday

WOR	New York . . . 5:15-5:30
WHAM	Rochester . . . 5:15-5:30
WGR	Buffalo . . . 6:00-6:15
WGBI	Scranton . . . 5:00-5:15
WJAR	Providence . . 6:15-6:30
WGY	Schenectady 6:15-6:30

WBZ	Boston . . . 5:00-5:15
WBZA	Springfield . 5:00-5:15
KHJ	Los Angeles 6:00-6:15

Tuesday, Thursday,
and Saturday

WFBL	Syracuse . . . 6:15-6:30
WTIC	Hartford . . . 6:30-6:45
WCAU	Philadelphia 6:15-6:30

























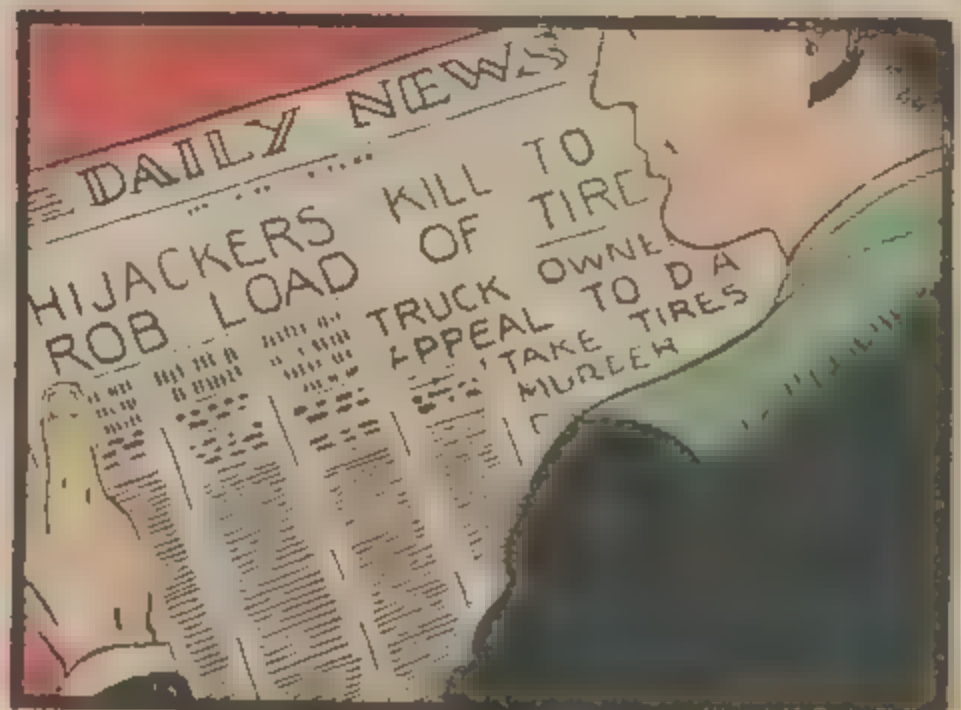
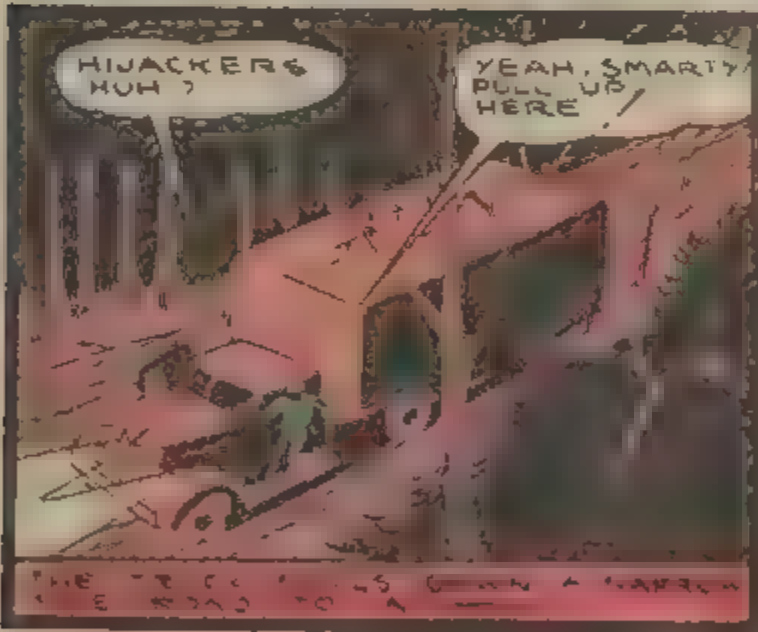


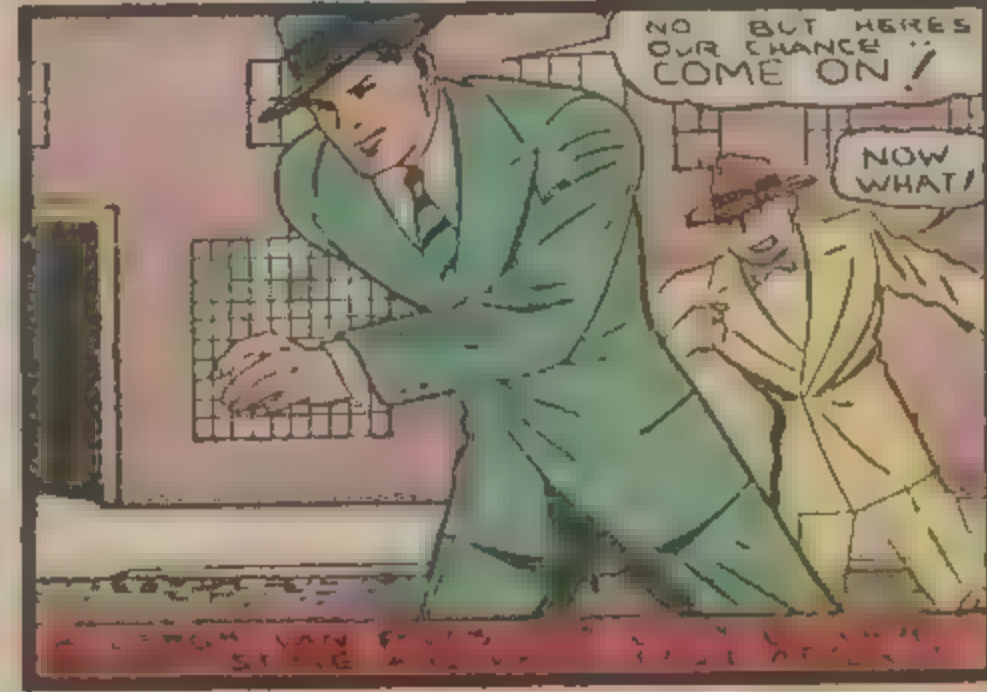
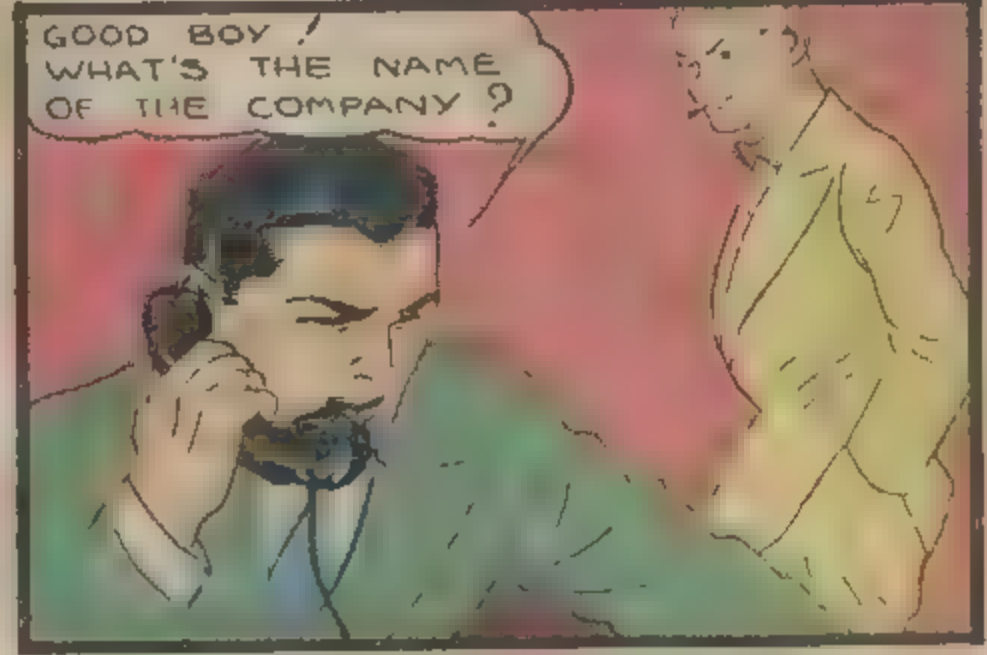


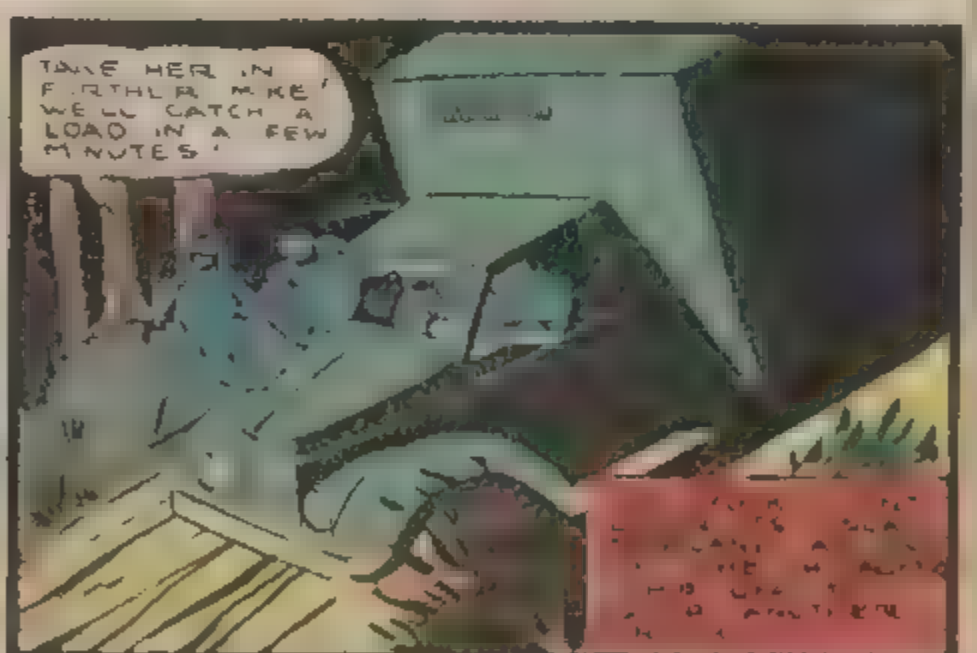
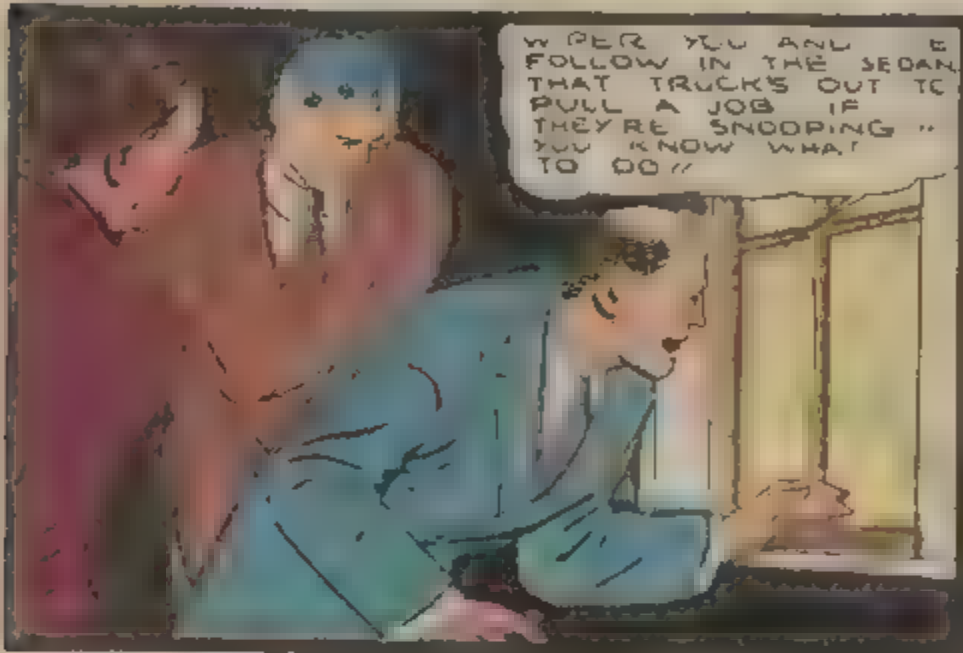
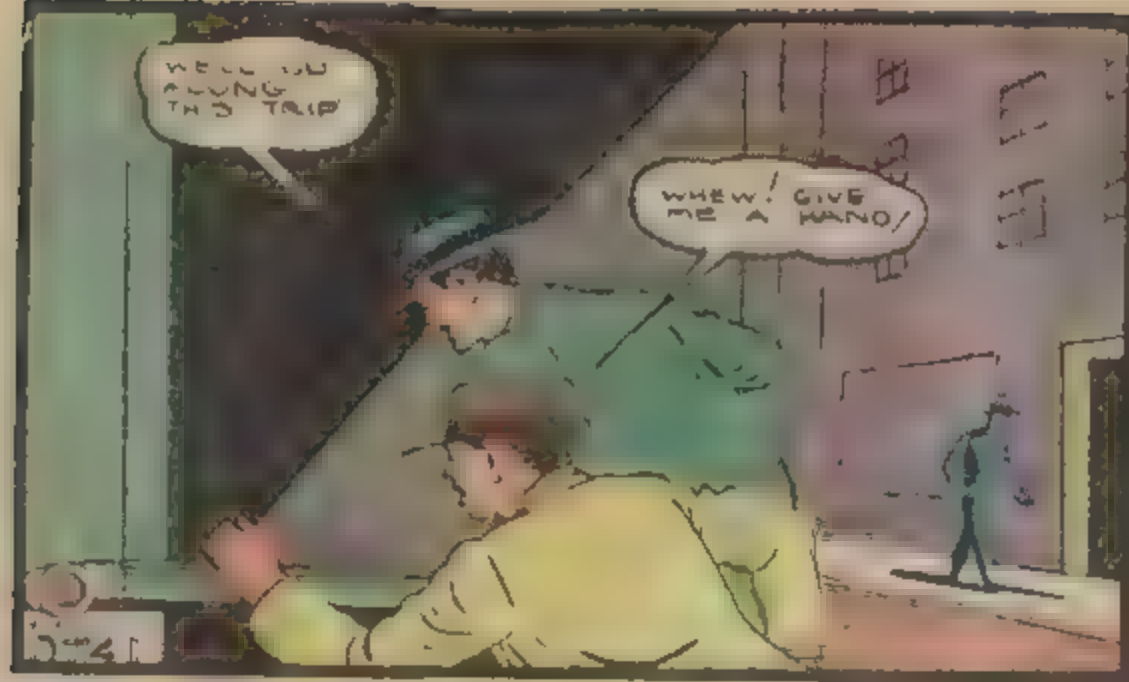
STEVE

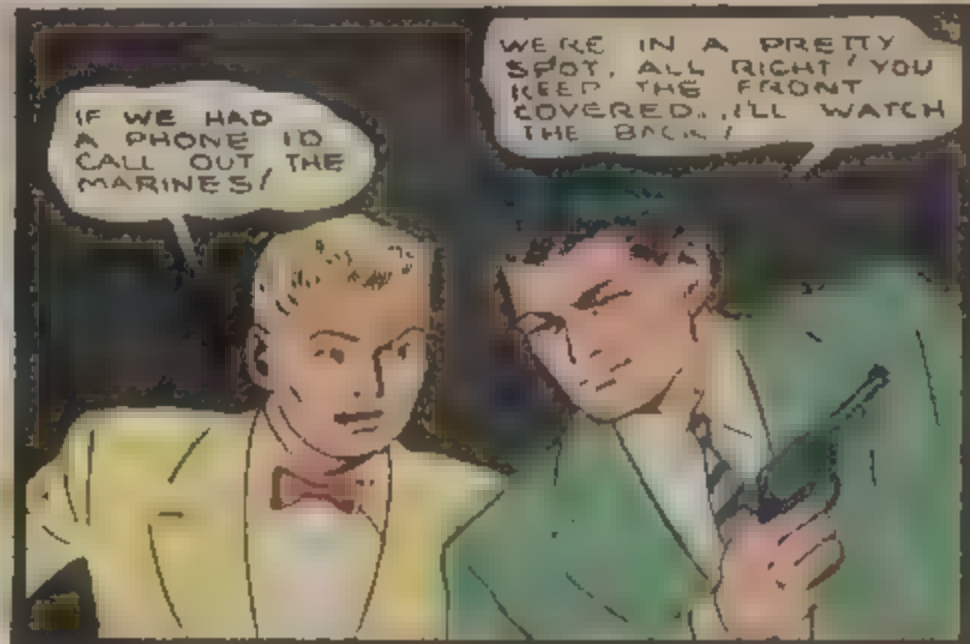
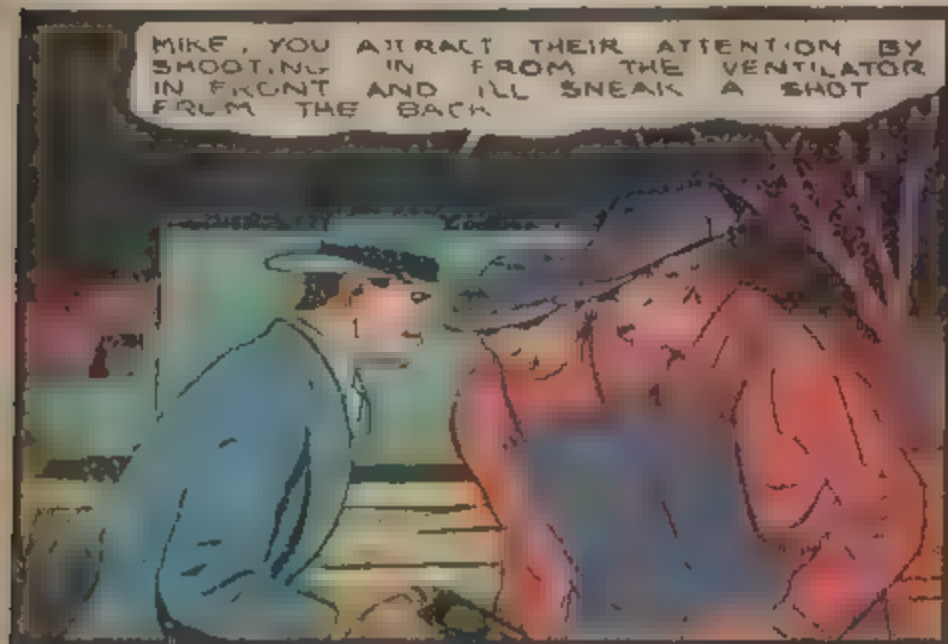
MALONE

DISTRICT ATTORNEY
BY
DON LYNCH



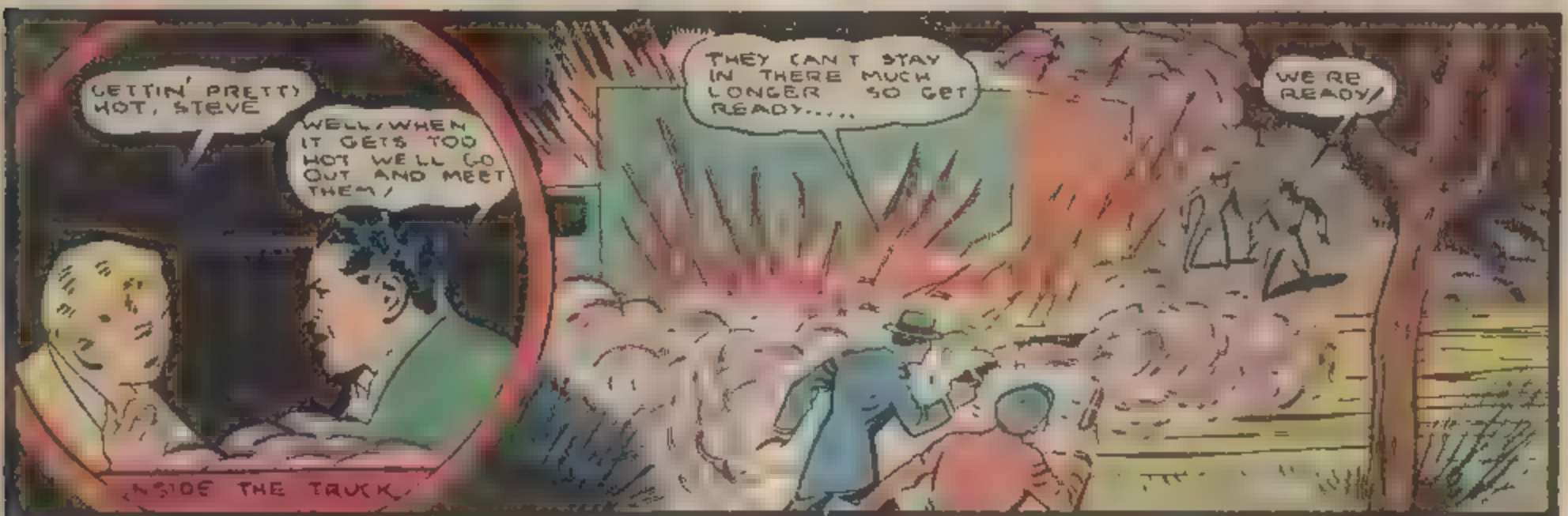
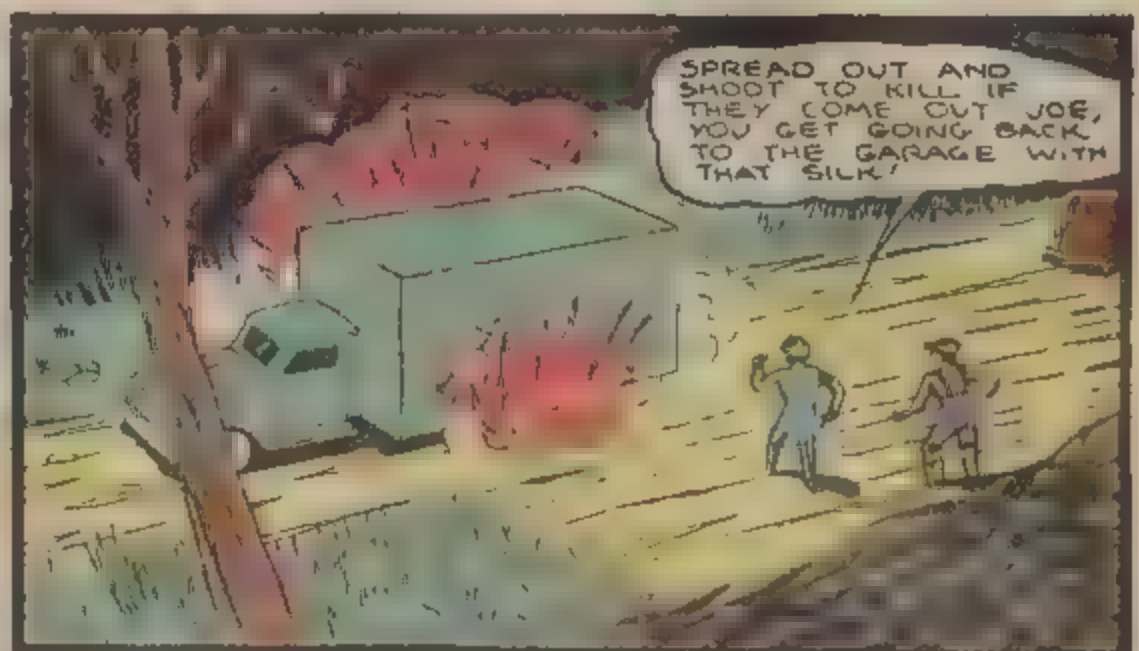


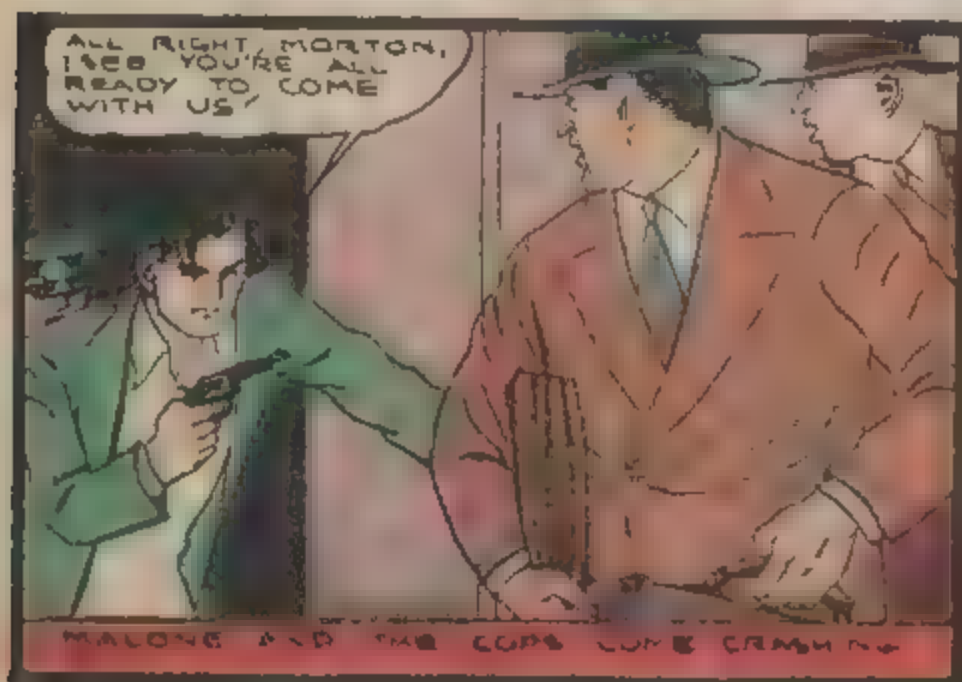
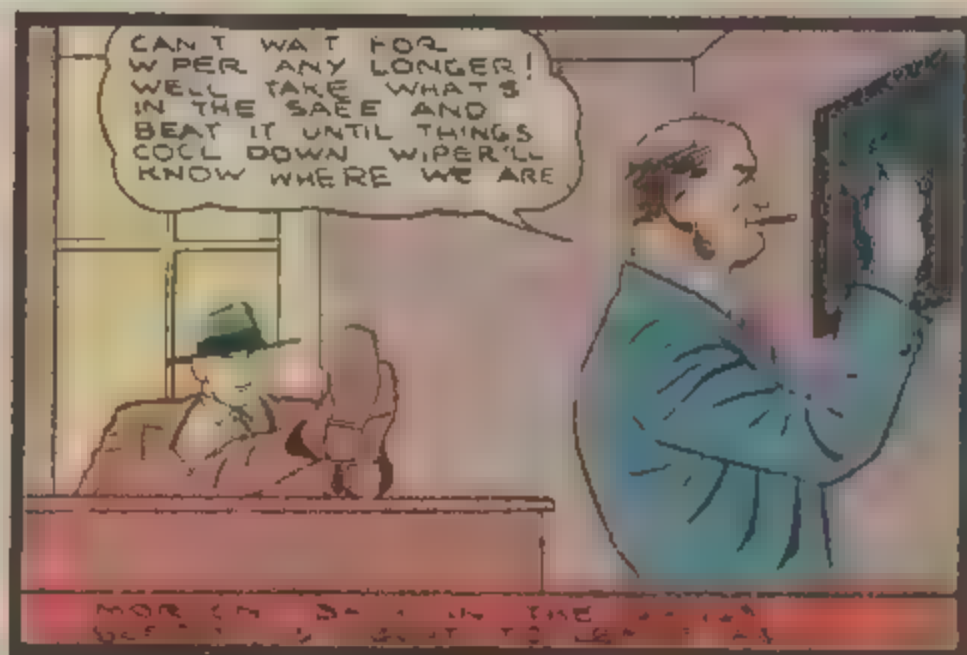
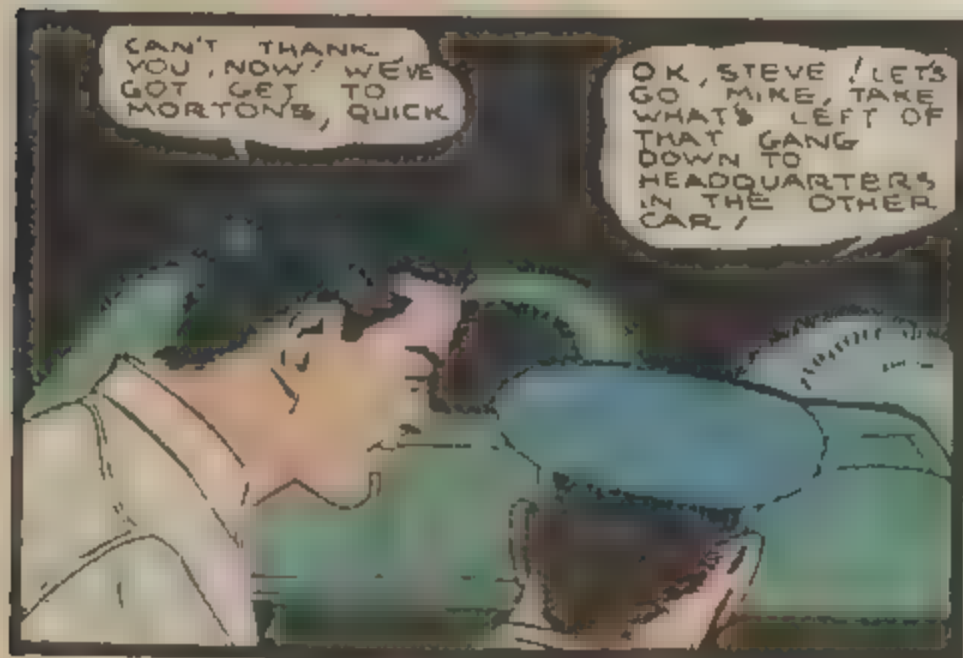
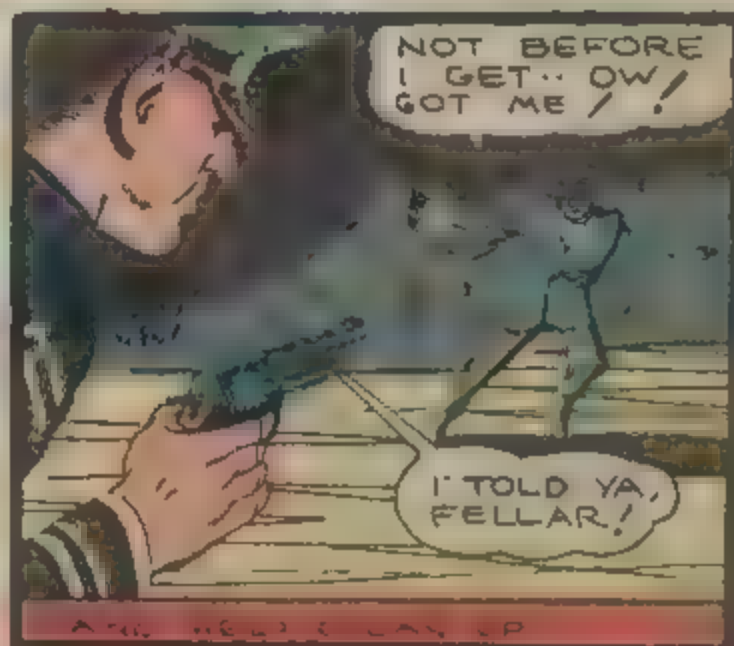
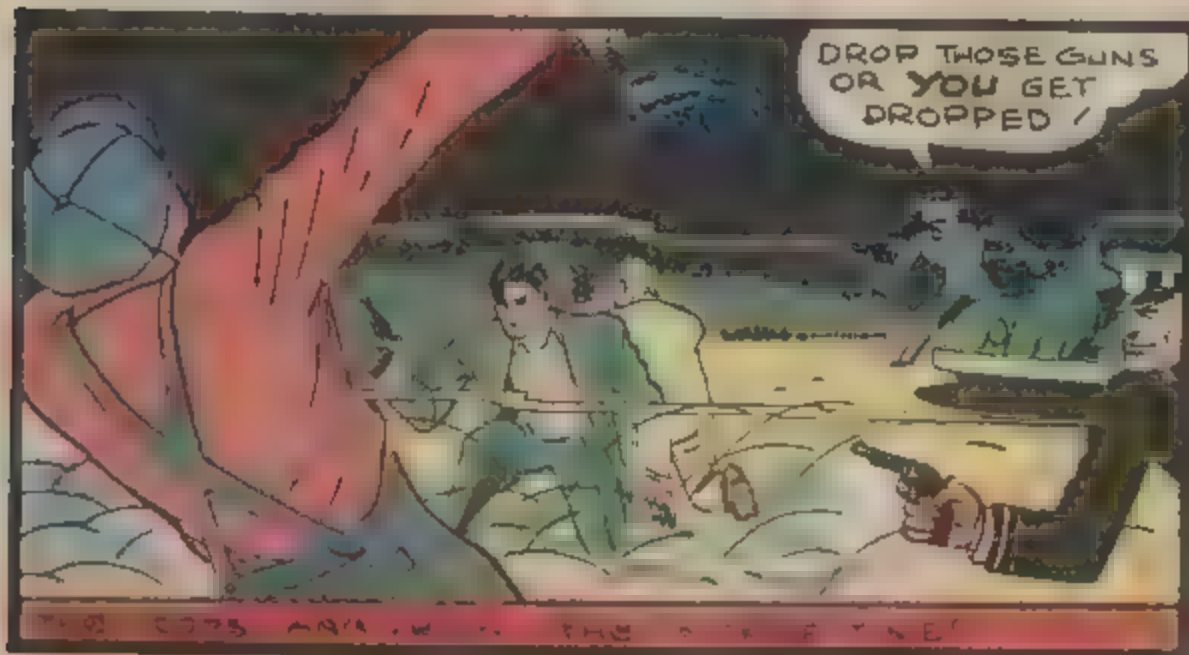




INSIDE THE TRUCK, HAPPY HEARS A NOISE ON THE ROOF OF THE CABIN.







---THE END---

CLIFF CROSBY

CLIFF IS
VACATIONING
IN FLORIDA...

AND STAY OFF
THIS LOT!

HEY!

WHAT'S THE
IDEA?

SORRY, LADDIE, BUT
IT'S ORDERS!

DON'T GET ME WRONG! I
LIKE THE KIDDIES, BUT IT'S THAT
CROOKED POLITICIAN, AL LARSON..
...MAKES US
DO IT!

CLIFF GOES DIRECTLY TO THE HOME OF
AL LARSON.....

WHY DON'T YOU
GIVE THOSE KIDS
A BREAK?

WHY DON'T YOU
SHUT UP AND
GET OUT!

I'LL FIX
'IM, BOSS!

THINK I'LL DO A
BIT A' FIXIN' MYSELF!

AFTER DISPOSING
OF LARSON AND
HIS AIDE, CLIFF
PROCEEDS TO
THE NEWSPAPER
OFFICE...

AND I FEEL
THESE CHILDREN
SHOULD BE PER
MITTED TO PLAY
IN VACANT LOTS, NO
MATTER WHAT LARSON
SAYS!

...ARX N DASHES IN...

MY SON HAS JUST BEEN
KIDNAPPED BY TED
ANDREWS...YOU MUST
HELP ME GET HIM BACK!

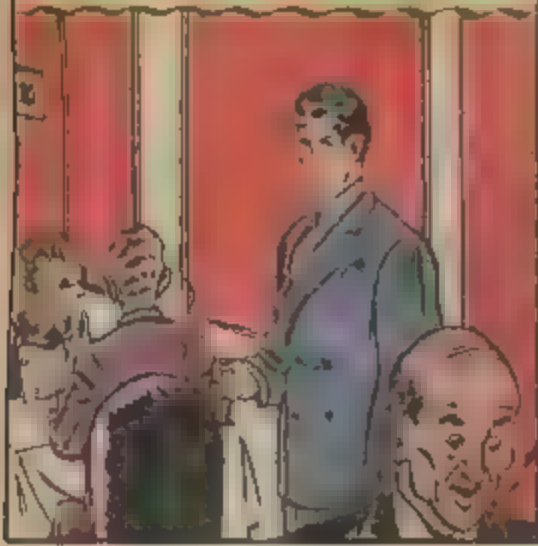
I'LL GET
YOUR SON
BACK!

ANDREWS AND HIS
MOB RUN THE
'KITTY-KAT' CLUB

THAT NIGHT FINDS
CLIFF ON HIS WAY TO
THE KITTY-KAT CLUB...

..HERE
GOES!

CLIFF ENTERS THE CLUB,
BUT IS UNAWARE.....



OF SHARP EYES
OBSERVING HIM!



AN OLD MAN

A STRANGER
IS NOSIN' AROUND
OUTSIDE, BOSS

BRING
IM IN!



CLIFF IS BROUGHT IN.....

ALL I WANT FROM
YOU IS THE LARSON
BOY

KEEP
YOUR NOSE
OUTA THIS!



LISTEN, LOP-EARS, YOU TELL
ME WHERE THAT BOY IS, --
OR I'LL --

DON'T!
I'LL
TELL!



ANDREWS TELLS CLIFF THAT HE KID-
NAPPED THE LARSON BOY FOR RAN-
SOM AND IS BEING HELD BY A TRIBE
OF INDIANS IN THE DEEP EVERGLADES
.....CLIFF IS DRIVEN TO THE DEEP
EVERGLADES BY LAWSON



ARMED WITH
ONLY A
KNIFE, CLIFF
STARTS BY FOOT
ALONE THRU THE
EVERGLADES!



AFTER HOURS OF CUTTING HIS
WAY THRU THE DEEP JUNGLE

THOSE DARK
CLOUDS OVERHEAD
DON'T LOOK
SO GOOD!



THE DARK STORM IS HERE ... CLIFF
IS DRIVEN TO THE DEEP EVERGLADES
BY LAWSON



ZING!



EVENING FINDS THE HURRICANE GONE AND
CLIFF LOST IN THE DEPTHS OF THE EVERGLADES
HE FINDS A SHELTERED PLACE TO SLEEP.



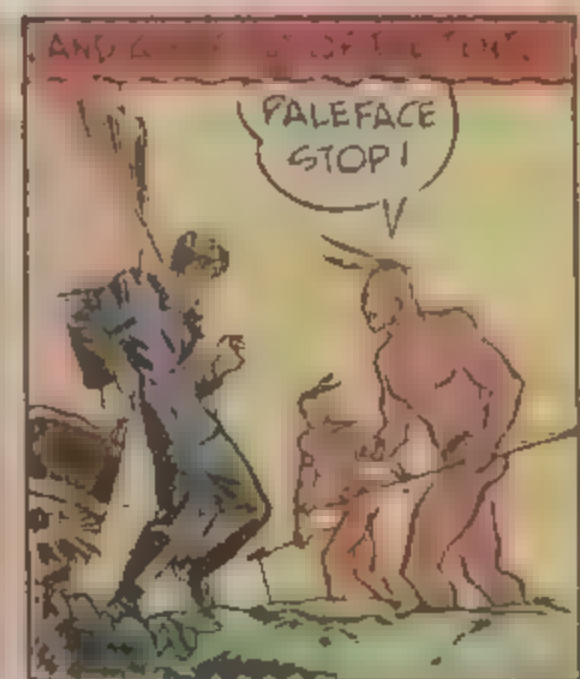
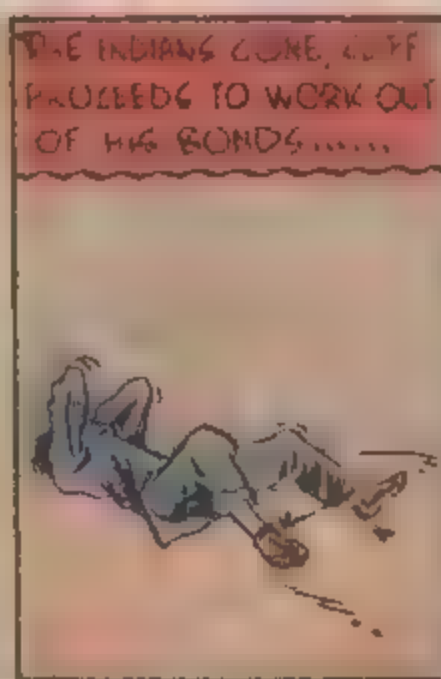
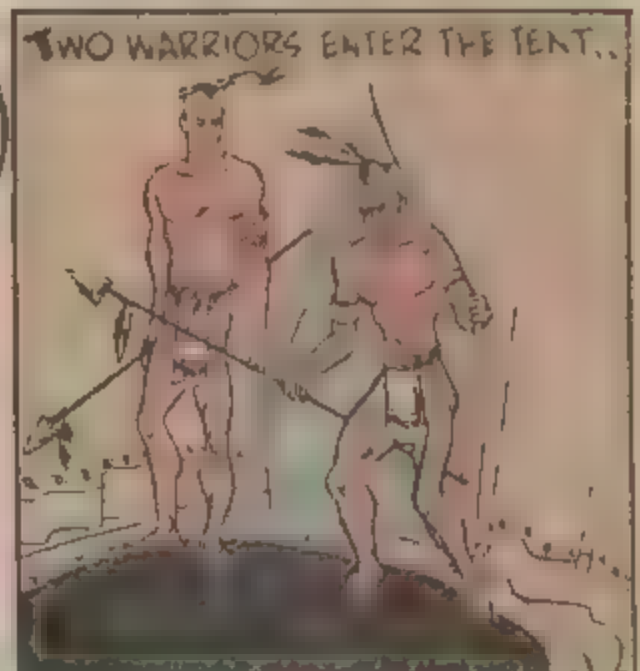
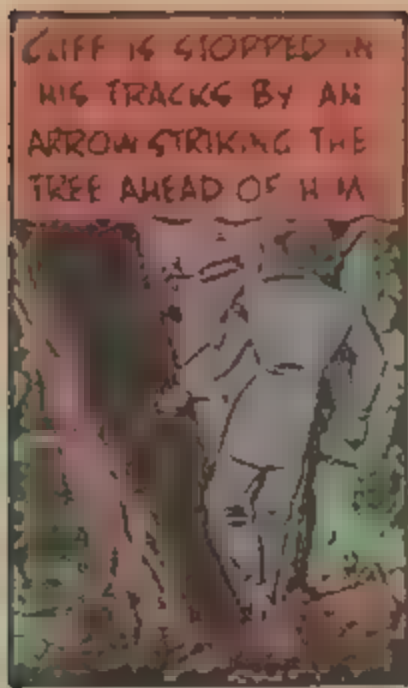
IT IS MIDNIGHT WHEN
CLIFF WAKENS.....

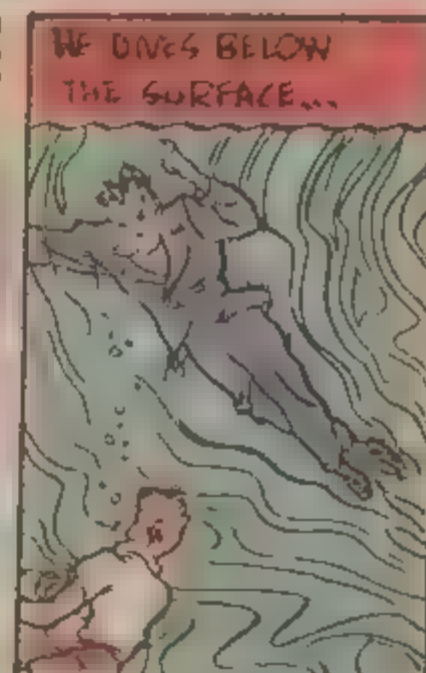
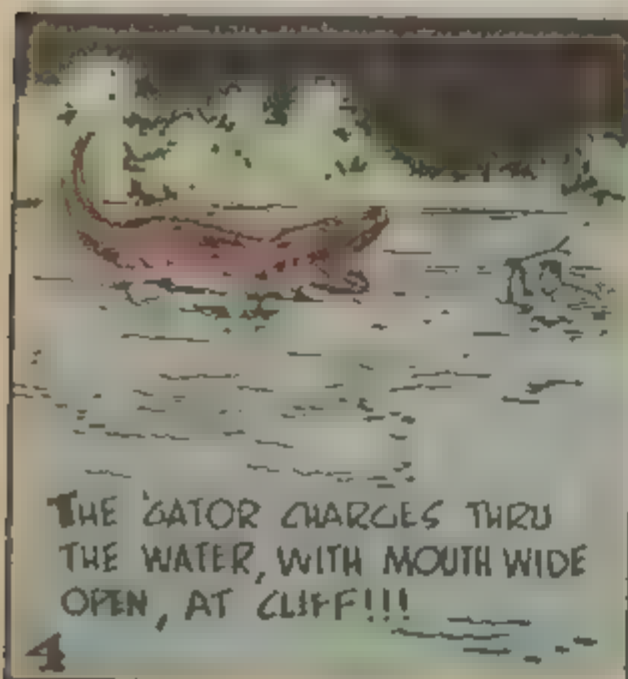
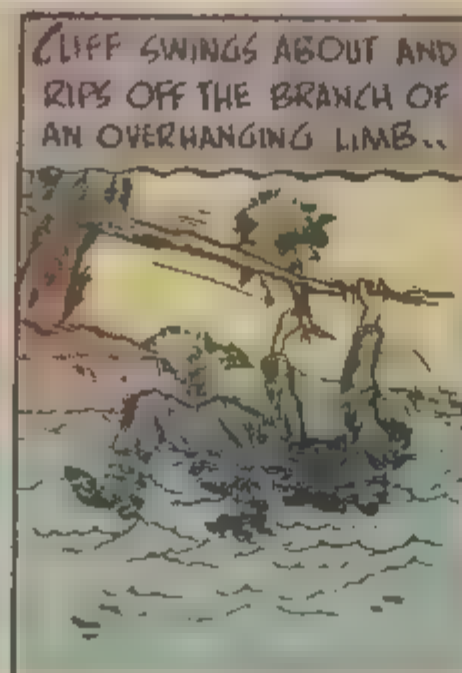
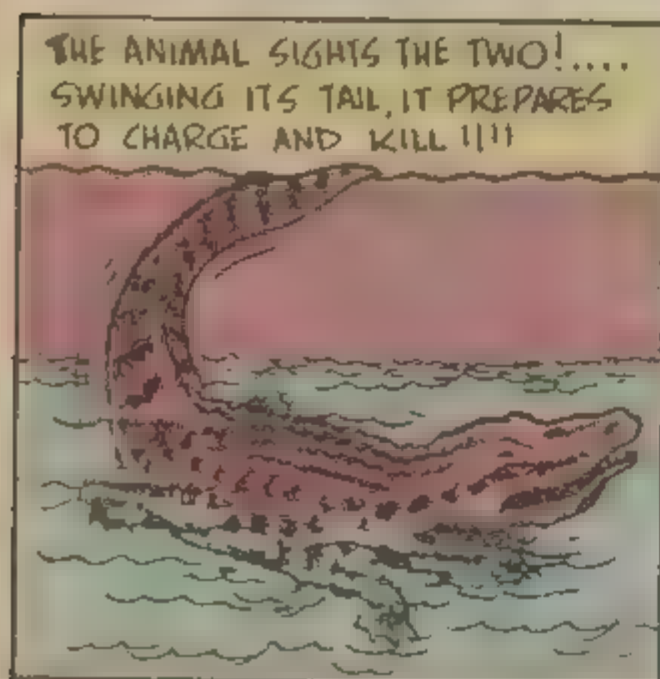
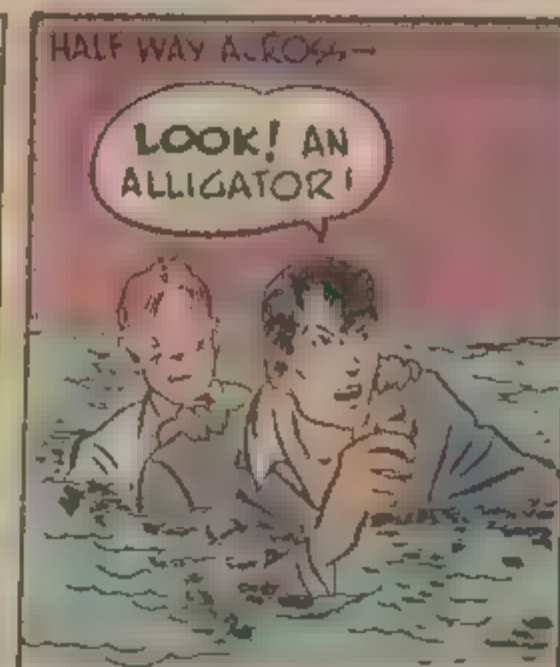
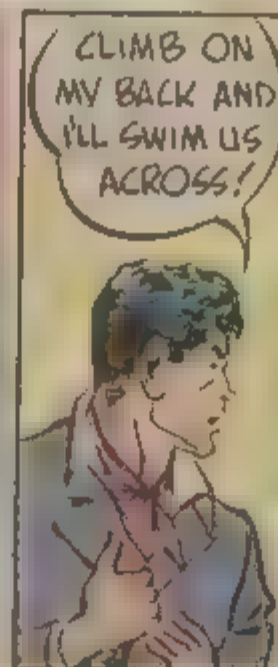
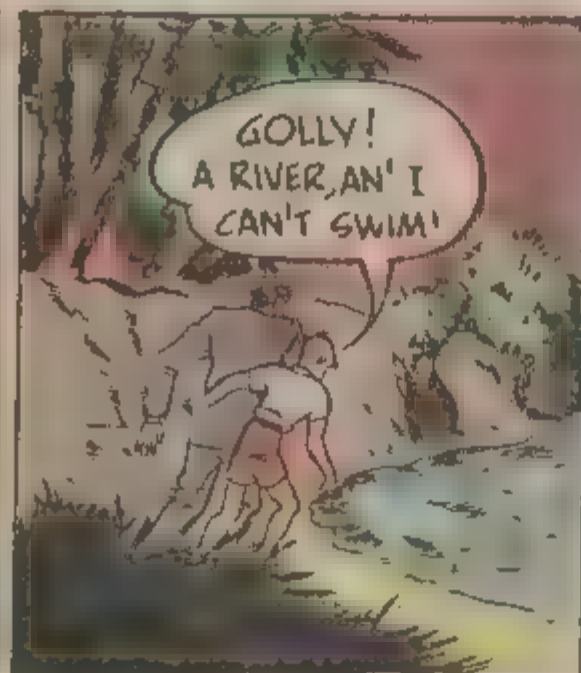
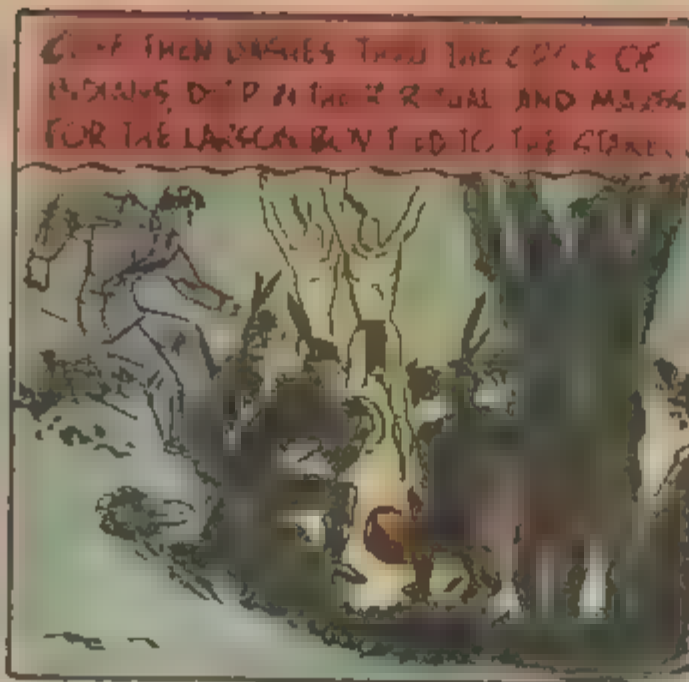
I'LL FIND DIRECTIONS
BY THE NORTH
STAR



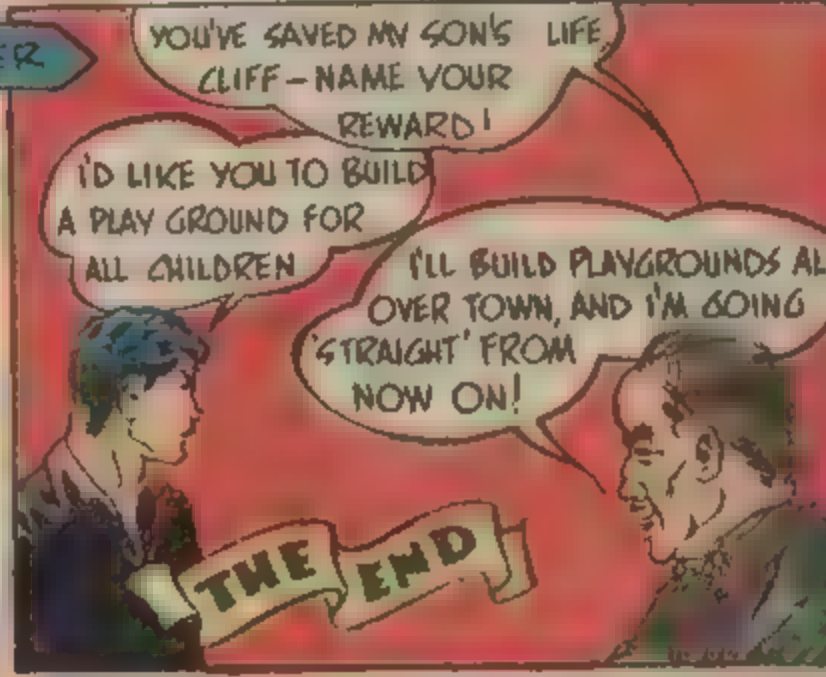
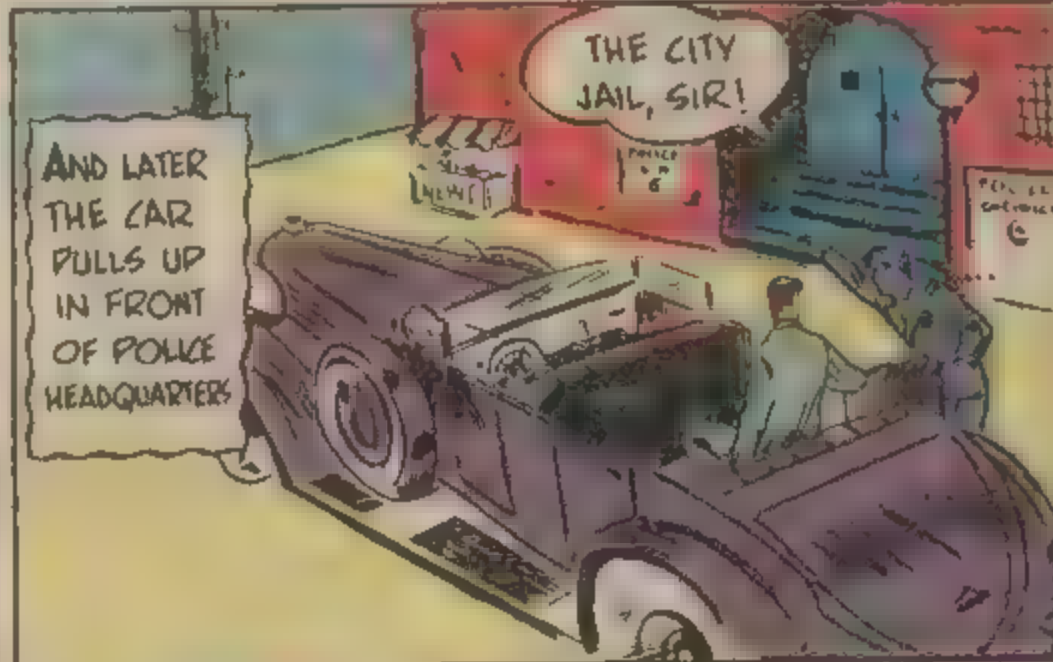
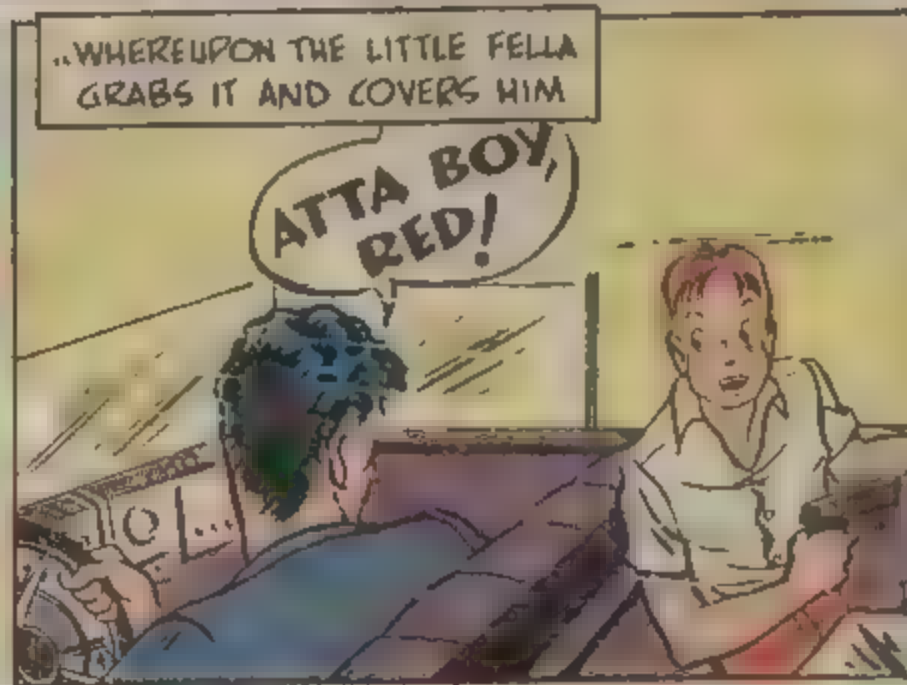
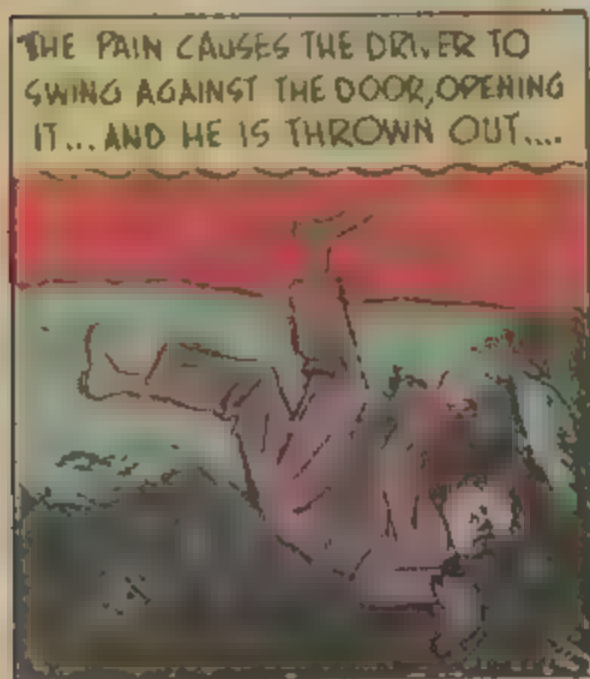
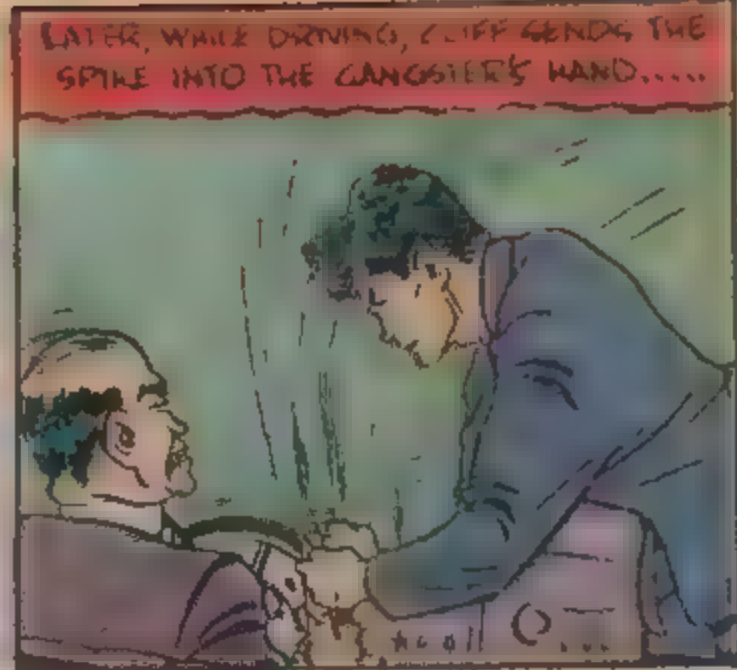
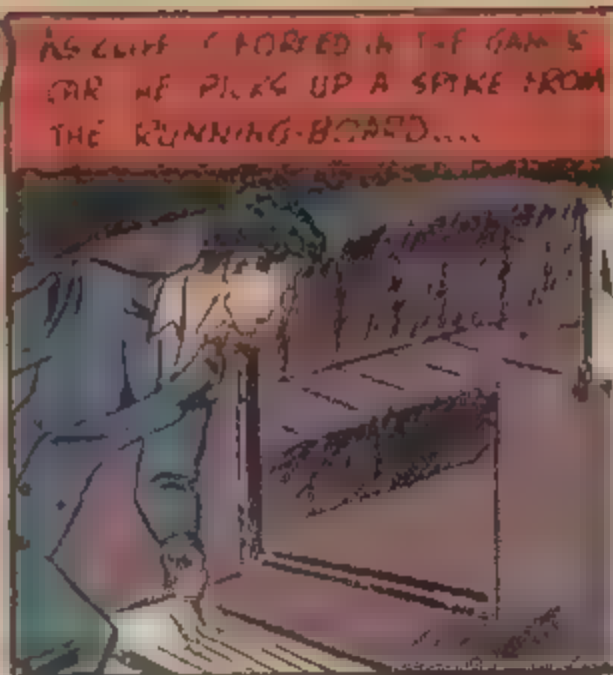
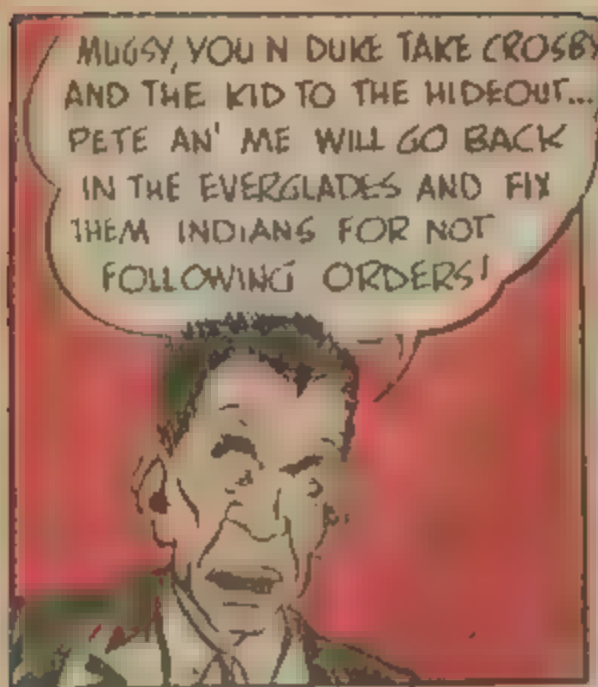
I'VE A FUNNY
FEELING I'M BEING
WATCHED..











WHITE TRAP

By

Fredric Wells



IT WAS one of those quiet, crimeless nights, and the men in the Detectives' Room at headquarters were spinning yarns.

Old Bill Costello sat back and listened to the younger chaps—the lads who were comparatively new to their jobs. And even those with ten or fifteen years experience were newcomers to detection when it came to comparison with old Bill Costello. Costello had been a detective for close to thirty years.

And now the youngsters were regaling each other with tales of gun-fights with latter-day gangsters, stories of routine police work. Some of the stories were good ones, too.

At last young Terry Allen threw a glance at Costello. "How about you, Bill? You ought to have some good yarns in that head of yours. Give us one with plenty of action in it."

Bill Costello removed the incredibly short cigar butt from the corner of his mouth. Presently he said, "I'll tell you a yarn. Not one of your blood-and-thunder stories—they're all alike. The sort of detective story I like is one about a crime that solved itself."

The younger men in the room suppressed their smiles. It was all right for old codgers like Bill Costello to talk about crimes that solved themselves—but any good detective knew that most crimes didn't get solved except through good, workmanlike detection.

"The case I'm thinking of," Bill said, "was one of those 'perfect crime' setups. The murderer had

an airtight situation doped out for himself — airtight, but not quite weatherproof. This is how it was."

Jug Benson (he said) hated old man Gaines. I've forgotten just why—it had to do with a foreclosed mortgage or something of the sort—but the important thing is that Benson hated the old man, and determined to kill him.

Gaines lived in a house set somewhat apart from the rest of the town, and there couldn't have been more than thirty or forty houses in the whole town. What's more, he lived alone.

Benson's plan was simplicity itself. He would go late at night to the Gaines house, murder the old man with any sort of weapon he might find there—being careful, of course, not to leave any fingerprints—and get back to his own place. When Gaines' housekeeper arrived at five the next morning, as was her usual procedure, she'd find the body and give the alarm, but by that time Benson would have returned to his own place, and nobody on earth would be able to pin the killing on him. All he had to do was to be very careful to get away before the housekeeper arrived on the job. Oh, yes, it was a simple plan, and it would have worked, too—except for one thing.

The town was asleep early on the night that Jug Benson had set for his crime. But Jug delayed long after the last yellow window had blinked into darkness before he set out.

It was a long walk, and a cold one—but Benson had his thoughts

to keep him warm, thoughts about the sweetness of revenge, and all that sort of rot. I suppose.

He had no trouble getting into Gaines' house. People in that town and those days didn't worry much about locks. But he stayed quietly on the lower floor, close to the stairway, for considerably more than an hour. Benson, you see, was by no means a brave man. He hesitated, checking over in his mind all the chances, all the angles. And at last he reconvinced himself that he had nothing to fear.

Fifteen minutes later Jug Benson had accomplished what he had set out to do. Old man Gaines was dead. It doesn't matter *how* Benson killed him—I don't care much for the lurid details in matters of that sort—but at any rate, Gaines was dead.

As Benson went down the stairs toward the door, he was feeling pretty good. It was still only slightly after three o'clock, and all Benson had to do was to get back to his own place. Then he'd be in the clear—nobody'd be able to pin this murder on *him*!

He paused to button his heavy coat, and to draw the collar close about his throat. Then he opened the door. And the sight that greeted Jug Benson's eyes was startling enough to hurl him backwards like the blow of a giant fist.

The winter landscape was beautifully painted in the gleaming white of three-quarters of an inch of newly-fallen snow!

Benson knew that he was licked—that the killing could now be pinned on him as readily as

though he had committed the crime in sight of a dozen witnesses. For the snowstorm had ended as quickly as it had begun; there was no chance for fresh snow to cover his tracks before morning, and wherever he went, his footprints would dog his heels with a relentlessness that would proclaim him the slayer of old man Gaines.

Well, Benson was smart (Bill Costello said) He marched straight to the sheriff and gave himself up. Figured it'd be lots easier than skipping into the wilderness to be tracked down like a marauding beast—which he was. And the trap that caught him was just three-quarters of an inch of snow. That's what I mean when I say I like a crime that solves itself.

* * *

Costello hoisted his big frame from the chair and ambled down the hall toward the water cooler. Davey Bryan, the youngest member of the detective force, said in a low voice to his fellows: "Ahh, what's so hot about that sort of a crime? I'll take the fast-action stuff myself, and leave the crimes-that-solve-themselves to the old-timers like Costello."

Another officer, whose hair showed tell-tale grey at the temples, smiled crookedly at young Davey Bryan. "Look, Bryan. When Costello comes back in here, ask him to slip off his shirt. Unless I'm greatly mistaken, he won't do it—but if he does, you'll find not less than nine bullet scars, and heaven knows how many knife scars, on that torso of his. Maybe he likes the sort of crimes that solve themselves, but Bill's never dodged the kind that *don't*, either!"

Davey winced, grinning ruefully. "I get it. He just doesn't *talk* about it as much as some of us younger guys. I guess the coffee and doughnuts are on me tonight, lads! I'll buy 'em if somebody else'll go for 'em."

Bill Costello came through the door in time to hear Davey's last words. He reached out a huge paw. "Okay, let's see the dough. I'll go for 'em all right." He grinned. "After all, I'm the youngest man on the force—*inside* of me!"

THE END

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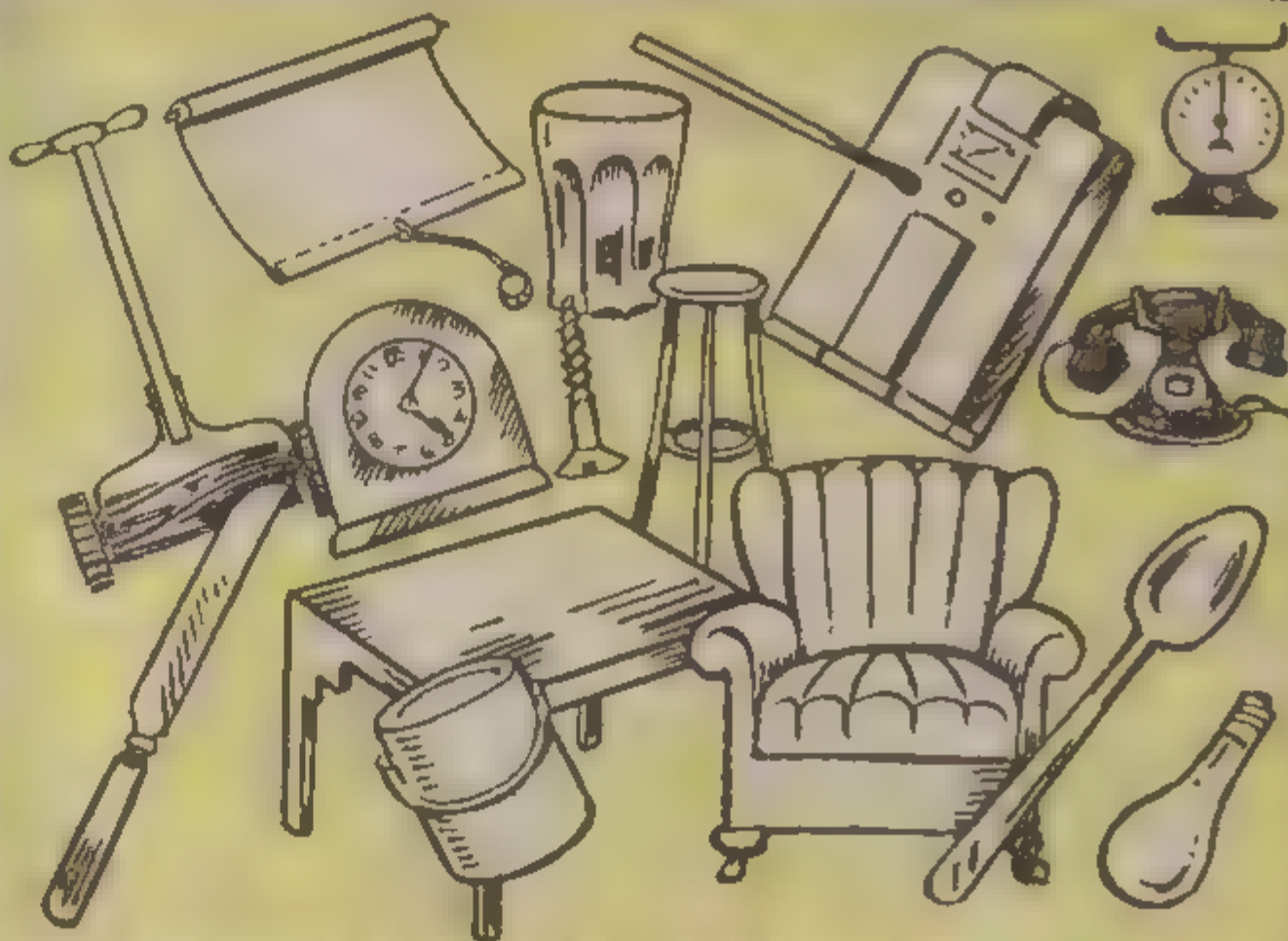
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| 2. SASGL | 7. BETLA | 13. BLOEG |
| 3. IRODA | 8. ONHEP | 14. TMCAH |
| 4. ECLSA | 9. FIKNE | 15. LOTOS |
| 5. RWOME | 10. TAPNI | 16. RCESW |
| | 11. ICRHA | |

LET'S roll out the mower and have lots of fun. There is money in that pile of household articles and very little effort. The game is to take the 16 words which are jumbled up under the drawing and put them into their proper order. Each jumbled word is a complete word represented in the scrambled drawing. Neatness will count in judging.

offered to the winners, \$100.00 for first prize, \$25.00 for second prize and five \$5.00 prizes. For promptness an additional \$25.00 will be given to the winner. This contest closes April 15, 1940, but get your answer in early so you can qualify for the promptness prize. Duplications in case of ties.

Just list the words with the letters in their right place such as the first one which is A-H-E-S-D. Change the letters around to make SHADE. There you have it. Get your pencil and rush it in to

SCRAMBLED HOUSEHOLD WORDS, DEPT. CM, 2206 ARCH ST., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

SLAM

BRADLEY

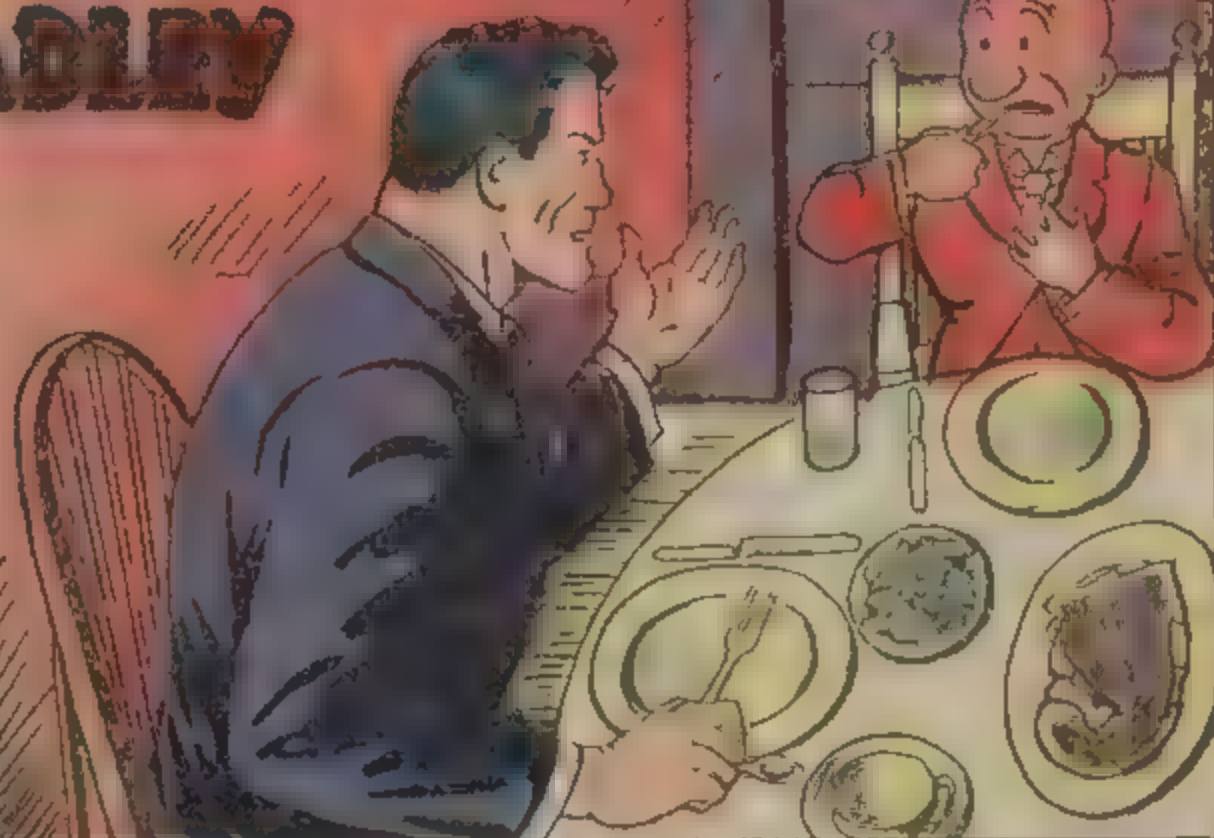
by JERRY SIEGEL
AND
DENNIS NEVILLE

SLAM BRADLEY AND SHORTY
MURKIN ARE IN THE MIDDLE OF
A HEARTY MEAL WHEN THERE
IS AN UNEXPECTED
GUEST AT THE R
RESTAURANT.

WHO CAN
THAT BE?

GOSH! I ALMOST
SWALLOWED THE FORK!

BANG
BANG
BANG

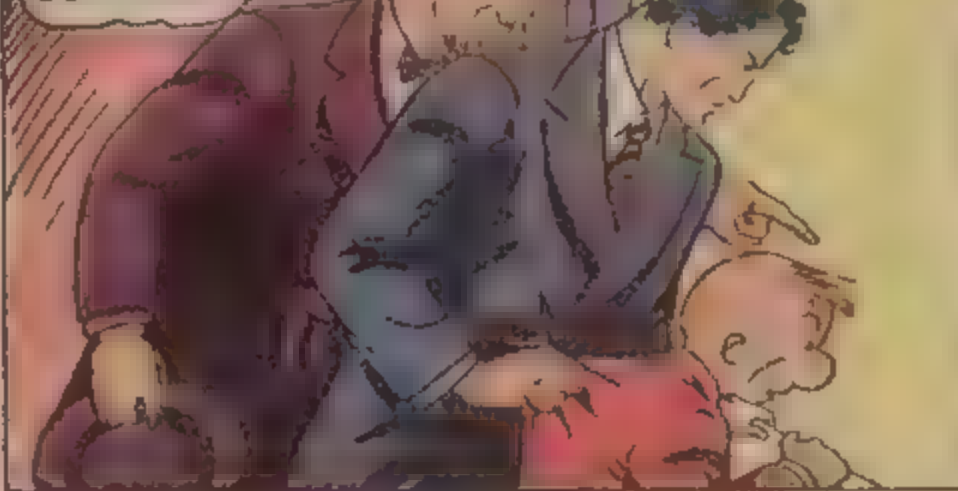


YOU DON'T HAVE TO BREAK
THE DOOR DOWN, MISTER!

YOU ARE IN—THANK
HEAVENS FOR THAT!



SEE? DOWN THERE! THAT MAN HAS BEEN
TRAILING ME FOR
DAYS! I'M SURE
HE HAS SINISTER
DESIGNS!



LEAVE HIM
TO ME!



APPARENTLY DISREGARDFUL OF LIFE AND LIMB,
SLAM LEAPS OFF THE LEDGE . . .



DOWN HE PLUMMETS TO AN AWNING --
BOUNCES GRACEFULLY OFF . . .



...AND LANDS DIRECTLY BEFORE THE SHOWER!

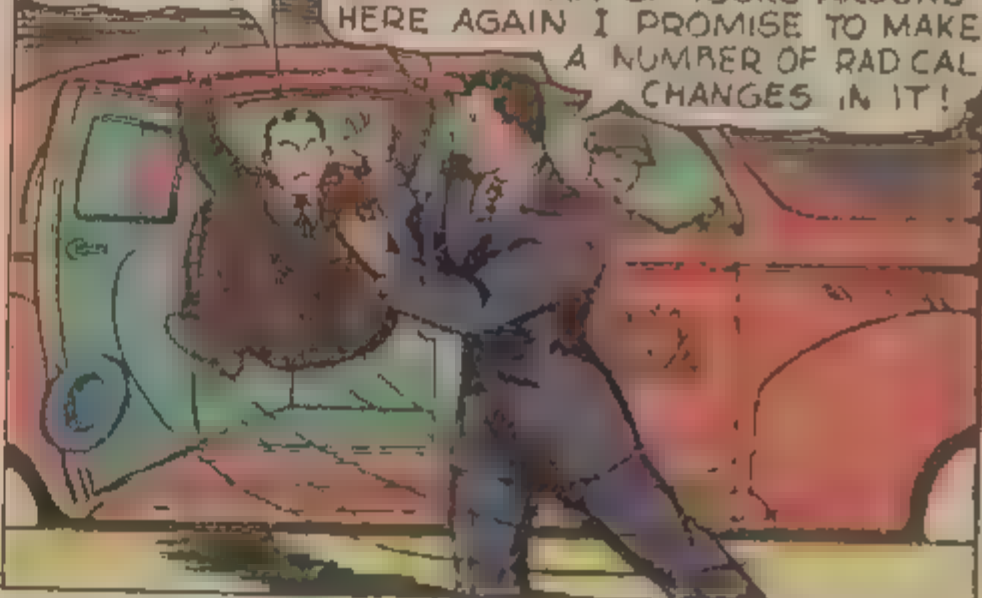
WHAT IN --?

TAXI!



YOU CAN'T DO
THIS T--!

ON YOUR WAY, CREEP! AND IF I
SEE THAT PAN OF YOURS AROUND
HERE AGAIN I PROMISE TO MAKE
A NUMBER OF RADICAL
CHANGES IN IT!



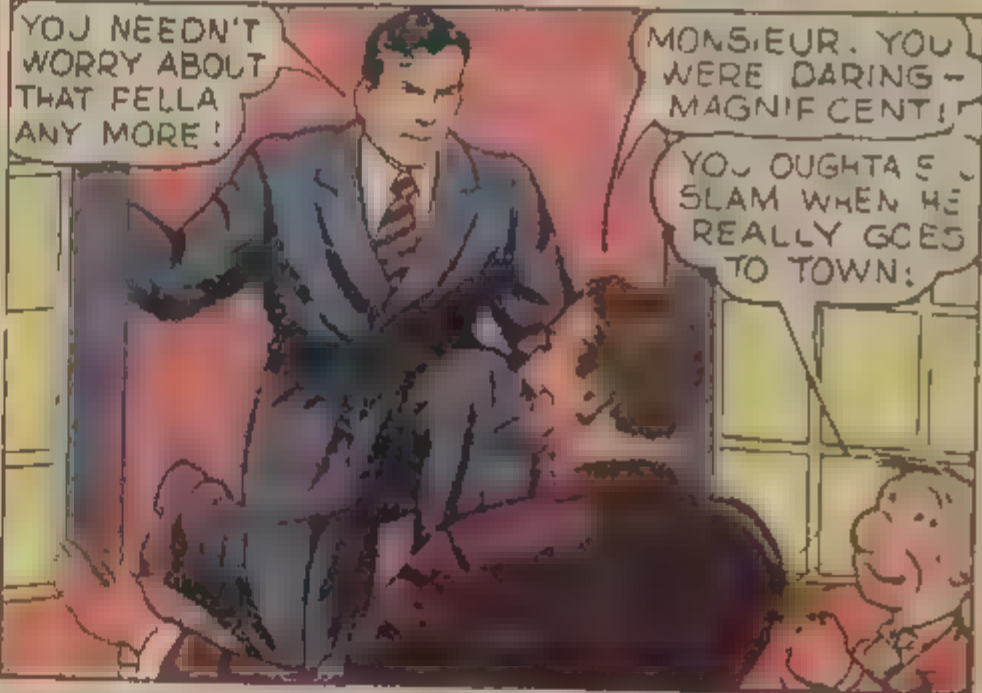
AS THE TAXI SPEEDS AWAY, SLAM CLAMBERS
BACK UP THE SIDE OF THE APARTMENT IN THE
SWEETEST EXHIBITION OF SCALING YOU'VE EVER
SEEN . . .



YOU NEEDN'T
WORRY ABOUT
THAT FELLA
ANY MORE!

MONSIEUR. YOU
WERE DARING --
MAGNIFICENT!

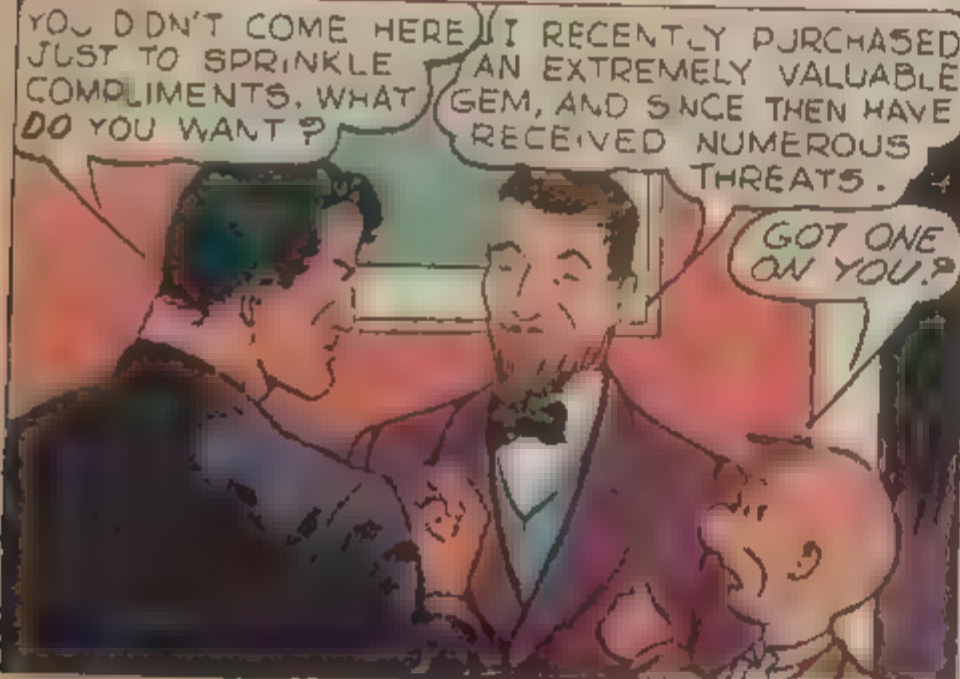
YOU OUGHTA
SLAM WHEN HE
REALLY GOES
TO TOWN!



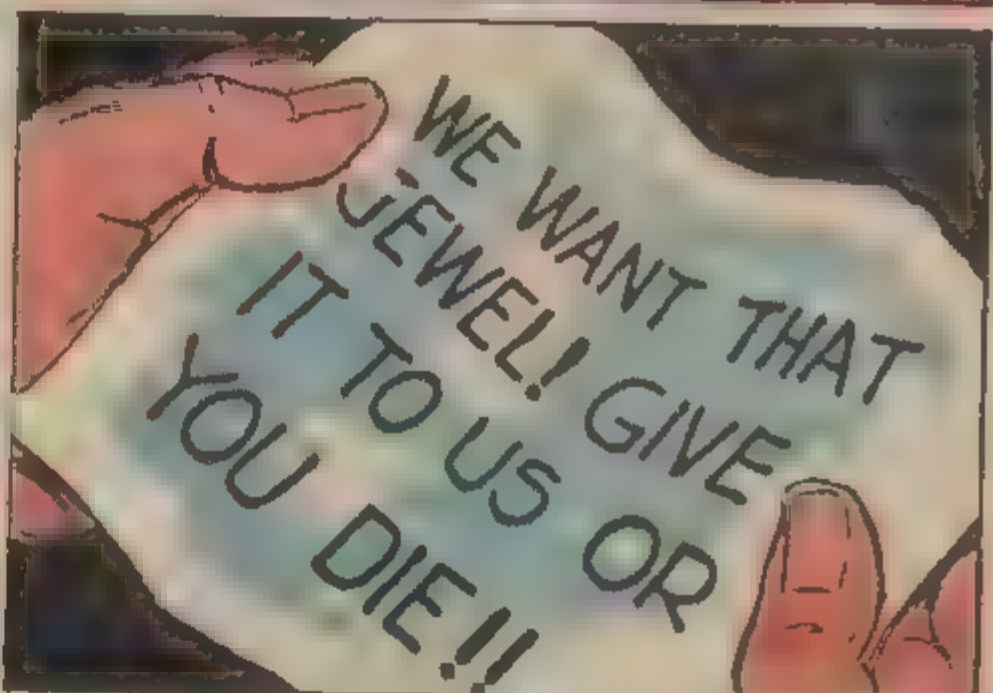
YOU DIDN'T COME HERE
JUST TO SPRINKLE
COMPLIMENTS. WHAT
DO YOU WANT?

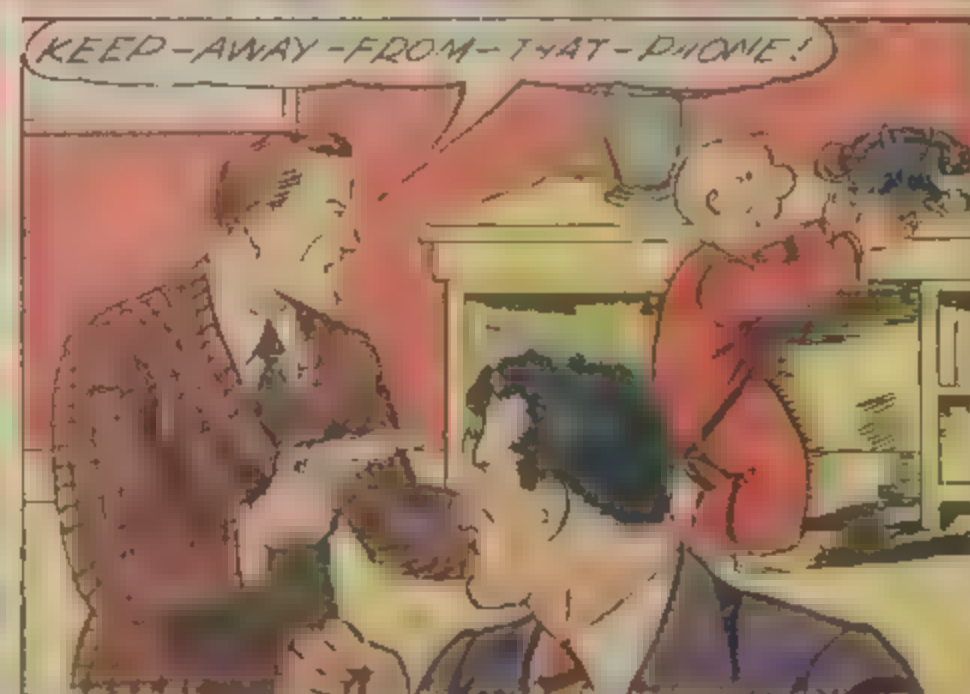
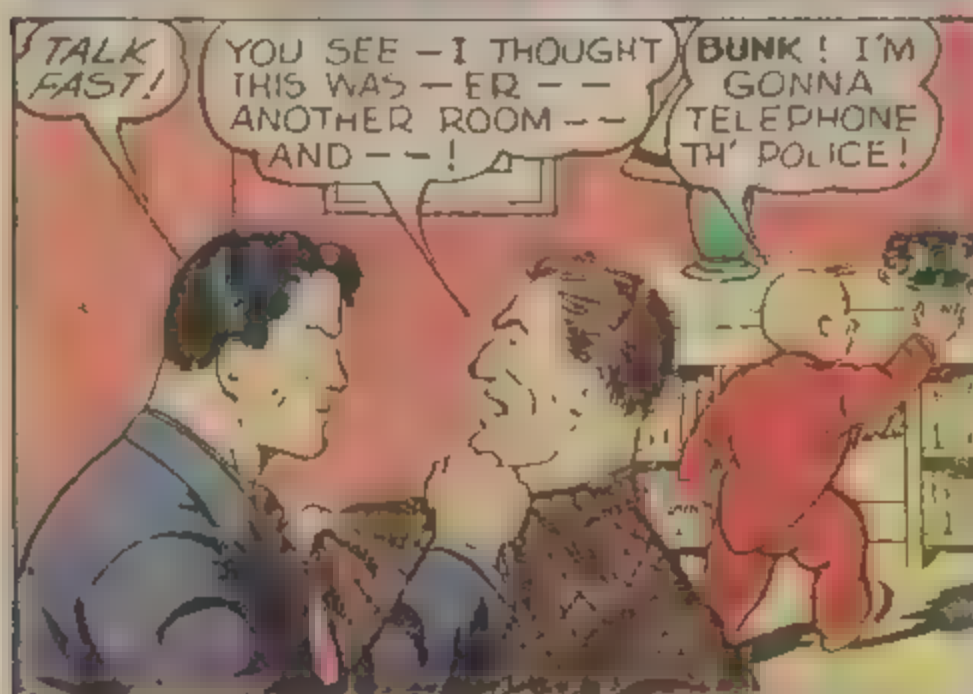
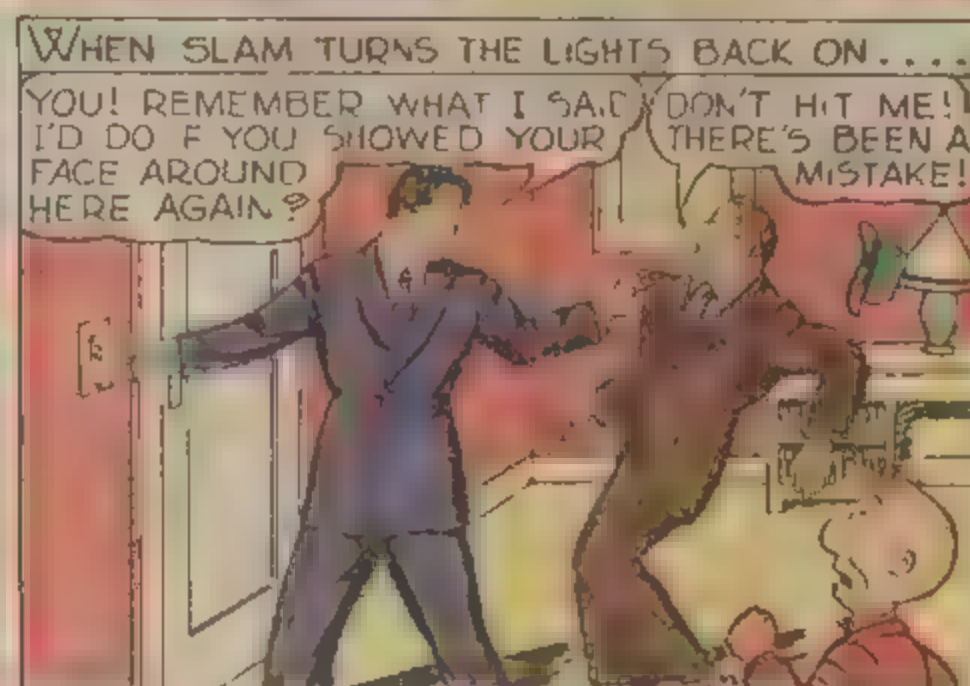
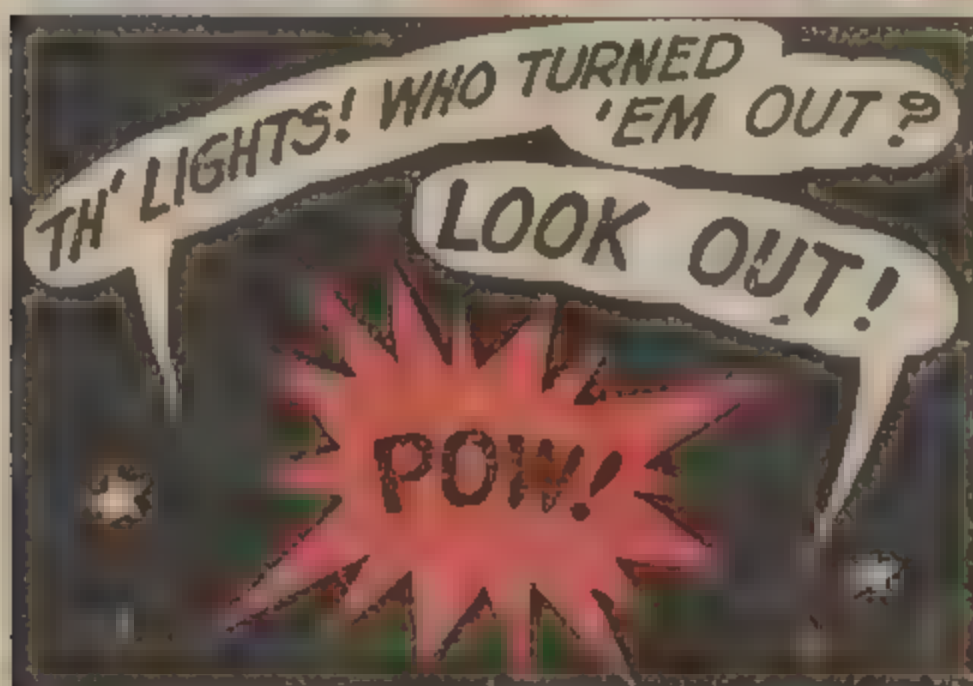
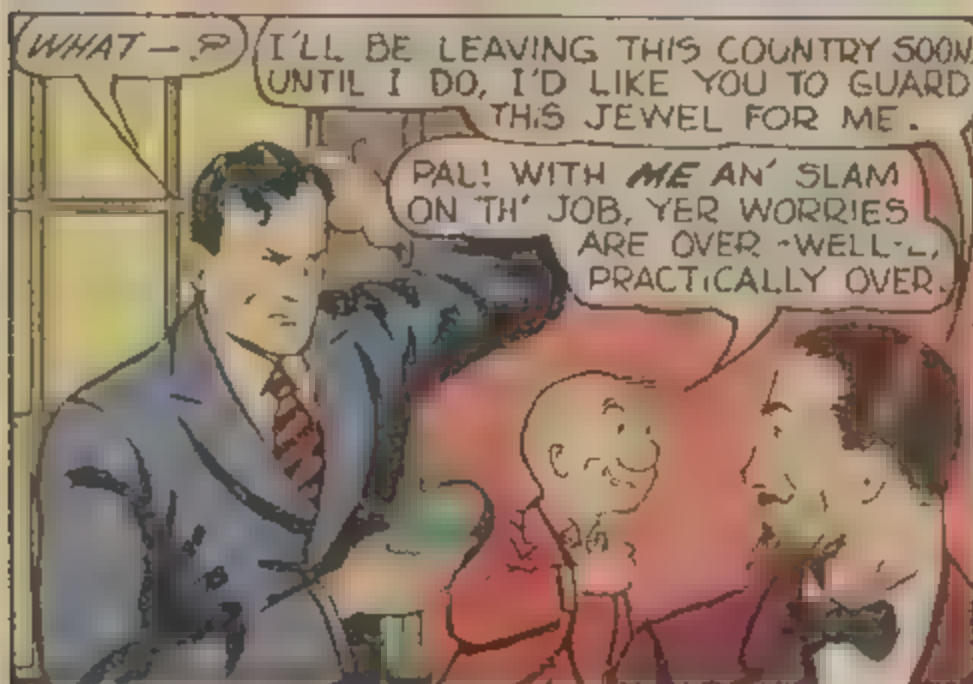
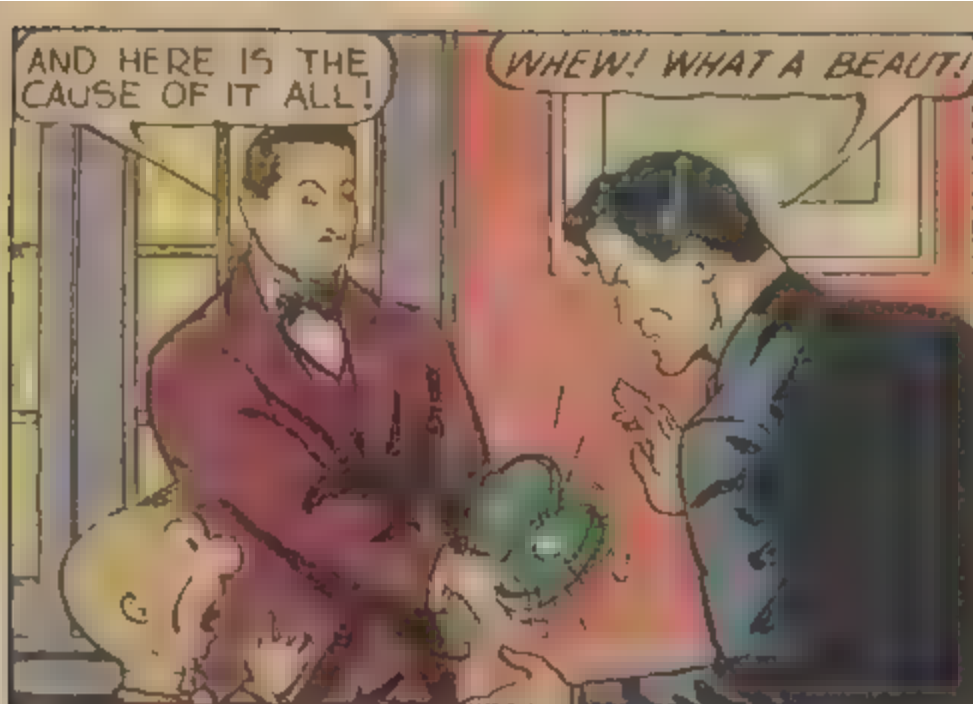
I RECENTLY PURCHASED
AN EXTREMELY VALUABLE
GEM, AND SINCE THEN HAVE
RECEIVED NUMEROUS
THREATS.

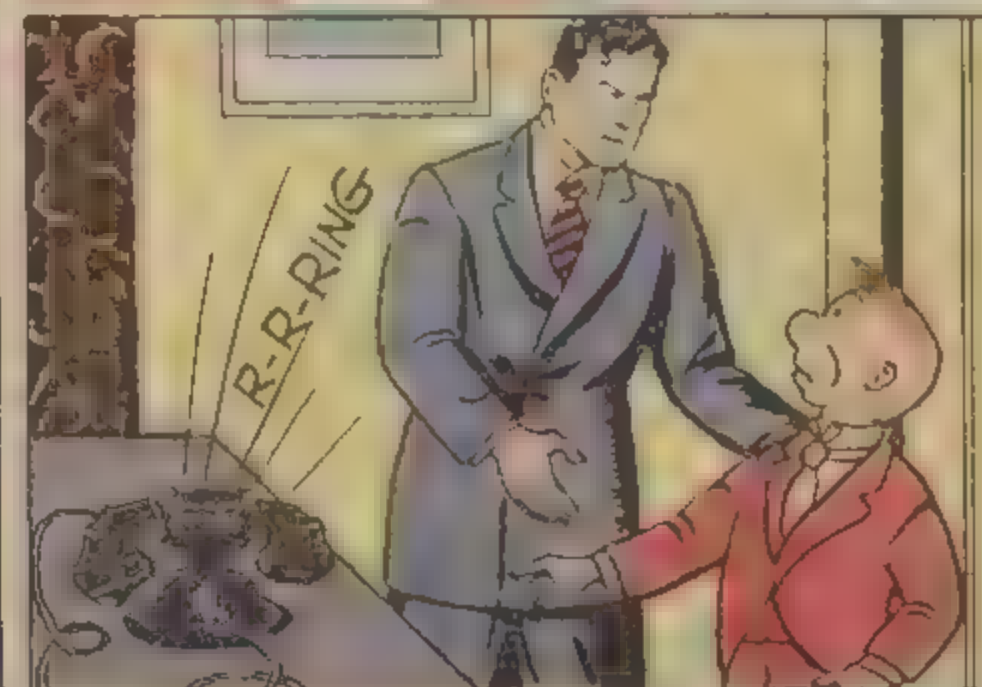
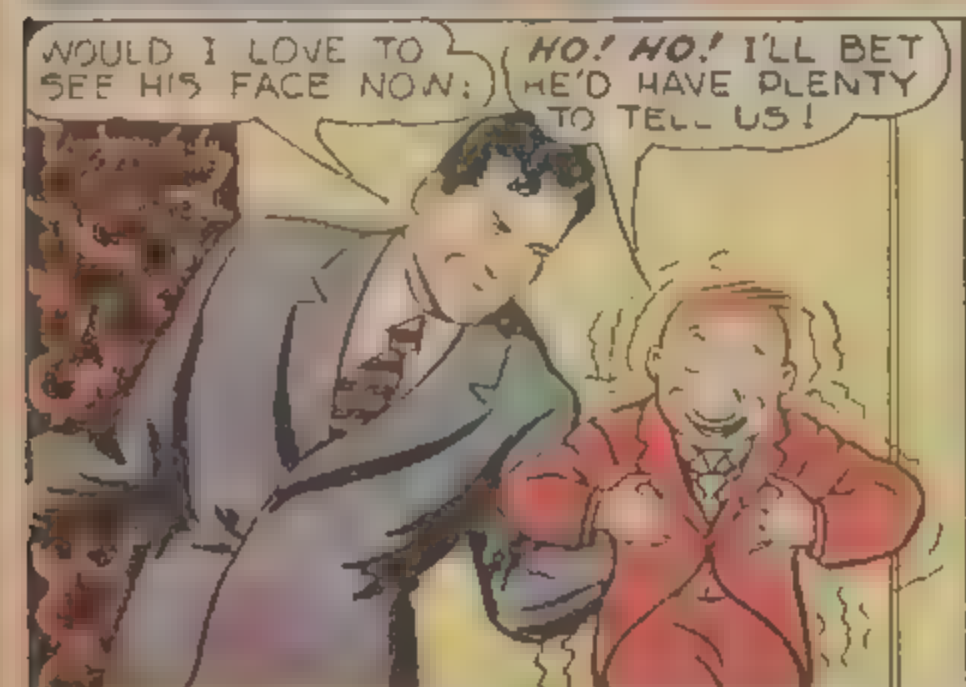
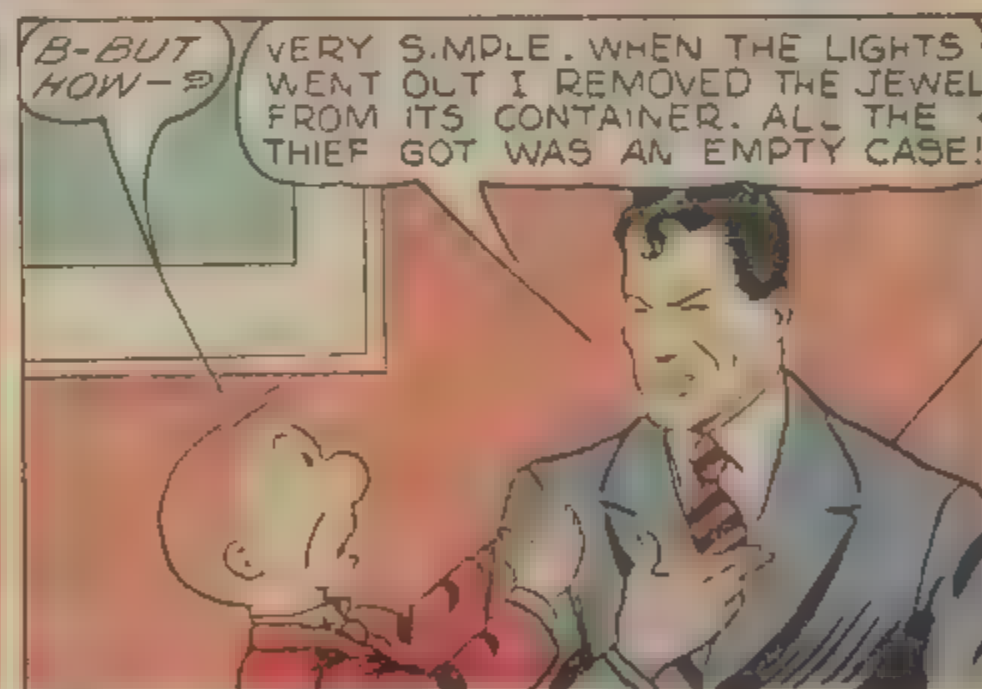
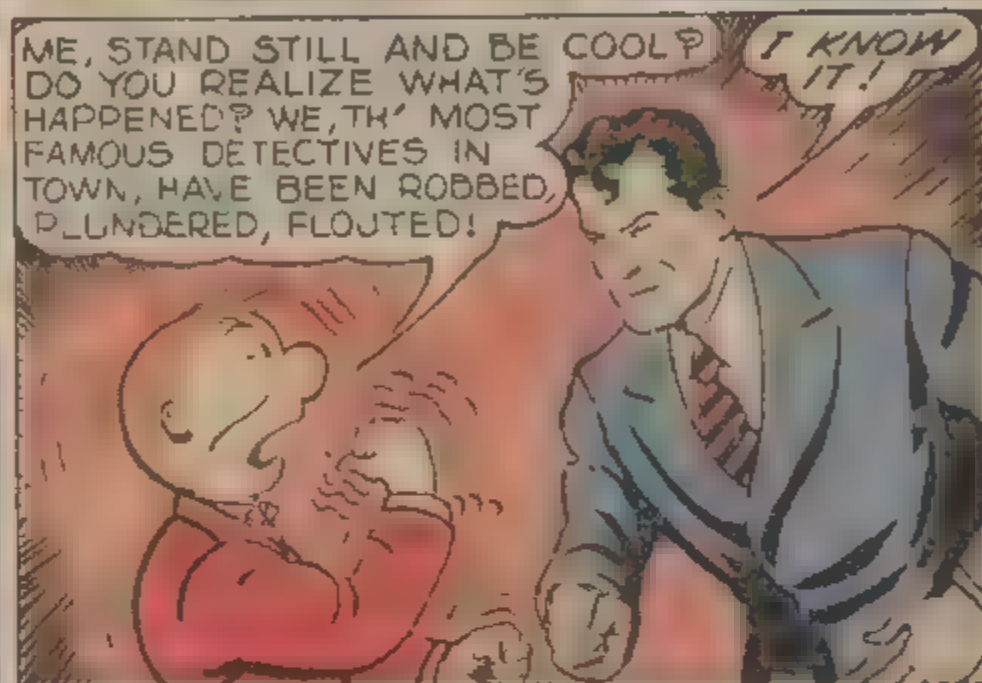
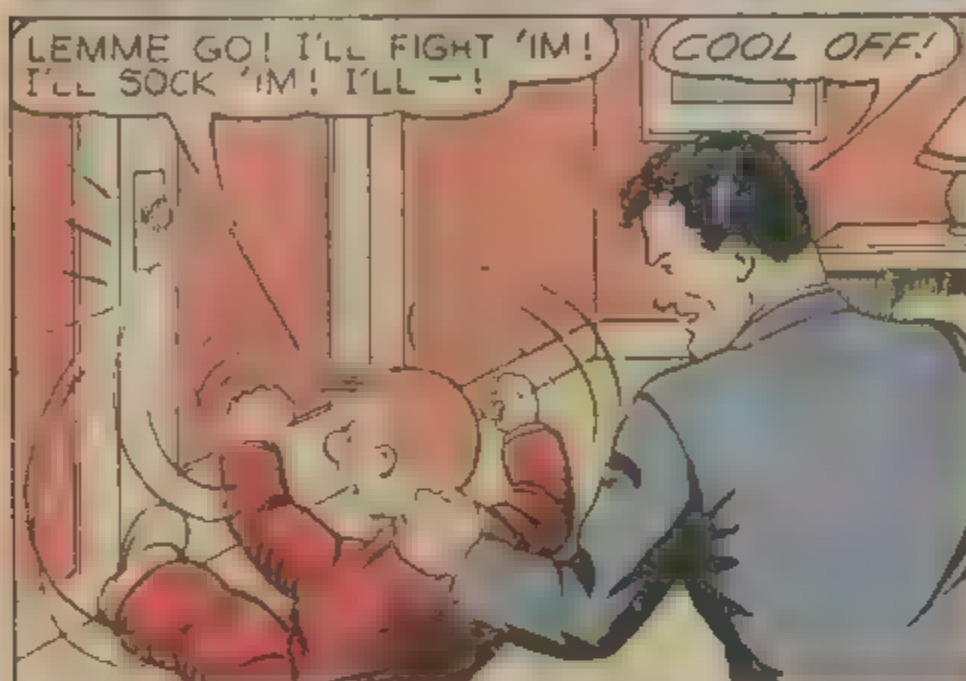
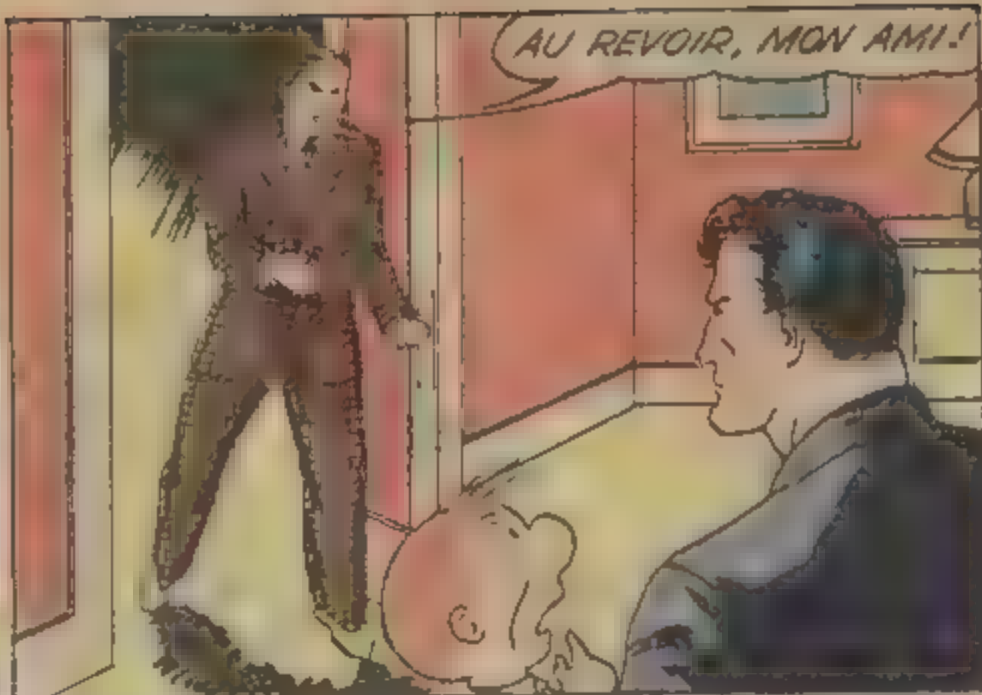
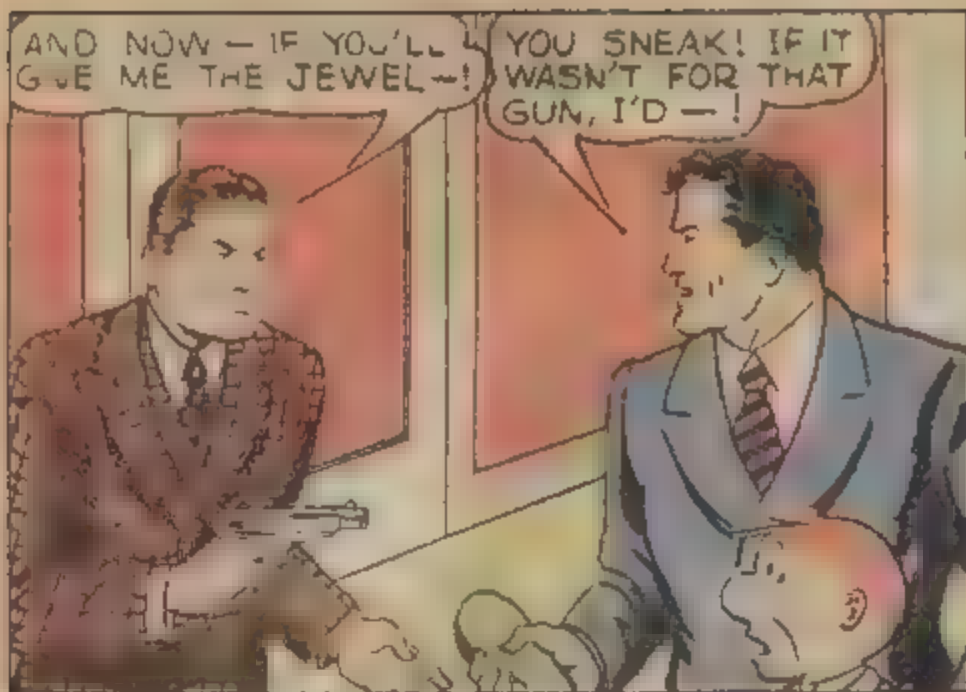
GOT ONE
ON YOU?

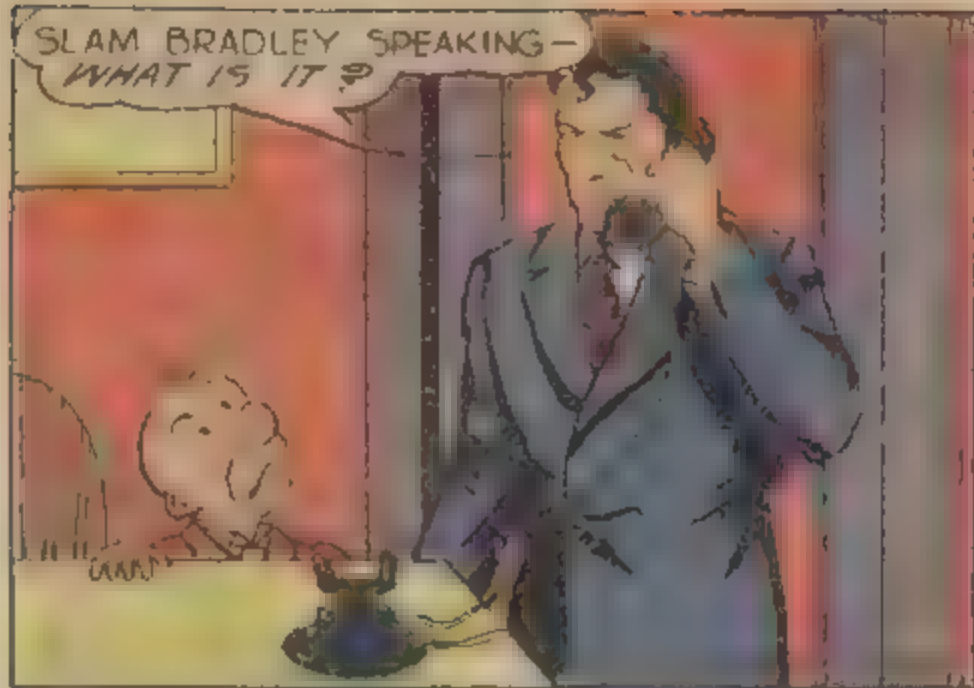


WE WANT THAT
JEWEL! GIVE
IT TO US OR
YOU DIE!!

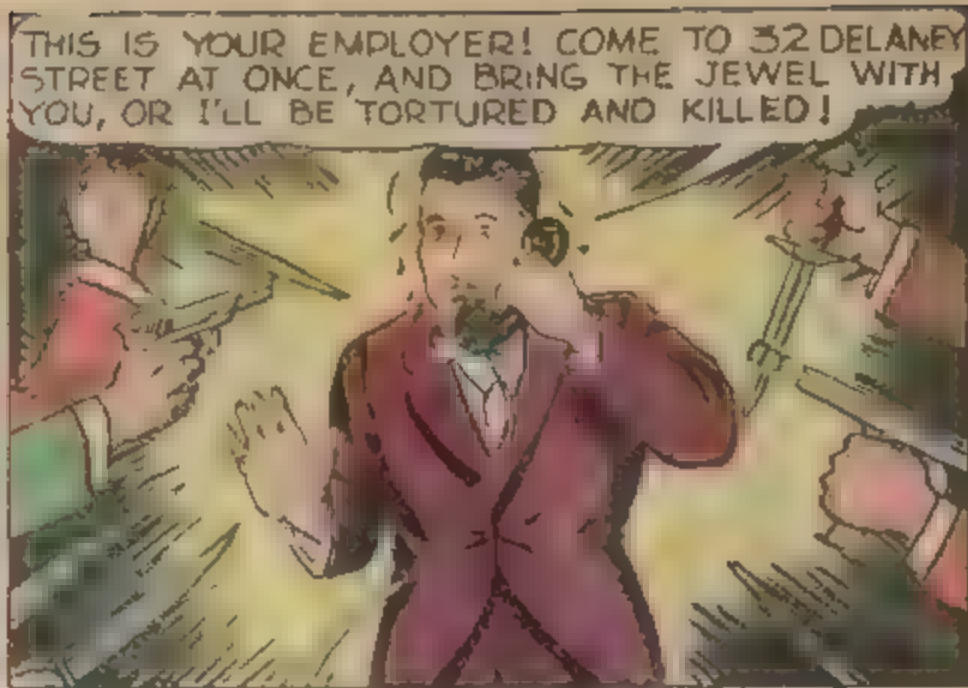




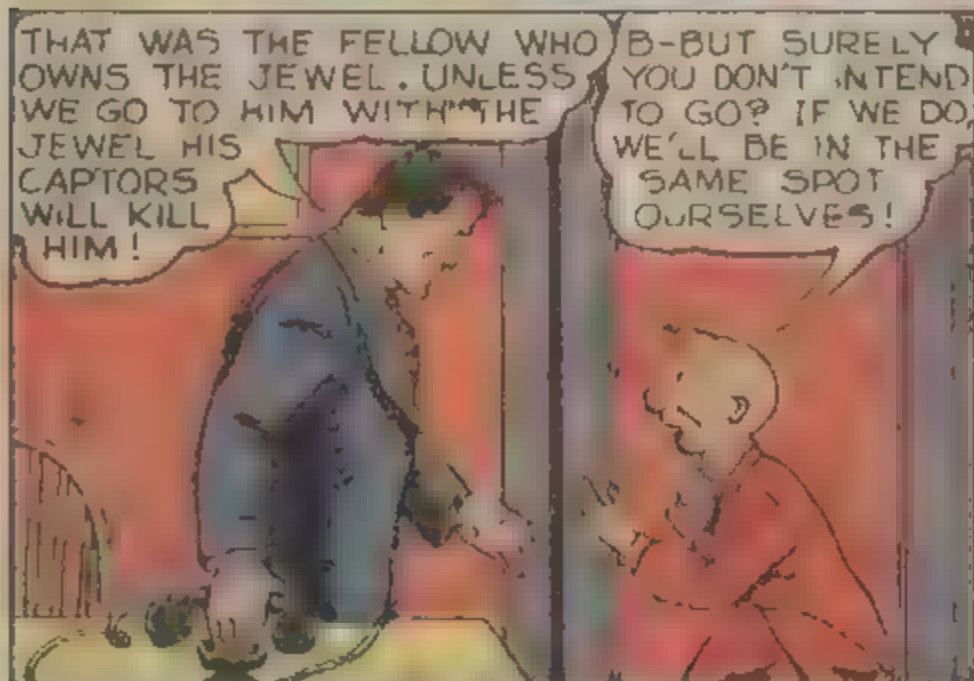




SLAM BRADLEY SPEAKING—
WHAT IS IT?



THIS IS YOUR EMPLOYER! COME TO 32 DELANEY STREET AT ONCE, AND BRING THE JEWEL WITH YOU, OR I'LL BE TORTURED AND KILLED!



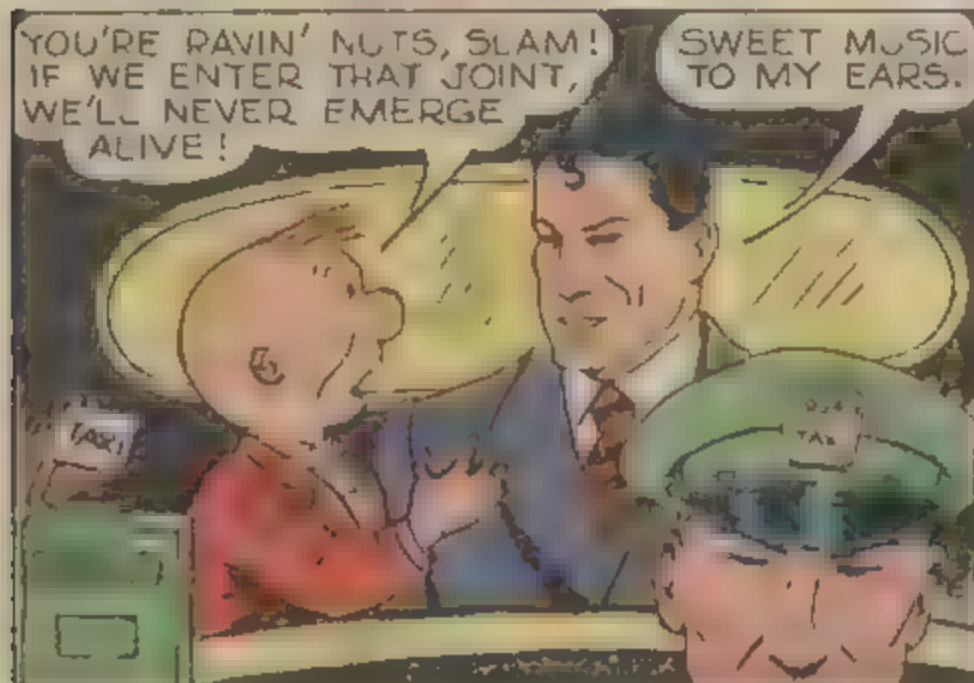
THAT WAS THE FELLOW WHO OWNS THE JEWEL. UNLESS WE GO TO HIM WITH THE JEWEL HIS CAPTORS WILL KILL HIM!

B-BUT SURELY YOU DON'T INTEND TO GO? IF WE DO, WE'LL BE IN THE SAME SPOT OURSELVES!



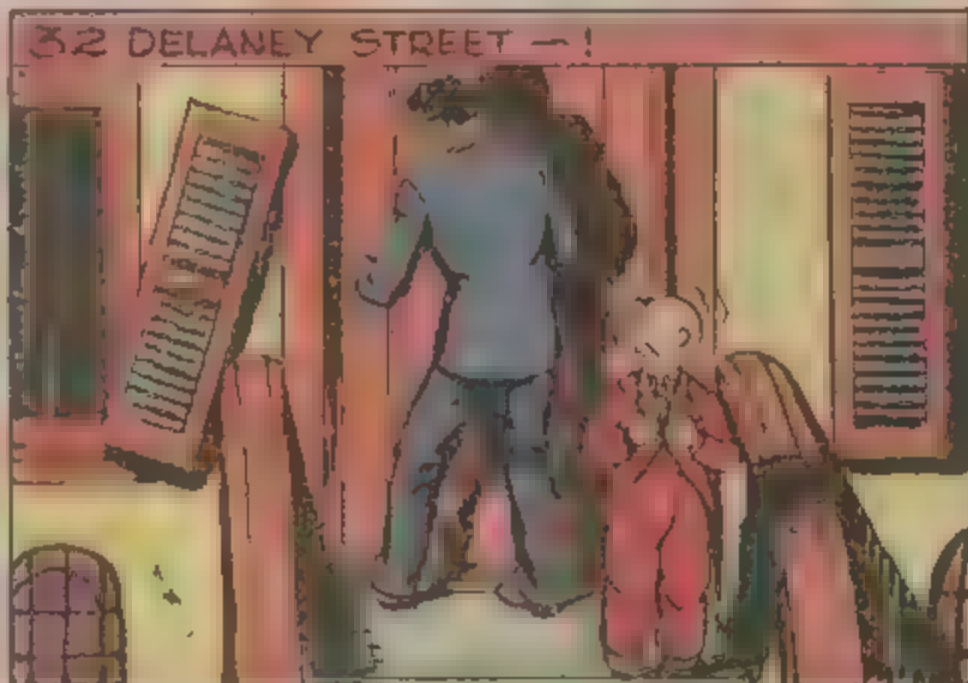
AND THAT'S JUST WHY WE'RE GOING! THERE'S TROUBLE APLENTY AT 32 DELANEY STREET—AND I LOVE TROUBLE!

YOU COULD AT LEAST GIVE ME TIME ENOUGH TO WRITE MY LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT!

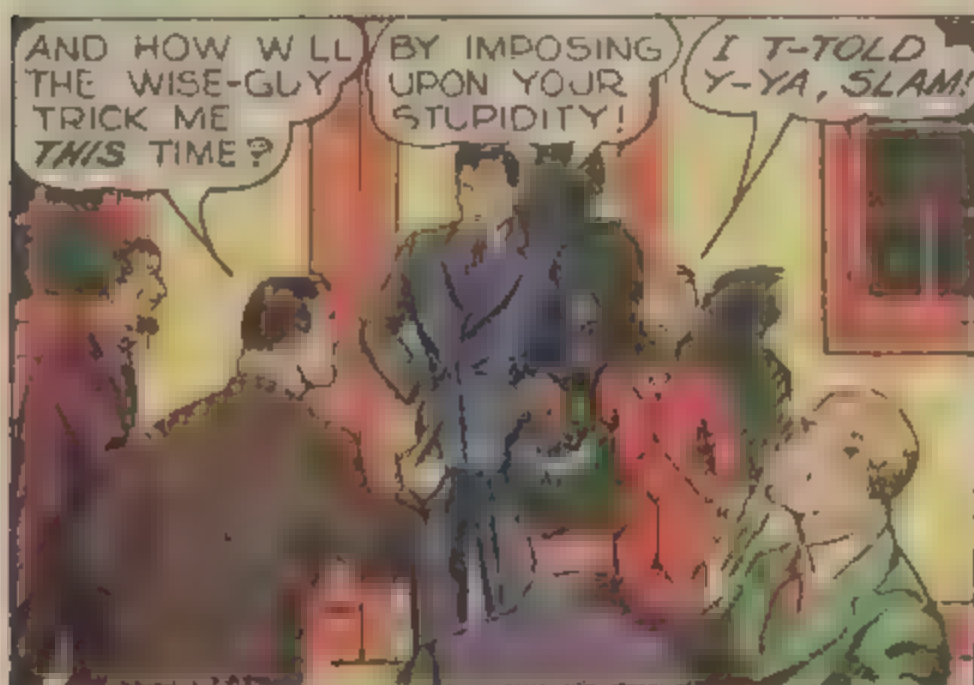


YOU'RE RAVIN' NUTS, SLAM! IF WE ENTER THAT JOINT, WE'LL NEVER EMERGE ALIVE!

SWEET MUSIC TO MY EARS.



32 DELANEY STREET —!



AND HOW WILL THE WISE-GUY TRICK ME THIS TIME?

BY IMPOSING UPON YOUR STUPIDITY!

I T-TOLD Y-YA, SLAM!

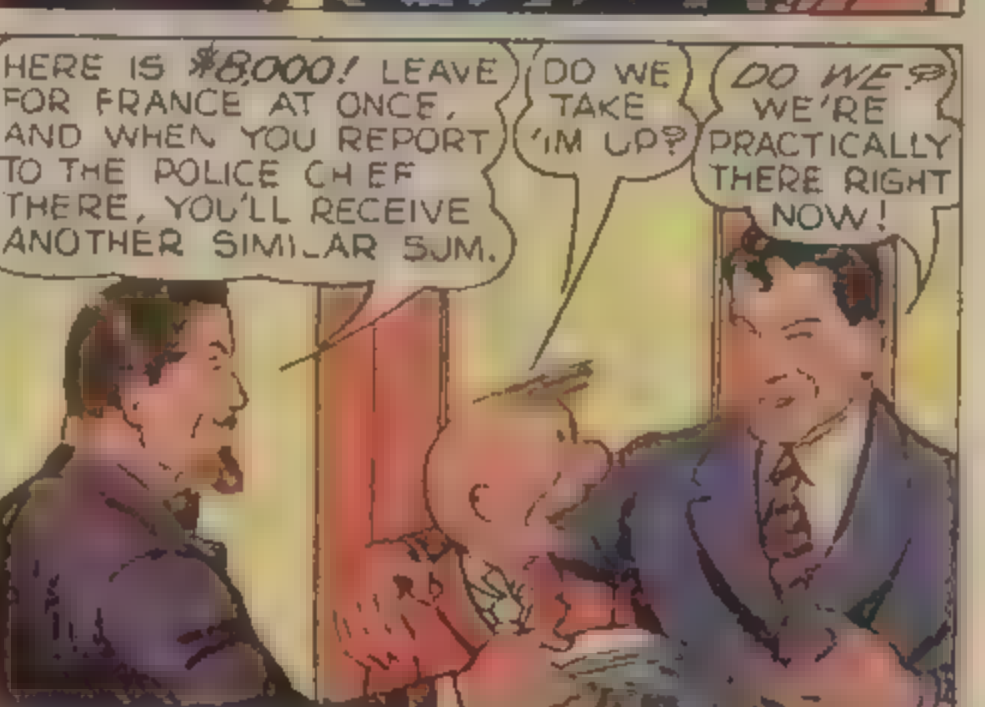
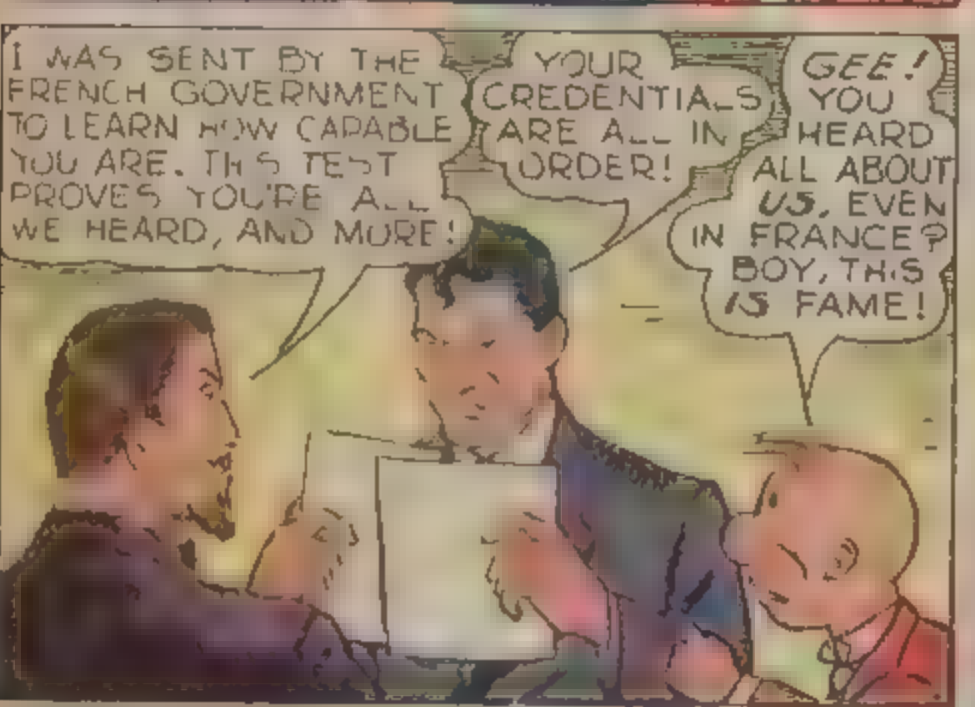
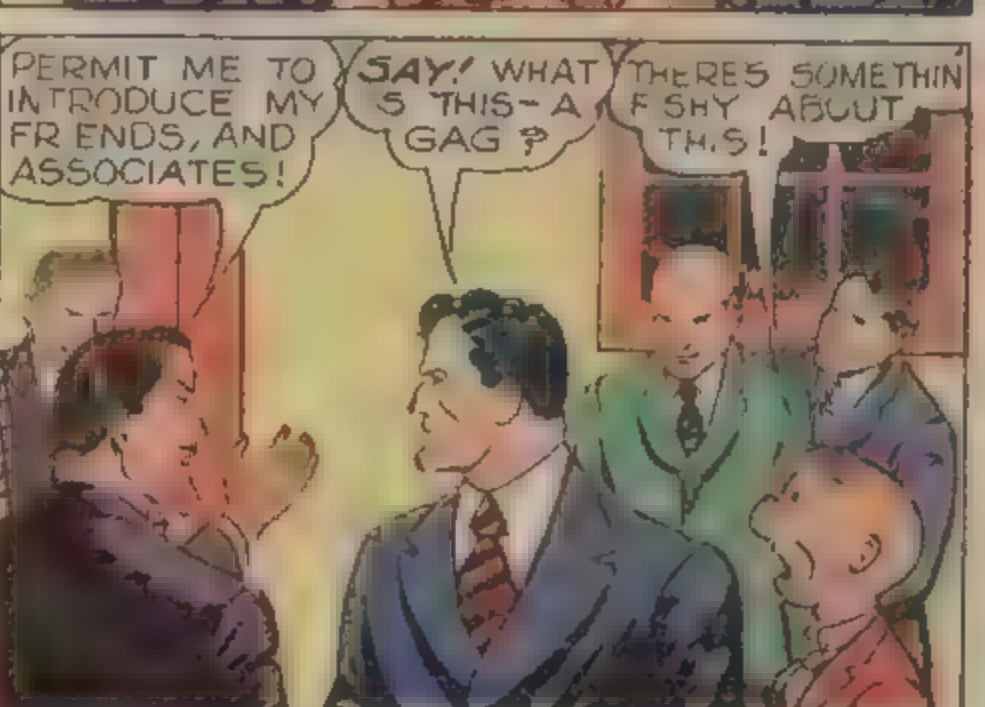
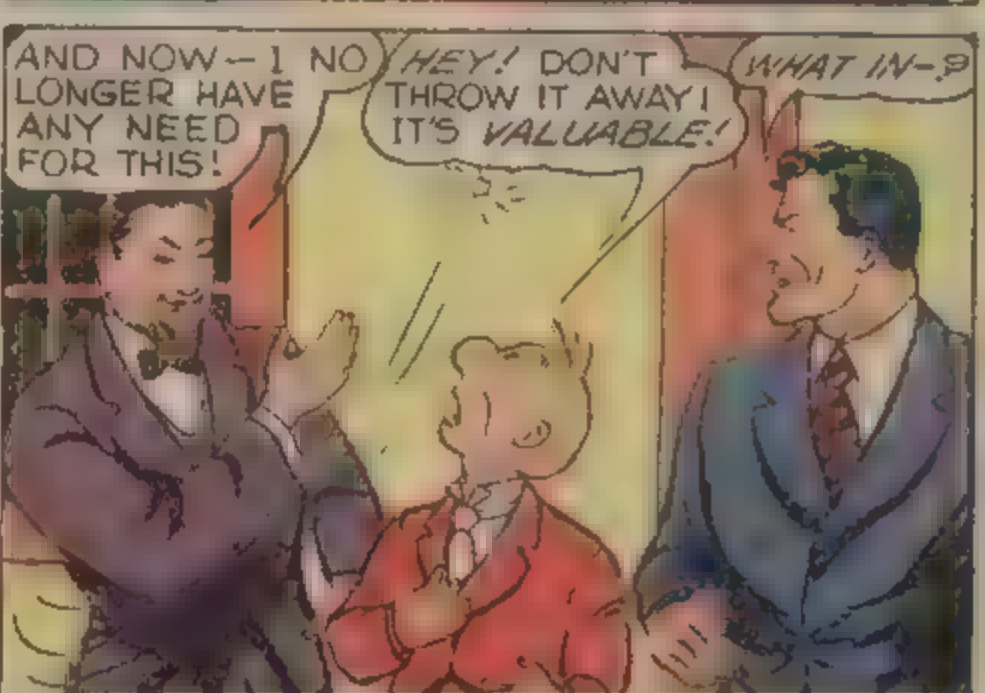
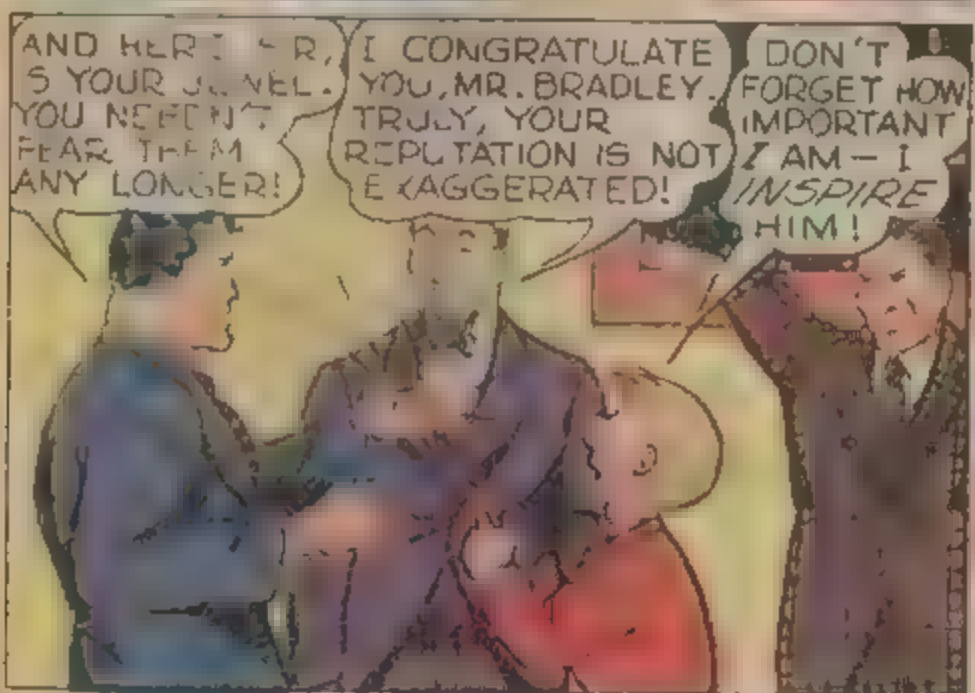
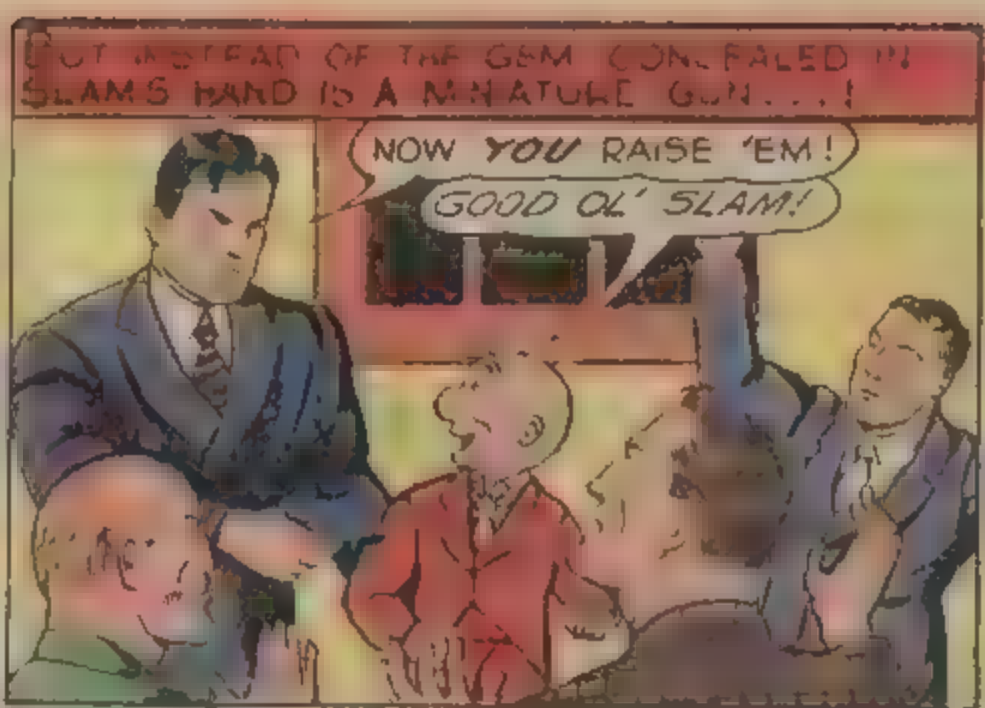
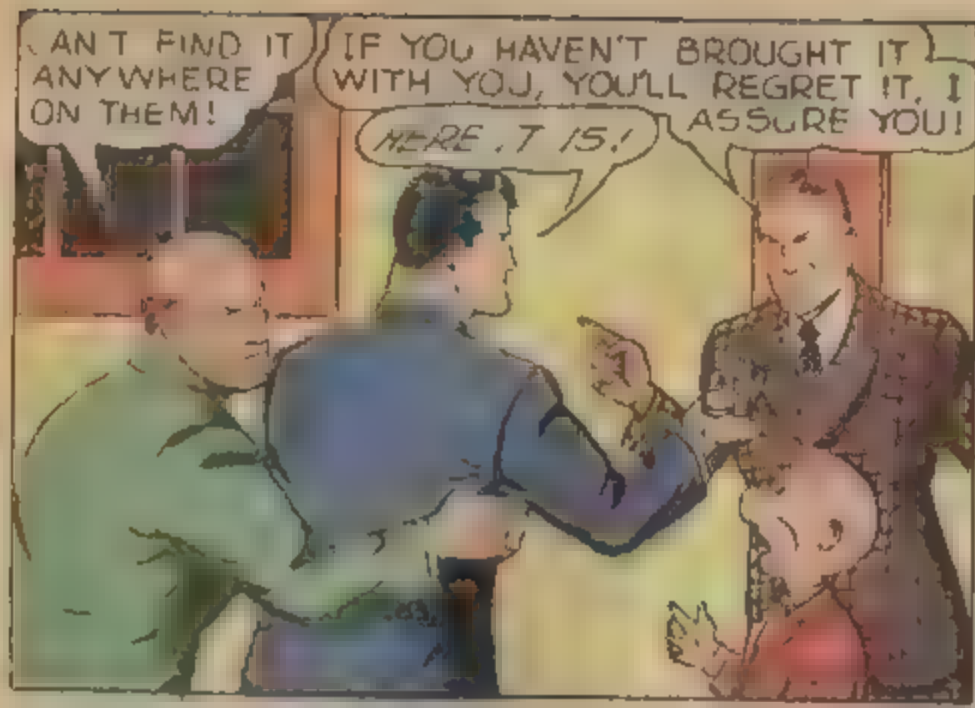


I'M SORRY I INVOLVED YOU IN THIS MESS!

DON'T APOLOGIZE! I'M ACTUALLY ENJOYING THIS!

WOTTA SENSE OF HUMOR!

ENOUGH OF THIS TALK! SEARCH THEM!



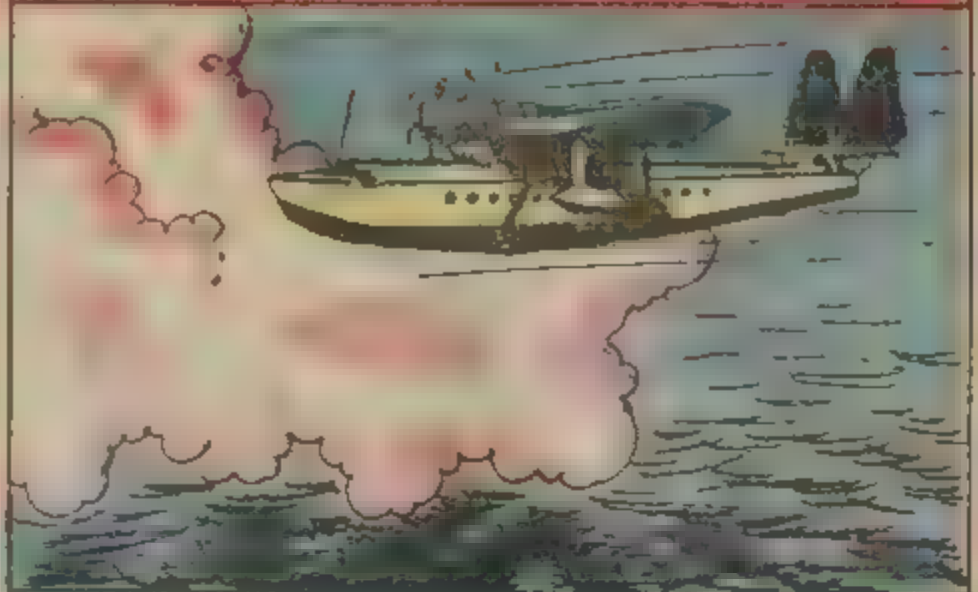
LATER THAT DAY — SLAM AND SHORTY DASH UP INTO THE CLIPPER A FEW MOMENTS BEFORE IT TAKES OFF . . .

YOU WOULD HAVE TO CALL UP AND SAY GOODBYE TO EVERY GIRL YOU KNOW!

COULDN'T EXPECT ME TO LEAVE 'EM WITHOUT A PARTING WORD — IT WOULD BREAK A HUNDRED HEARTS!



SHORTLY AFTER THEY ARE ON THEIR WAY ACROSS THE OCEAN TOWARD SUNNY FRANCE . . .

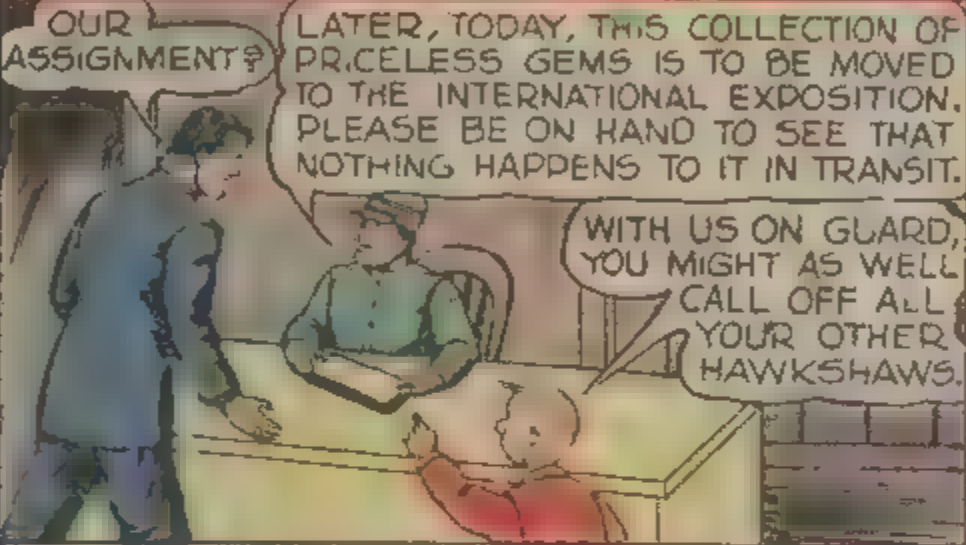


AND LATER — UPON ALIGHTING IN GAY PARIS, SLAM AND SHORTY SPRINT TO THE PREFECT DE POLICE'S OFFICE . . .

OUR ASSIGNMENT?

LATER, TODAY, THIS COLLECTION OF PRICELESS GEMS IS TO BE MOVED TO THE INTERNATIONAL EXPOSITION. PLEASE BE ON HAND TO SEE THAT NOTHING HAPPENS TO IT IN TRANSIT.

WITH US ON GUARD, YOU MIGHT AS WELL CALL OFF ALL YOUR OTHER HAWKSHAWS.



AS THE TWO AMERICAN DETECTIVES TAKE A SHORT STROLL TO GET THE KINKS OUT OF THEIR LEGS . . .

LISTEN!

A SCREAM — FROM THE ALLEY!



BUT AS THEY DASH IN, THEY ARE SURROUNDED BY ARMED ADAMES . . .

YOU WILL COME PEACEABLY, MR. BRADLEY, OR —

HE KNOWS YOU!

I SEE OUR FAME HAS SPREAD EVEN TO THE FRENCH UNDERWORLD!



BRADLEY AND SHORTY ARE HUSTLED INTO A CARRIAGE — SHADES DRAWN, THE CARRIAGE CLATTERS ALONG THE PAVEMENT FOR AN HOUR, UNTIL . . .



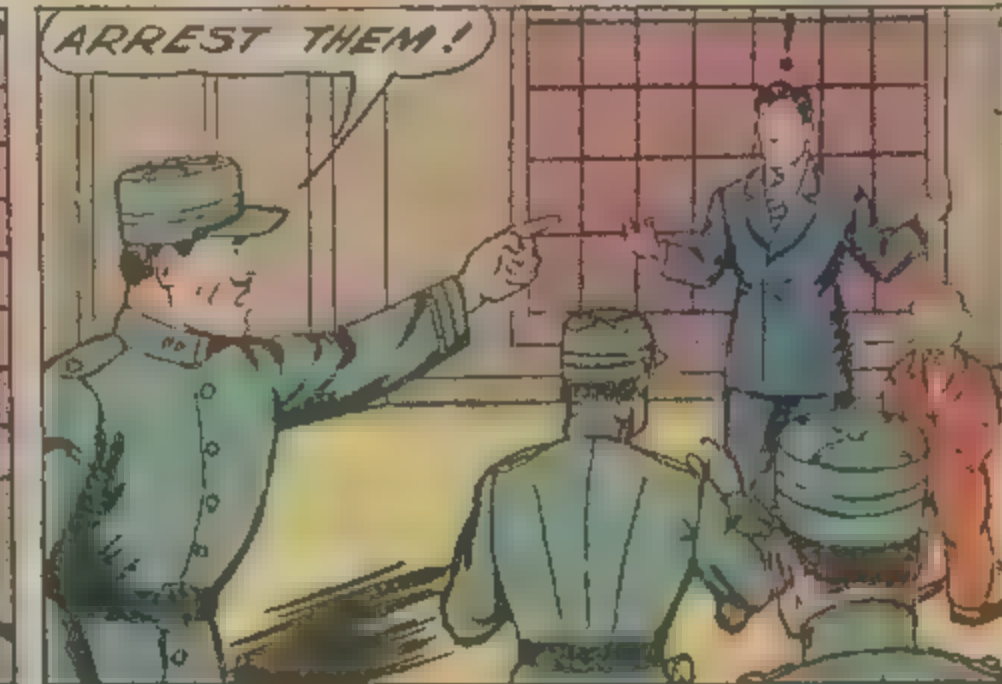
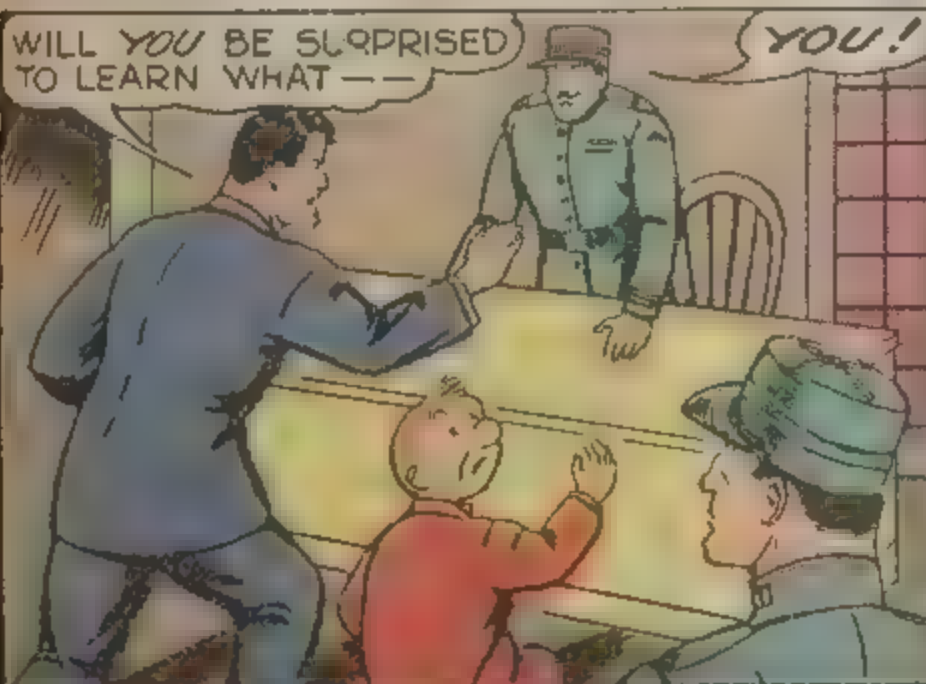
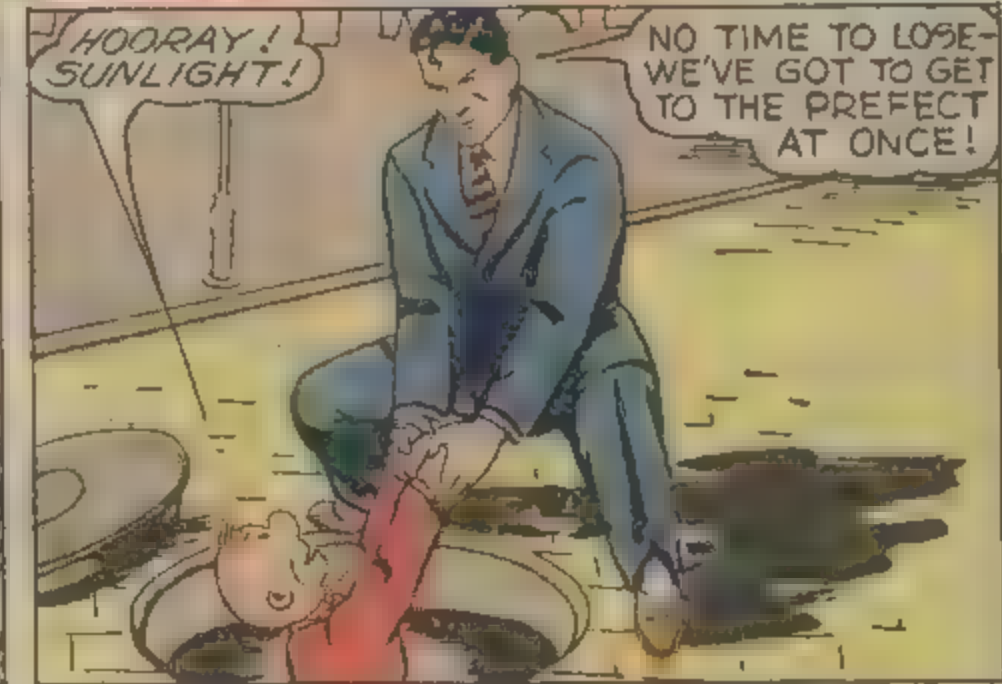
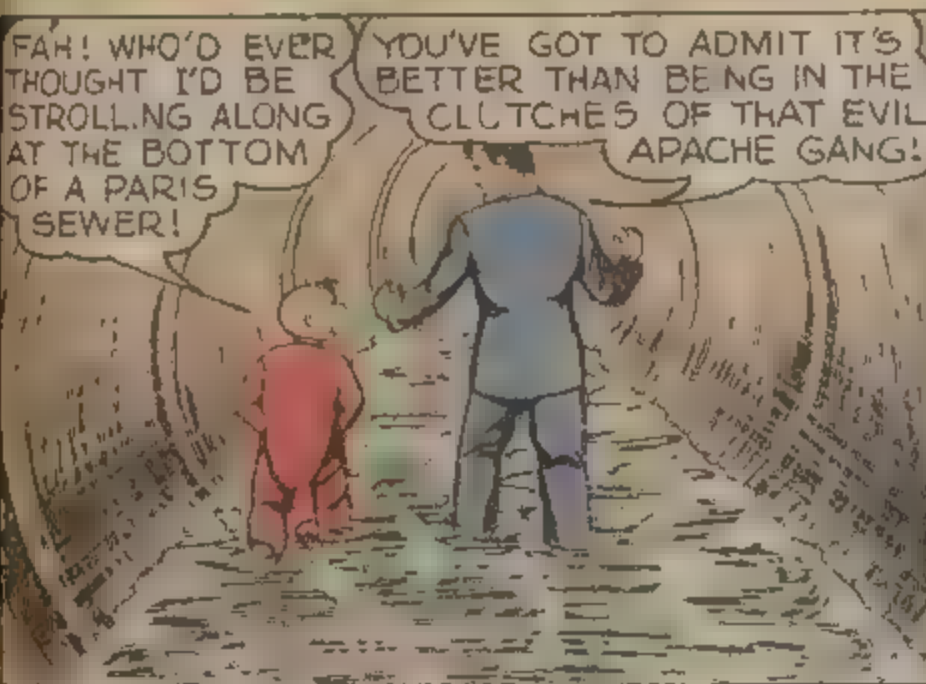
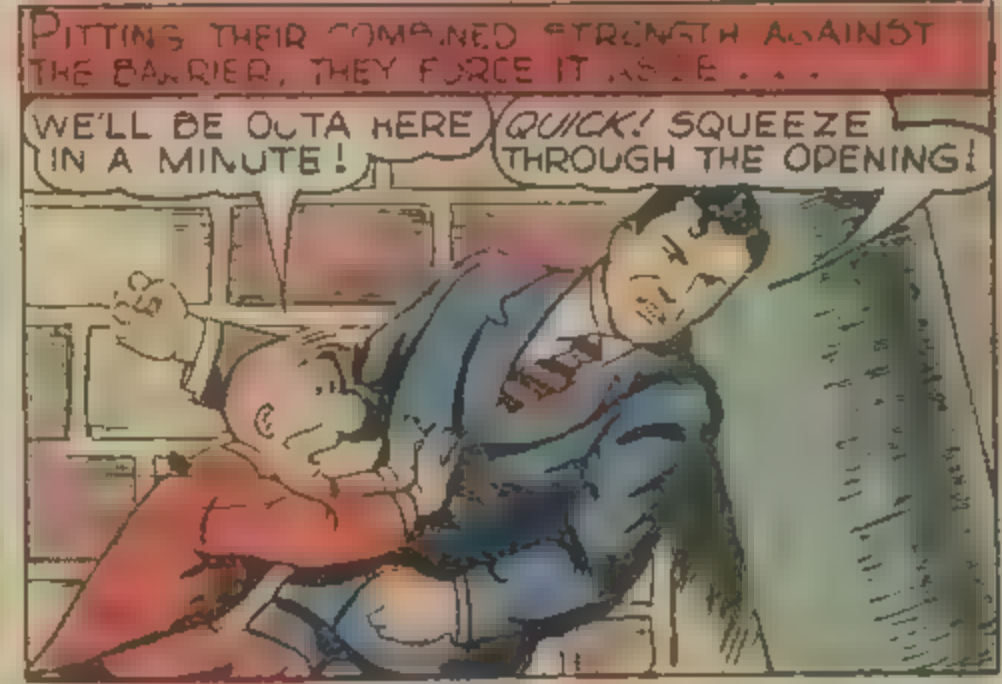
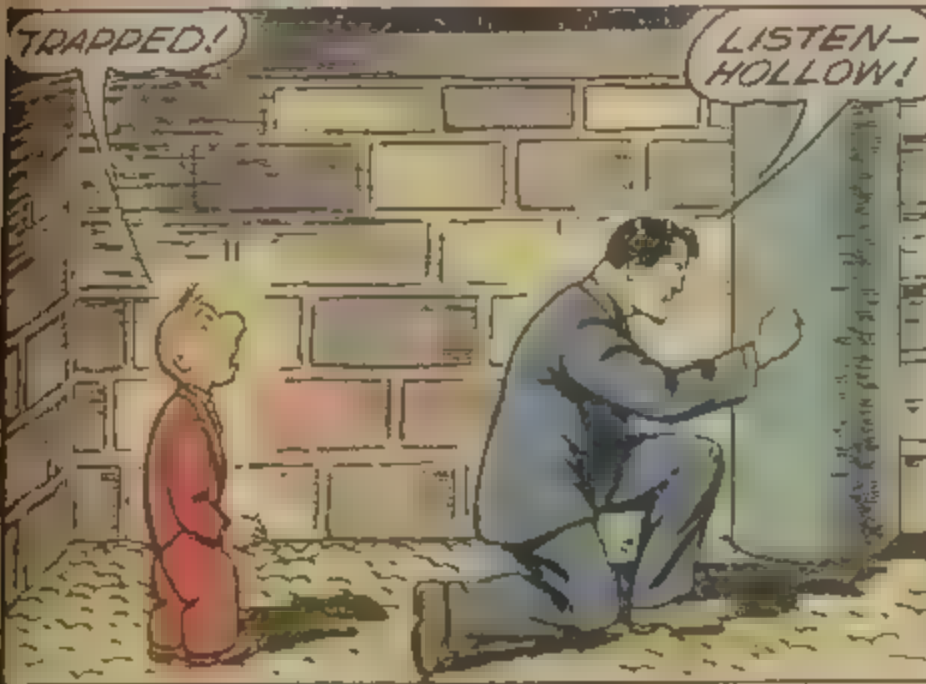
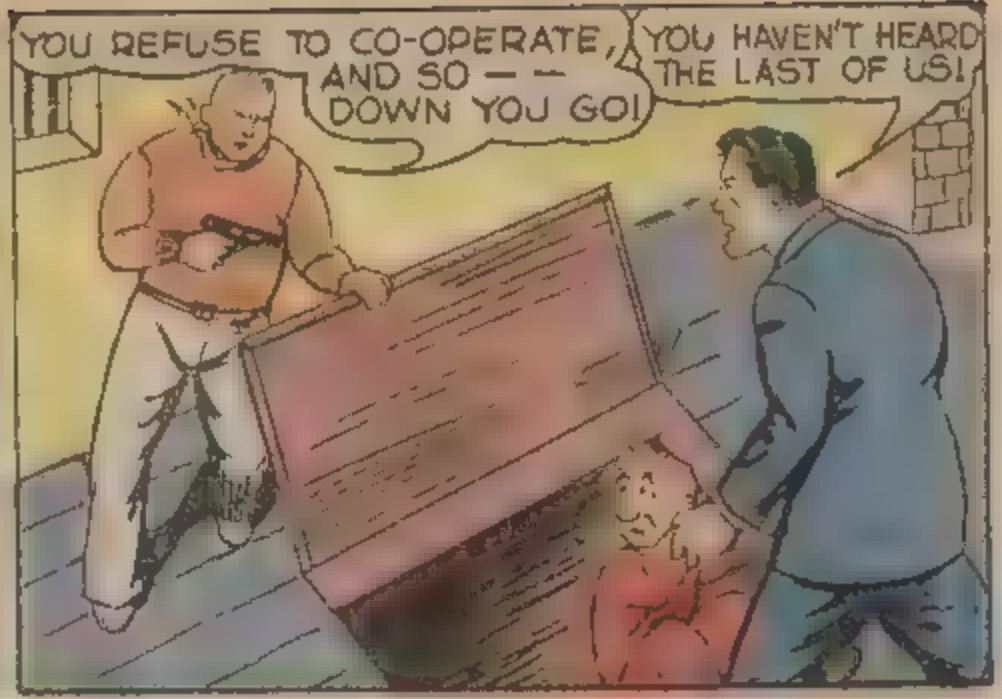
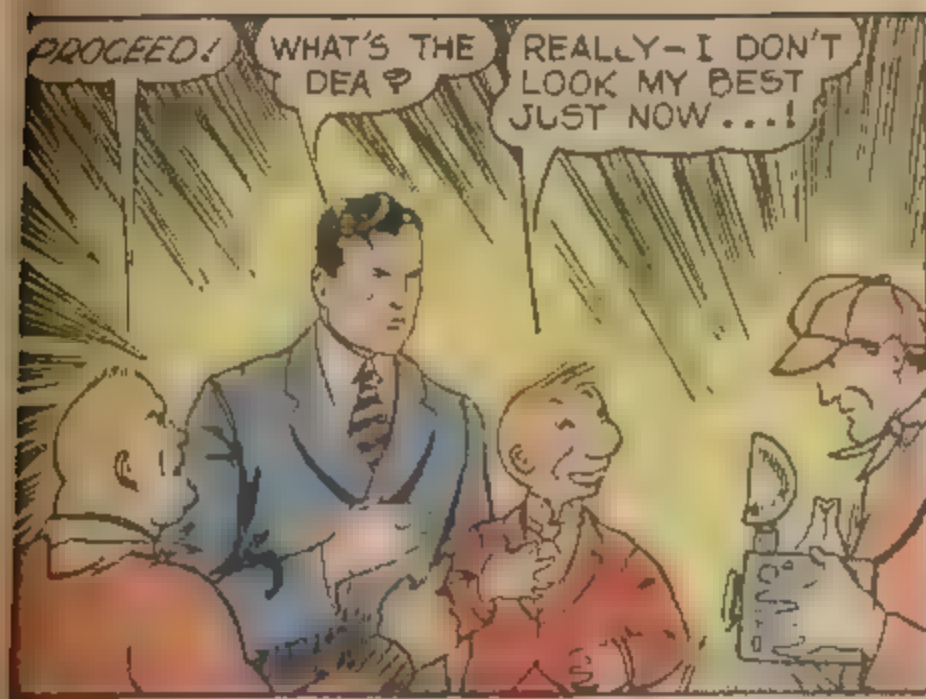
THE CAPTIVES ARE LED INTO THE DESTINATION . . .

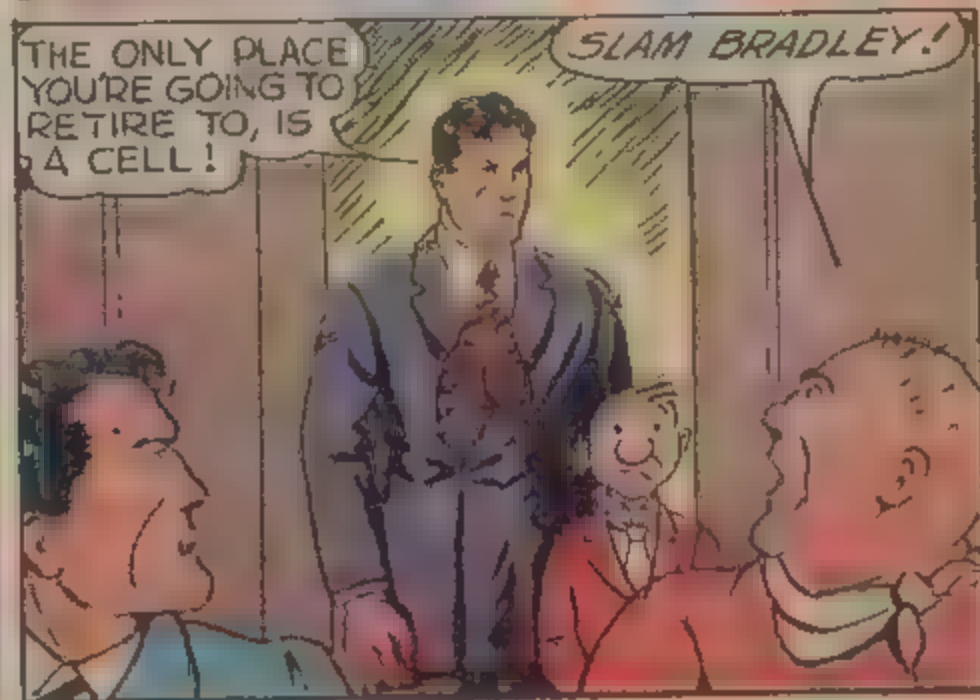
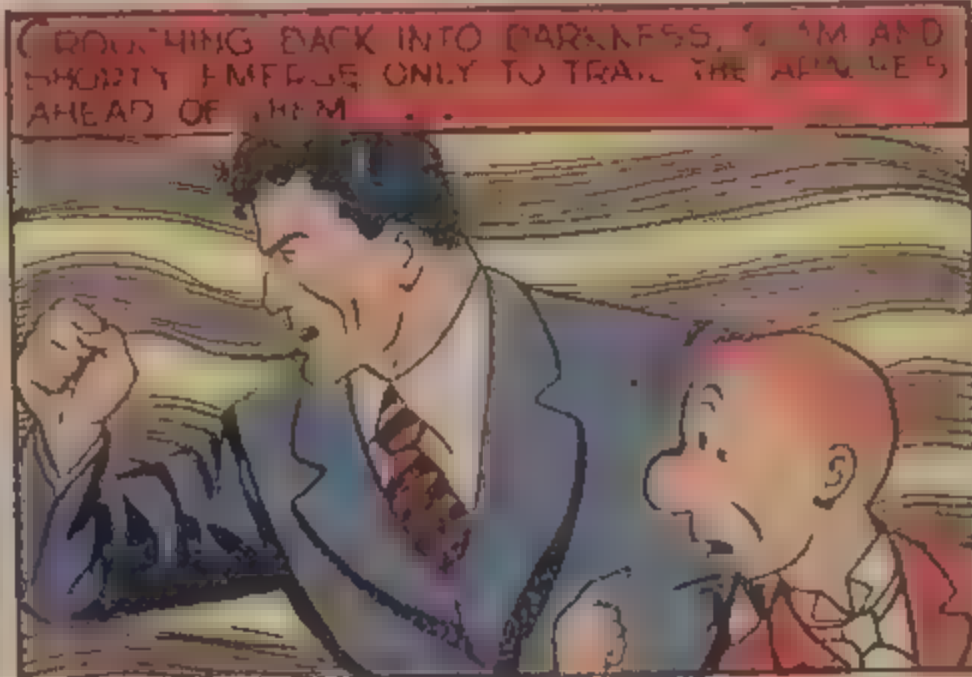
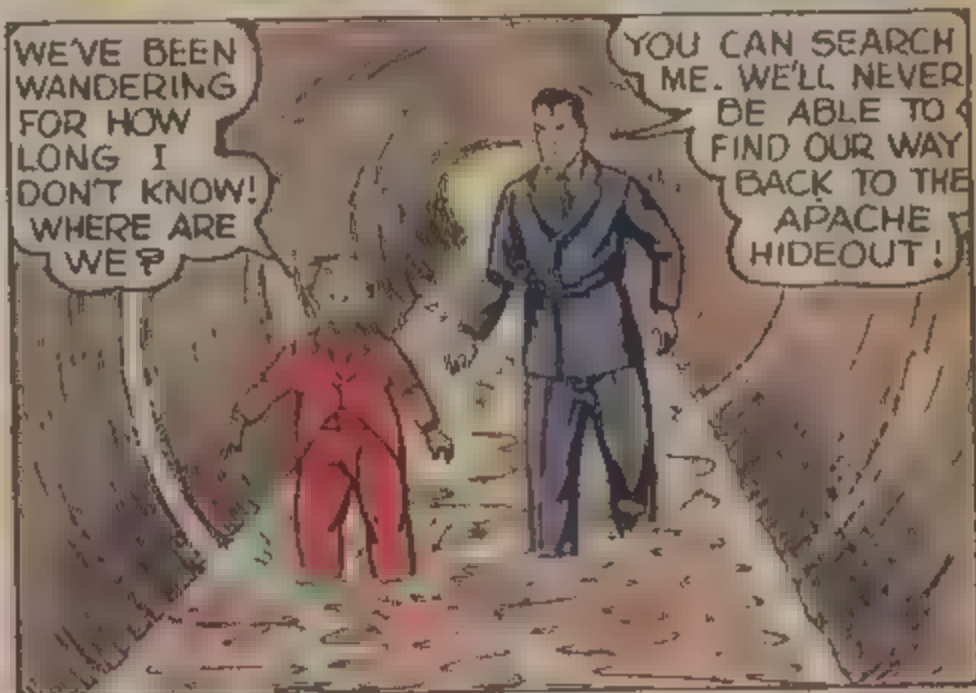
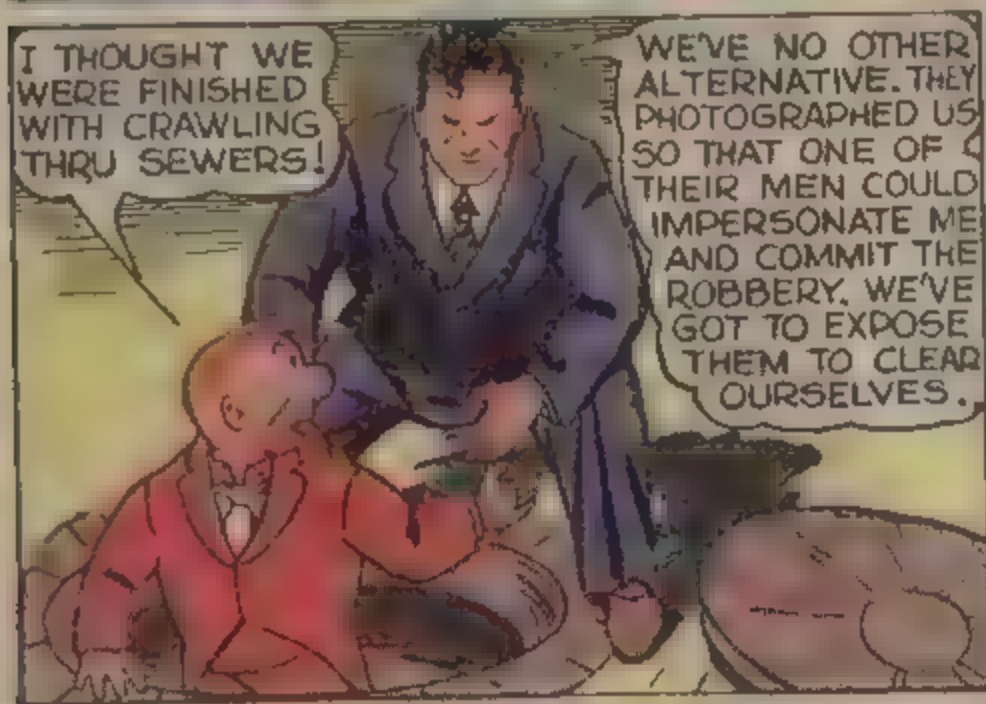


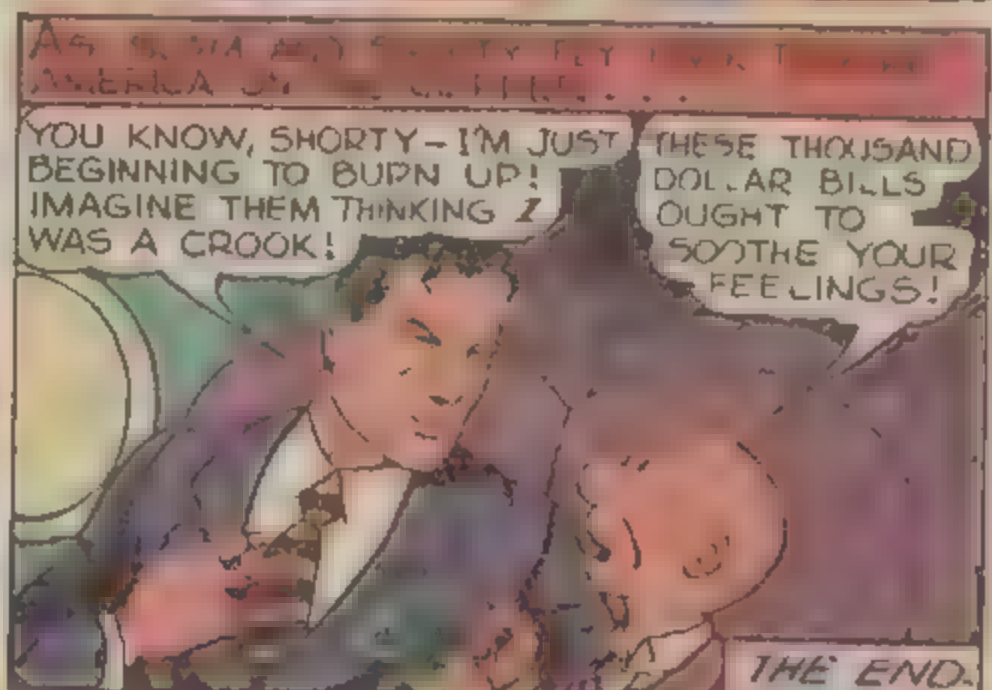
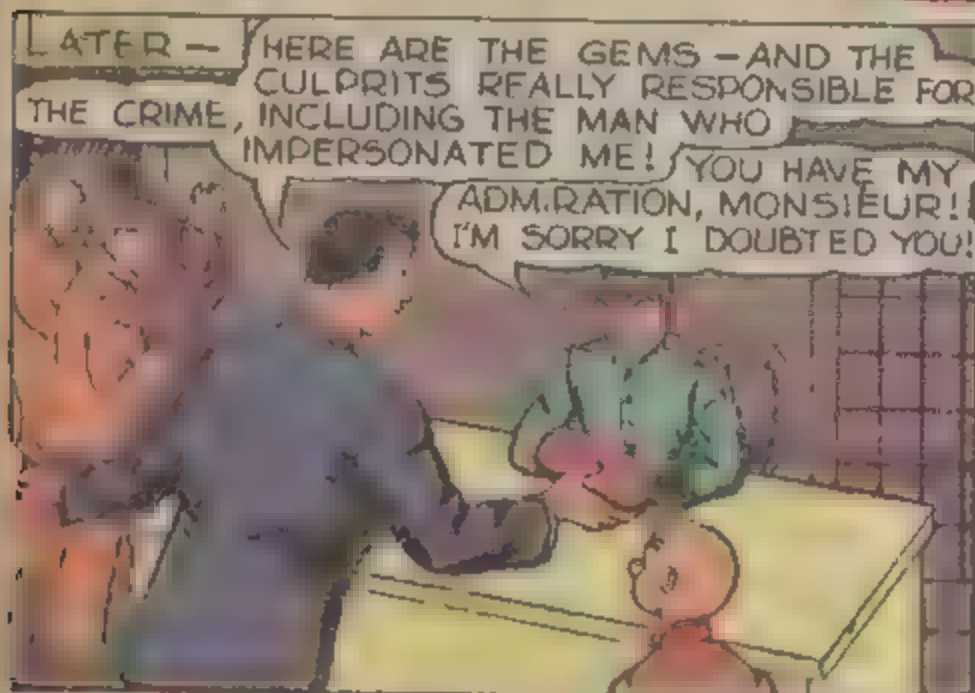
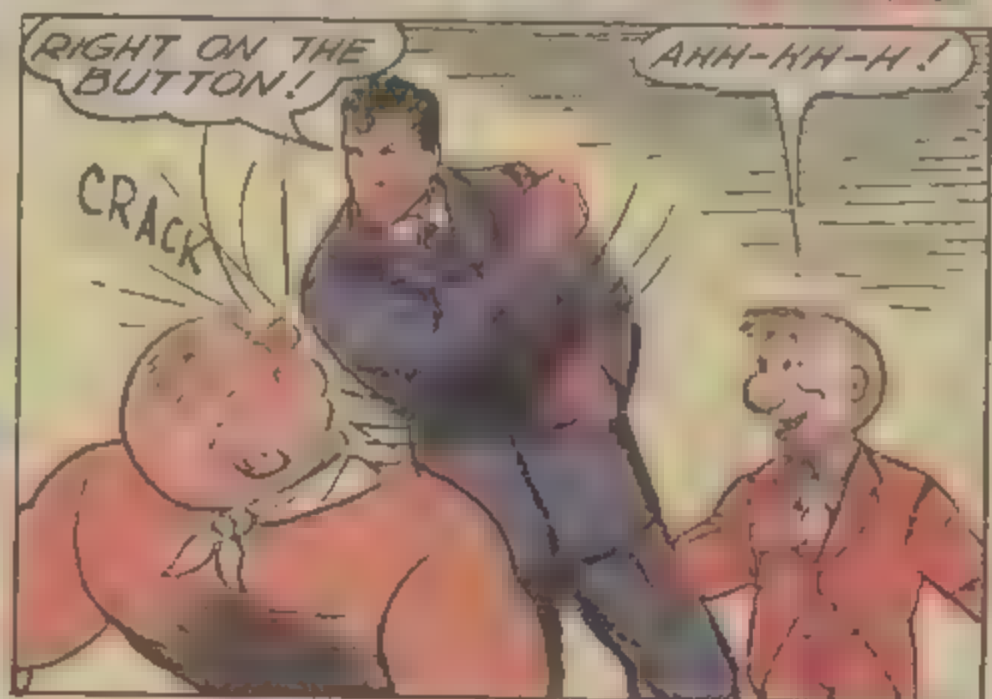
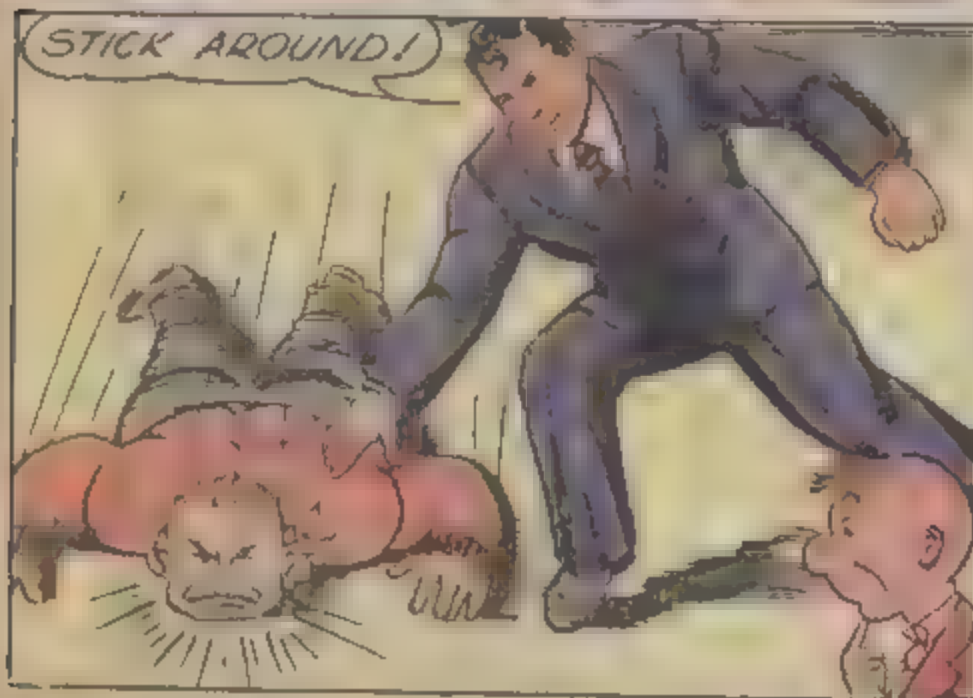
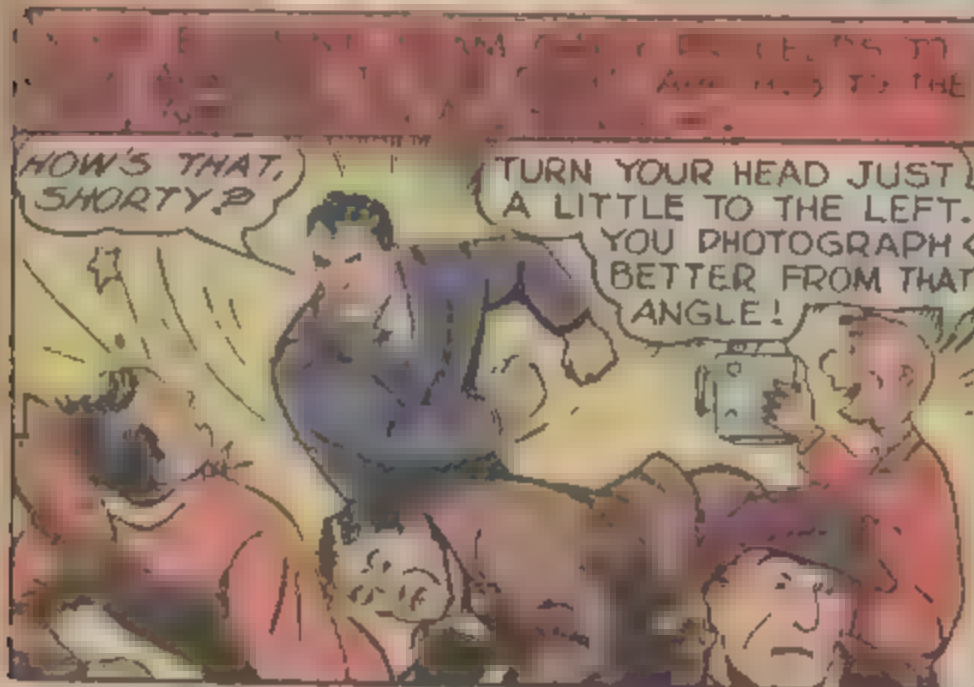
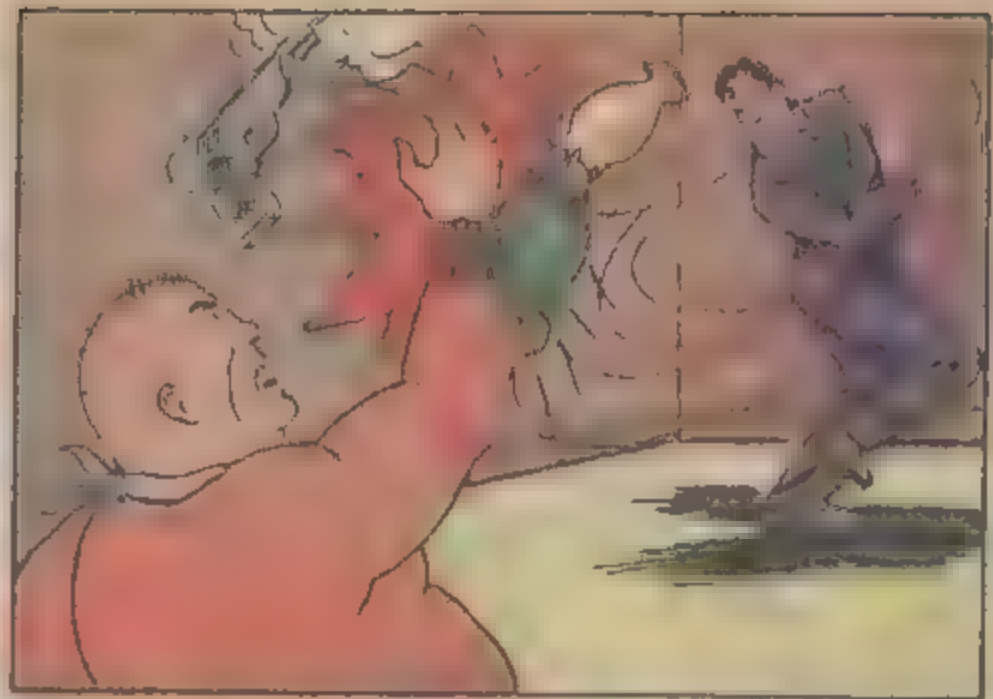
SO! THE AMERICAN DETECTIVES. DO YOU CHOOSE TO BECOME PROFITABLY ASSOCIATED WITH ME, OR — ?

YOU'RE WASTING YOUR TIME, MONSIEUR WHOOZIS!









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THE 23RD
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ULTRA-MAN

ON SALE ABOUT
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The **SPECTRE**

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The **FLASH**

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NOW...TOUGHNESS PLUS GRIP!



"OUNCE FOR OUNCE, MAKE THIS NEW BIKE TIRE TOUGHER AND STRONGER THAN A BULL ELEPHANT!" That is what our engineers were shooting at and that's what we got in the new U. S. Royal Rider! The only bike tire in the world with a super-tough rayon cord carcass—pound for pound the toughest cord body ever built for any bike tire—plus a super Tempered Rubber hide!

BUT IN ADDITION TO TOUGHNESS, WE WANTED GRIP!—THE GRIP OF AN EAGLE as it strikes its prey! And so we built into the U. S. Royal Rider a new Super Grip Tread that bites—yes, actually bites—through mud, slush, water—then grips the road with hundreds of sharp edges... resists side slips on treacherous curves... stops your bike almost instantly on the slipperiest of pavements!



Announcing the **U. S. ROYAL RIDER** BICYCLE TIRE with New Super TOUGH RAYON CORD BODY NEW Super GRIP TREAD

See this great new bike tire with its Super Tough Rayon Cord Carcass at your bike dealer's today! See why the scientific principle of airplane design—more strength per pound...

plus super grip, gives you a tire that lasts longer, coasts farther, starts faster and stops quicker! See why you get more speed, easier handling with less leg drive! See it today! We think you'll agree it's America's most modern bike tire.



the scientific principle of airplane design—more strength per pound...



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ARE U. S. TIRES... *there's a reason*

United States Rubber Company

